

Novellas Españolas.

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MORAL AND ENTERTAINING

NOVELS:

TRANSLATED

From the Original SPANISH.

By a LADY:

Never before published in *English* or *French*.

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| I. Don Carlos de Godoy ;
OR,
The Fortunate Stranger. | IV. Reciprocal Love ;
or, the History of the
Count de Lemos, and
Victoria de Velasco. |
| II. Donna Hippolita de
Centellas ; or, the un-
expected Resolution. | V. Mistaken Jealousy ;
or happy Perseverance. |
| III. The Twins ; or, the
Disguised Page. | VI. Henriquez and El-
vira ; or, the Force
of Love. |

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Novellas Españolas.

DON CARLOS DE GODOY:

OR, THE

FORTUNATE STRANGER.

ABOUT half a League distant from the beautiful and noble City of *Valencia*, in a Summer's Evening, a great Number of Coaches, filled with Persons of the first Quality in the City, were enjoying the Coolness of the Breezes from the Sea, upon the Sands called *Del Grao*, where the *Mediterranean* Ocean gently bathes the Shore; when, at about the Distance of a Mile, they discovered a Felucca, whose Sails, filled by a favourable Wind, bore her swiftly towards the Land. The Ease with which she slid through the Waves, joined to the gay Appearance of her Flags and Streamers, attracted all Eyes, and made them wish her safe Arrival to the Shore. Their Desires were accomplished, she soon reach'd within a Musket-shot of Land, where

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lower-

lowering her Sails, and casting Anchor, the Patron call'd out for a Boat to come off to them from the Mole. This was immediately done by Order of the Baylo, an Officer whose Business it is to inquire the Name and Destination of all Vessels which enter, as well as to grant a Licence to such as depart the Port. The Boat soon reached the Vessel, and the Patron and one of the Mariners coming in her to the Mole, they exhibited their Papers to the Baylo, who finding that their Bark was bound from *Genoa*, with Bales of Silk, and had on board some Passengers of note, granted them his Permission to land; after which the Felucca was anchor'd to the Mole, by Men appointed for that Purpose. The Coaches drew nearer, as well to admire the splendid Appearance of the Bark, which was uncommon, as to view those who descended from her. There stood upon the Deck a young Cavalier, of about four and twenty, well made, and of a noble Mien, dress'd in green Sattin with gold Loops and Embroidery, with a Sword and Dagger of wrought Steel of *Milan*, a grey Hat, with Plumes of Green and Gold, and Roses of the same Colours at his Shoes. When the Felucca was fix'd to the Shore, he leap'd upon the Sands with great Agility, accompanied by the Patron and two of the Mariners. The Spectators were highly pleased with the Person and Mien of this newly-arrived Person, and in
 parti-

particular some Ladies in one of the Coaches, who wished not a little to have a Conversation with this agreeable Stranger. One of these, from the Moment she had seen him, had not ceas'd to praise him, with some Degree of Passion. The Stranger's Mind was very differently employ'd, he only thought of discharging his Effects out of the Bark, and finding a Place where to lodge a Servant of his, who had been ill at Sea. He was offer'd Entertainment by a Fisherman, well known to the Patron of the Bark, who had a handsome Barrack upon the Sands, where People of the greatest Distinction in *Valencia* refresh'd themselves in an Evening, when they took the Air upon the *Gras*. The Ladies in the Coach overheard this Invitation to the Barrack, and she who was pleas'd with the Person of the Stranger propos'd to the others, that they should follow him thither. Their being disguised in Masks gave them Liberty to pursue their Inclinations, and having no Person whom they respect'd to check the Proposal, they gently, tho' at some Distance, followed the New-comer, when two Women mask'd in long Veils, coming up a Cross-way, call'd to him. The Stranger seem'd surpriz'd at this, imagining he was come to a Place where he was totally unknown; but being affable, and well-bred, he immediately went up to the Place where the Women had stopt waiting

4 *Don CARLOS DE GODOY: or,*

for him, not without some Uneasiness of the Lady in the Coach, who hoped at the Barrack to have enter'd into Conversation with him. He had scarce approached the Women, when one of them, drawing a Pistol from under her Veil, fired it with amazing Boldness, wounding him in the Left Arm, tho', as the Bullet happen'd to glance, it was but slightly. Perceiving this Treachery he drew his Sword, and made a Pass against the veil'd Person, who having drop'd his Mask, appear'd to be a Man, and endeavoured to escape with his Companion, who was also a Man in the same Disguise. They took their Flight towards an Eminence, where a Boy held an excellent Horse; a Precaution which they had taken to facilitate their Escape. The Event however did not succeed according to their Wishes: The Cavalier, more nimble than they, presently overtook them, with two Passes laid one of his Enemies for dead upon the Ground, and pursuing the other immediately, he left him in the same Condition. After this, imagining they were dead, he resolv'd to take the Advantage of their Horse, and running to the Boy who held it, he snatch'd the Reins, and vaulting at once into the Saddle, he put the Animal to its utmost Speed; and in a Moment was out of sight. All were amazed at the villainous Boldness of the Assassins; the Ladies in the Coach were particularly concerned to see

the Fortunate Stranger. 5

see the Stranger go away wounded, and she who had felt so sudden an Inclination for him was under no small Emotion at this fatal Accident.

The Tumult and Noise of the People, who crouded round the two wounded Men, brought thither the Officer of Justice, belonging to the *Grav*, with his Attendants, who being informed of their base Attempt, commanded them to be convey'd to the Prison, and strictly guarded. Let us now return to the Cavalier, who took his Flight up the Road opposite to that which led from the *Grav* to *Valencia*, fearing the Officers of Justice, who he imagined would immediately pursue him. To avoid falling into their Hands he cross'd over the Fields, designing to return to *Valencia* by some other Road. In his Way he pass'd by several of those beautiful Villas which adorn the delightful and fertile Neighbourhood of that City, and at length came near a Country Seat, which, by its noble Front, seem'd to be a Palace, at the Gate of which was seated an ancient Cavalier, leaning upon a Cane which supported him, and attended by two Servants. He seeing the young Cavalier advance with such Violence, and at the same time Blood trickling from his Wound, arose to meet him, who had stop'd a Moment to pass a small Rivulet. He spoke to him thus: "Stay, Sennor, I intreat you; " by the Swiftneſs with which you make to-

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“wards the City, and by the Blood that
 “stains your Habit, I presume some Misfor-
 “tune has happen’d to you. If it is so, let
 “me beseech you to honour my House with
 “your Presence, where all who belong to
 “it shall serve you with Pleasure. Here
 “you may be heal’d, and remain with the
 “greatest Security from the Searches of Ju-
 “stice, if you apprehend that, as well as
 “shelter’d from the Attacks of your Ene-
 “mies.” The courteous Offers of the ancient
 Cavalier obliged the young Stranger to yield
 to his Request, it appearing the wisest Ad-
 vice, and the properest to conceal him from
 the Hands of the Officers. Therefore alight-
 ing from his Horse, after some Expressions
 of Gratitude, he said, “I landed not many
 “Moments since upon the *Grac* from a long
 “Voyage, and when I hoped that in a Coun-
 “try, which I had so long wished to see, I
 “should find Repose from my Fatigues, my
 “Life has been attempted in a most trea-
 “cherous and uncommon Manner. But as
 “the Enterprize did not succeed, I sought
 “to revenge myself on those who intended
 “my Death, and I believe they have paid
 “their own Lives for the Attempt. I was
 “slightly wounded, and endeavoured thus
 “to reach the City, in order to have my
 “Wounds dress’d, as well as to conceal my-
 “self from the Officers of Justice. In both
 “of these your Goodness promises to assist
 “me;

“ me ; and as I am a Stranger, unacquaint-
“ ed with this Country, I am the rather ob-
“ liged to accept of an undeserved Fa-
“ vour, such I shall always esteem and ac-
“ knowledge it ; and all I ask of Heaven is
“ to grant me Life, that I may return it,
“ by being always at your Command.” “ I
“ do little in this, *return'd the ancient Cava-*
“ *lier*, my Custom is to behave so to every
“ one ; I ought therefore certainly to do
“ more for a Cavalier, who appears to de-
“ serve it so highly.”-----Saying this, he
took the young Cavalier by the Hand, and
led him into his House, where, whilst they
were putting him to Bed in a magnificent A-
partment, he dispatch'd one of his Servants
to *Valencia* to bring his Physician, with one
of the most experienced Surgeons. The
Servant mounted a fleet Horse, and in a short
Time returned with them to the Country Seat.
On searching the Wound, they found it was
near the Ligaments of the Arm, and judged
it to be dangerous. After the first Dressing,
they left him, and went back to the City,
Don *Jayme* (which was the Name of the an-
cient Cavalier) strictly charging them that
they should return every Day to visit and
dress the Patient. As these Sons of *Æsculapius*
were departing from the Gate, they met a
Coach with some Ladies, who seeing them
there were alarmed, fearing some Misfortune
had happened to Don *Jayme*, who was Father

to two of the Ladies. They made Enquiry; the Physician dispell'd their Fear by telling them they would know from their Father the Occasion of his Attendance, but that they were obliged to keep it secret by his Commands; after which he proceeded for *Valencia*. These Ladies (one of which was the same who had conceived an Inclination for the Stranger upon the *Grac*) entered the House, and Don *Jayme* coming to receive them, with his Presence entirely dissipated their Apprehensions. The ancient Cavalier told his Daughters that they would find a new Employment, to take care of a Guest who was very unexpectedly come to see them. On their enquiring who he was, Don *Jayme* informed them in what Manner the Stranger came to his Seat, and that feeling a Compassion for him, he had given him Refuge, and sent for proper Assistance, as he came dangerously wounded. By the Description of his Dress the Ladies knew it to be the Cavalier they saw upon the *Grac*, and she who had felt such an Emotion at his Sight, highly pleased that Fortune had sent him thither, related to her Father all that had happen'd, leaving him not a little surprized at the Rashness of the Assassins; after this they accompanied their Father to the Apartment of the wounded Stranger. Don *Jayme*, as he entered the Room where he was in Bed, addressed him thus: " Sennor, you have gain'd
 " so

“To much upon me by your Air and Behaviour (certain Indications to me of your Birth and Quality) that, in order to your speedy Recovery, I desire to give you two Nurses, whom I value above my Life. These are no less than my two Daughters, whom you see present, who have been Witnesses of all that happened to you on the *Gravo*. They have seen your extraordinary Valour, and praised that noble Spirit with which you revenged yourself upon your Enemies. The Assassins who attack’d you, tho’ not dead, are dangerously wounded, and being in the Hands of Justice, will be obliged to declare upon what Account they presumed to attempt your Life.” The wounded Cavalier, raising himself in his Bed, received the Ladies with great Respect, whose Beauty struck him with Admiration; and turning to Don Jayme, Sennor (said he to him) I am far from pretending Merit enough to be attended by Ladies of such Distinction and Beauty; however, this Assurance has eased my Wound much, as their Presence seems to have alleviated my Cares.” “This Flattery is too gross” (reply’d the Lady, who was most interested in him, and who was the eldest of the Sisters). “I am not in a Condition to flatter (return’d the Stranger) the real Humanity and Goodness with which I have been succour’d in this House, require

10 *Don CARLOS DE GODOY: or,*

“ require the warmest Acknowledgments:
“ Therefore I conjure you to have a more
“ favourable Opinion of me, than to ima-
“ gine I could be guilty of what would be a
“ kind of Ingratitude for Benefits received.”
“ Well then (return’d the Lady) tell us how
“ you feel your Health, for I assure you it
“ gave us, who were present at your Quarrel,
“ a sensible Concern, when we saw you depart
“ wounded, and in a Country where we ima-
“ gined you had no Acquaintance.” “ I
“ esteem the Honour of your Compassion
“ (said he) as it deserves: You judg’d right-
“ ly of me, this is the first Day I ever set
“ Foot in this Kingdom, and it gave me no
“ little Confusion in my Flight, after what
“ had happened, to think myself in a Place
“ where I was known to none, and conse-
“ quently had none to confide in. Heaven
“ has provided better for me, by the bene-
“ volent Reception I have met with from the
“ generous Breast of your Father.” “ Your
“ Merit is so great, *said she*, (if we may in-
“ fer from what we have seen) that he could
“ not do less. Repose yourself now, and be
“ satisfied that all in this Family will interest
“ themselves in your Preservation.” The
Cavalier expressed his Gratitude for these As-
surances in the most expressive Manner he
was capable of, and the Ladies taking leave
left him to his Repose. The eldest, whose
Name was Donna *Angela*, finding herself re-
ally

ally prepossessed in his Favour, after she was retired, with her Sister, who was called *Dorothea*, to her Apartment, with a gentle Sigh confessed this new Inclination for the Stranger. Her Sister approved her Choice, and confirmed her in her Sentiments. *Donna Angela* was in some doubt whether he had not disguised the Truth, when he said he had never before seen the Kingdom of *Valencia*; for the Assassins attacked him with such Resolution as gave her Reason to suspect that some weighty Cause had induced them to attempt his Life, and she feared this Event was the Effect of some secret Affair of Gallantry. Let us leave her in Confusion, discoursing with her charming Sister upon this Suspicion, and return to *Don Carlos*: for so was the Stranger named. He, who was as deeply wounded by the Beauties of *Donna Angela*, felicitated himself for his Success in having been received into the House of *Don Jayme*; yet, on the other hand, reflecting upon what had happened to him at the *Grao*, he could not conceive the Meaning of his being assaulted, but was persuaded those Persons must have mistaken him for another. He was but just arrived in *Valencia*, a Country where he had never been, and consequently could have no Enemies to attempt such a Revenge, nor could he recollect any one to whom he had ever given Offence, having thro' his whole Life endeavoured to do Good

to all, and wilfully to injure none. Under these various and perplexing Thoughts, he remain'd confus'd, and was far from taking that Repose he had been left to enjoy.

The Evening arriv'd, and Don *Jayme*, who assisted at the Supper of the Patient with great Care, to see the Physician's Regimen observed, learn'd from his Guest, that his Name was Don *Carlos*, his Country *Cordova*, and the Name of his Family *De Godoy*, an illustrious House in that City. The Occasion of his Voyage he desist'd from enquiring into till another Time, being only desirous the Patient might rest quietly that Night. He desired one of the Servants of Don *Jayme* might go the next Day privately to the *Grao*, and inform himself of the Patron of the Felucca about his Equipage and Servant, whom he left on board. After this that worthy Cavalier left him to his Repose, commanding his Servants to attend him carefully, and give him whatever he wanted.

The Officer of the *Grao*, the next Day, giving an Account of what had pass'd to the Viceroy, he commanded the two Prisoners should be brought to *Valencia*, where they were thrown into the Dungeons, with a strict Guard over them, and with Orders to the Alcayde that he should suffer no Person to speak to them. The greatest Diligence was also us'd to find out the Stranger; but tho' they question'd the Patron of the Felucca, he could

could give them no Account. The Servant of Don *Jayme* coming after this to the Patron, and telling him privately what Don *Carlos* had given him in charge, he, who had received great Obligations from that Cavalier, rejoiced to hear of his Safety, and begg'd he might be admitted to see him. The Servant, on this, conducted him to his Master's Villa, where they arrived as the Surgeon was dressing the Patient's Wound, who finding all the Symptoms favourable, assured him he would soon be well. Don *Carlos* was pleased with the Visit of the Patron, who brought with him all his Baggage, and was accompanied by his Servant, something recovered from his Indisposition, which only arose from the Fatigue of the Voyage.

Eight Days had pass'd since Don *Carlos* had been wounded, when he left his Apartment, tho' his Arm was not entirely heal'd. In that time he had been continually attended by Don *Jayme* and his Daughters; and Donna *Angela* had not been able to prevent herself from betraying some Symptoms of her Love, by her more assiduous Attendance, and the dumb Language of her Eyes. Don *Carlos* already felt a mutual Flame; the constant Sight of so beautiful an Object had awaken'd in the Breast of this wounded Cavalier a Passion, which soon became too strong to be repressed. He wish'd only an Opportunity of declaring his Passion; but as
Don

Don *Jayme* or Donna *Dorothea* were almost continually with them, he waited with Impatience for an Occasion, which his Good Fortune soon procured him. Don *Jayme* was obliged to go to *Valencia* to the Marriage of one of his Relations, and Donna *Dorothea* was constrain'd to keep her Chamber by a slight Indisposition. This gave Don *Carlos* the Interview he wish'd with Donna *Angela*, and struggling to overcome that Dread, which all who really love find upon such Occasions, he said to her, tho' not without some Disorder, "I little imagined, in the
 " Liberty I have always enjoyed under the
 " Standard of *Mars*, that I should ever desert to another Service. But when I view
 " the lovely Cause, I feel a Regret at my own
 " Negligence, and am sorry I have so long
 " denied paying my just Tribute to the Deity of *Love*. I am now one of those list-
 " ed to fight under his Colours, and the
 " humblest of the Slaves that execute his
 " Commands, since the Perfections of the
 " Sovereign I have chose will make me the
 " sincerest Lover that ever paid Tribute to
 " his Divinity. My Heart is now no longer
 " at my Disposol; all I desire is that, being
 " conscious of my own Truth and Sincerity,
 " it may not be returned with Disdain."
 Donna *Angela*, tho' she understood Don *Carlos* perfectly well, yet, pretending not to apprehend him, and withheld by the native Modesty

deſty of her Sex, ſeemed to imagine this was meant not to her, but to her Siſter, and reply'd thus: " You have ſufficiently inform-
" ed me, Sennor Don *Carlos*, that you begin
" to feel a growing Love, and, according
" to what I have heard you ſay, you have
" never been in this Kingdom before. If I
" believe you, I muſt ſuppoſe you cannot in-
" tend this Declaration but to my Siſter or
" myſelf. As for me, 'tis certain it cannot
" be, ſince till this Moment you have never
" given me the leaſt Hint of ſuch Senti-
" ments, nor even betray'd the leaſt Incl-
" nation. My Siſter is moſt certainly ſhe
" whom you have choſe to ſerve; and I am
" ſurprized that a Cavalier of ſuch Merit,
" and ſo ſprightly, and with the Advantages
" of having ſeen the World, ſhould not
" have Boldneſs to declare his Paſſion to his
" Miſtreſs in perſon; for no Woman ever
" was diſpleas'd with the Addreſſes of her
" Equal, even tho' ſhe had no Deſign to re-
" turn them. You may therefore freely ac-
" quaint her with your Intentions; as I am
" ſure ſhe is as ſenſible as I am of your Va-
" lue, it would be amazing if ſhe ſhould not
" accept the Service of ſo noble a Cavalier,
" one of ſuch uncommon Merit, and whoſe
" Deſigns, I will not doubt, are highly ho-
" nourable. I ſay this only, becauſe the firſt
" Advances of Love can never be carried
" on by a third Perſon; for tho' my Siſter has
" a ten-

Y6 Don CARLOS DE GODOY: or,

“ a tender Regard for me, and our Affection
“ is, I believe, mutual, yet she must naturally
“ wish to receive the first Addresses of a
“ Lover herself; and when you have ex-
“ plain’d yourself to her, I am satisfied she
“ will make me her Confident, and then it
“ will be a proper Time for, what you now
“ wish to anticipate, my Intercession with
“ her.” “ Charming Donna *Angela*, inter-
“ rupted Don *Carlos*, how wrong have you
“ understood me! Till now I never felt the
“ Effects of Love, and when its Arrows
“ reach’d me, it would discover a Want of
“ Judgment, if I address’d myself to a third
“ Person to express my Passion. No, cer-
“ tainly, if your amiable Sister had been the
“ Object of my Tendernefs, she would have
“ been the first acquainted with it. But,
“ lovely *Angela*, you alone are Sovereign of
“ my Soul; to you I have resign’d my
“ Heart, with the honest Wish of meriting
“ yours, and gaining your Hand by the
“ Consent of the worthy Sennor Don *Jayme*.”
A new Colour enliven’d the Cheeks of the
beautiful Donna *Angela*, and she reply’d,
with some Emotion, “ Do you imagine,
“ Don *Carlos*, that because the Ladies are
“ not displeased with being loved, they be-
“ lieve always what is said by those who
“ address them? Many Proofs, and long
“ Experience must I have of the Constancy
“ of that Lover who hopes to serve me, be-
“ fore

“ fore I can believe him ; how much less
“ then shall I believe a Man, who is almost
“ ready for his Departure !” “ Demand any
“ Proofs, put me to any Tryal, *reply'd he,*
“ I am far from being so near a Departure
“ as you imagine. I had indeed designed to
“ take my leave immediately, but there is
“ an Enchantment in your Beauty, that will
“ not suffer me so easily to tear myself away.
“ I find rather so much Pleasure here, that I
“ may more properly call this City my na-
“ tive Soil, than that in which I was born.
“ There I only drew my Breath, but here I
“ first knew I lov'd. Here I conceive all
“ my Hopes of Happiness, if my favourable
“ Stars shall recommend me to your Favour.
“ I conjure you, therefore, now you know
“ my Heart, and all its Wishes, not to de-
“ spise my sincere Affection.” “ I never de-
“ spise what is worthy of Esteem, *reply'd*
“ *she,* a just Regard to your Quality, my
“ Father's Friendship for you, and the Ho-
“ nour you do us as a Guest, are three suffi-
“ cient Reasons to oblige me to respect you,
“ but not to praise the wrong Choice you
“ have made ; for it would have been much
“ better that my Suspicions had been true,
“ and that you had address'd your Views to
“ my Sister, whose Merits are superior to
“ mine.” “ I am too well satisfied with
“ my Choice, *reply'd Don Carlos,* ever to
“ alter my Sentiments, and wish no greater
“ Blessing

18 *Don CARLOS DE GODOY: or,*

“ Blessing from Heaven than to meet with
 “ a Return.” Donna *Angela* blushing, was
 about to make a favourable Answer, when
 Don *Jayme* enter’d the Room, just return’d
 from *Valencia*; and addressing his Guest,
 “ Sennor Don *Carlos*, said he, I have heard
 “ to day what occasioned the Attempt upon
 “ your Life at the *Grao*.” Don *Carlos* en-
 treating him to relate it immediately, and be-
 fore Donna *Angela*, he begun his Discourse
 thus:

“ The Viceroy, being resolved to search
 “ narrowly into the Motives of this audaci-
 “ ous Attempt, and finding the Delinquents
 “ in a Condition to bear the Rack, he or-
 “ der’d them the Torture immediately: Un-
 “ able to support it, they confessed before
 “ the Judge Criminal, and a Notary, that
 “ they came from *Genoa* to this City by Sea,
 “ with a Lady who call’d herself *Theodora*,
 “ who having been offended by your Incon-
 “ stancy, or some other Injury, resolved up-
 “ on Revenge, and therefore hasten’d here
 “ to watch your Arrival, and has every Day
 “ waited near the *Grao*, in expectation of
 “ your landing, till she succeeded in her De-
 “ sire of meeting you, tho’ she happily fail’d
 “ in that of murdering you, the Stratagem
 “ of the Assassins in disguising themselves in
 “ Women’s Dress proving unsuccessful. There
 “ has been strict Search made thro’ the City
 “ for the Lady, but she has not been found,
 “ the

“ the Men being ignorant of the House
“ where she lodg’d. The Viceroy has sent-
“ tenced both the Assassins to be hang’d,
“ which is to be executed within three Days.
“ He supposes you are dead; and being in-
“ form’d of your Quality, and that you
“ were charged with Letters to him from
“ the Governor of *Milan*, it gave him great
“ Concern that he can have no Account of
“ you.” The wounded Cavalier shew’d
some Signs of Confusion at what was told
him by Don *Jayme*, which was perceived
both by him and his Daughter. There ap-
peared as visible an Alteration upon her Coun-
tenance, which from gay, as it was before,
turn’d to melancholy at the Name of *Theo-
dora*. Don *Carlos* was sensible both of his
own Emotion, and the Alteration he per-
ceived in Donna *Angela*; and to deliver her
from any Jealousy, which might prevent a
growing Inclination, as well as to satisfy Don
Jayme, he intreated their Attention; whilst
he gave them a short Relation who *Theodora*
was, and why she conspired his Death. They
kept Silence, and he began thus:

“ My native City, Sennor Don *Jayme* (as I
“ have already had the Honour to tell you)
“ is *Cordova*, my Name Don *Carlos de Godoy*,
“ an ancient and honourable Family in that
“ City. My Father was Don *Sancho de Go-
doy*, called *Alanceador*, from having been in
“ his Youth the most expert in throwing a
“ Lance,

“ Lance, and the best Manager of a Horse
 “ in Spain. With a Breed of the finest Horses
 “ that are produced in the fertile Pastures
 “ of *Andalusia*, he became famous in all our
 “ noble Exercises, particularly in attacking
 “ the Wild Bull, with the Cane or * Lance;
 “ being so expert in wounding them, that
 “ few escaped him; and from his Dexterity
 “ in these *Bull-Fests*, in which he often ex-
 “ posed himself to Danger, he acquired the
 “ Name of *El Alanceador*. I was the eldest
 “ Son of the Family, and tho’ this Privilege
 “ of Nature, and the tender Affection of my
 “ Parents might have detained me in my
 “ native Country, yet having two younger
 “ Brothers in the Army, I had so strong an
 “ Inclination for a military Life, it at length
 “ grew unconquerable. Thus, contrary to the
 “ Will of my Parents, I went over to the
 “ *Milanese*, which was then the Seat of War
 “ between us and the Duke of *Savoy*. I
 “ carried with me Letters of Recommendation
 “ from my Father to the Governor, who
 “ was *Don Pedro de Toledo*, Marquis of *Vil-*
 “ *lafranca*, to whose Prudence *Philip III.*
 “ had committed the Government of those
 “ Dominions. He received me graciously,
 “ and having read my Father’s Letters, re-
 “ commended me to *Don Antonio Pimentel*,
 “ General of the Horse, in whose Regiment
 “ I continued for some time a Volunteer.
 “ Having

* *Juego de Carnes.*

“ Having happily acquired his Favour, he
“ gave me a Troop of Horse: In this Ca-
“ pacity I served during the whole War, in
“ which that noble General perished, being
“ wounded at the Assault of *Vercelli*, where
“ he exposed himself too rashly at the Head
“ of the Infantry, and having an Arm shot off
“ lost his Life, and his Majesty a valiant Sol-
“ dier, and a faithful Subject.

“ The War being ended, and a Peace
“ concluded with the Duke of *Savoy*, the
“ Officers enjoy'd a Rest from their Fatigues:
“ I had form'd a strict Friendship with a
“ Cavalier of *Burgos*, named *Don Lopez de*
“ *Castillo*, who was also a Captain of Horse.
“ He brought from thence to the City of
“ *Milan* a *Spanish* Lady, with whom he had
“ an Amour, beautiful in the highest De-
“ gree, and no less witty than beautiful, her
“ Name *Theodora*. Being so intimate a Friend
“ with this Cavalier, he introduced me to
“ her Apartment. I always perceived in her
“ the greatest Complaisance, and Sprightli-
“ ness of Wit, attended with an uncommon
“ Assurance, and a Levity of Behaviour
“ beyond Expression. She soon gave me to
“ understand by her Eyes that my Addressee
“ would not be disagreeable, I as soon per-
“ ceived her Inclinations, but the Friendship
“ of *Don Lopez* was so great a Restraint that
“ not even in Thought I dared to offend it
“ (such was my Fidelity to my Friend.) Some
“ Days

“ Days passed in which *Theodora* endeavour-
 “ ed, by her Behaviour, to make me appre-
 “ hensive of what she wish’d to discover to
 “ me; but seeing me so distant from her
 “ Sentiments, she sought for the Opportuni-
 “ ty of a plainer Explanation. One Day,
 “ when I had appointed to dine there with
 “ Don *Lopez*, coming earlier than his Time,
 “ she seiz’d the Occasion, confessing to me,
 “ with some feign’d Tears of Modesty, that
 “ she loved me, and that I was the only Ma-
 “ ster of her Heart. Heaven is my Witness
 “ how much I was concern’d at being the
 “ Object of this Inconstancy; I pretended
 “ to take what she said very differently from
 “ her Meaning, and supposed her Declara-
 “ tion as a Tryal of my Fidelity to my
 “ Friend, telling her, at the same time, that
 “ in this she would always find me faithful,
 “ and that I should never forget the Respect
 “ I ow’d to Don *Lopez*. She, who perceiv’d
 “ this Excuse meant to shun my returning
 “ her foolish Passion, used the strongest Af-
 “ severations to assure me that she had no
 “ Design to try me by the Confession of her
 “ Passion, but that, on the contrary, from the
 “ Moment she first saw me, I had erased all
 “ former Objects from her Remembrance;
 “ that she had already forgot Don *Lopez*, and
 “ his Love, tho’ she was constrained to suffer
 “ it against her Will, and in spite of In-
 “ gratitude and Dislike. This obliging me
 to

“ to take off the Masque, I answer’d with
“ Frankness thus : Sennora *Theodora*, I could
“ never have imagined that your good Un-
“ derstanding, for a slight and idle Passion,
“ could have thus suffer’d you to forget
“ yourself. Your Obligations to Don *Lopez*
“ I am not ignorant of, and you know, still
“ better, the Crime of Ingratitude must be
“ heightened by your wishing to offend him
“ with his dearest Friend. Is this the Re-
“ turn you make to his uncommon Love ?
“ Is this the Reward of his assiduous Services ?
“ Be secure, however, that what you have
“ said to me is forever buried, for it would
“ be unkind and unjust in me to publish
“ such an Error of your Judgment, and such
“ a Derogation from the Understanding for
“ which you are admired. I am satisfied
“ that if you consider impartially, you will
“ see that you have unhappily, like many
“ Women, transferred your Choice for the
“ worse, without duly regarding the superi-
“ or Qualifications Don *Lopez* possesses a-
“ bove me. I acknowledge that if Friend-
“ ship were unconcern’d, I should esteem
“ your Love as a Happiness, since I could
“ not wish for a more agreeable Acquisi-
“ tion ; but the Altars of Friendship are never
“ to be profaned, nor can I be guilty of that
“ Crime against another, which I should re-
“ venge with Death if committed against
“ myself. *Theodora* examined me attentive-
“ ly

“ ly whilst I spoke, and was beginning to an-
 “ swer, when she was prevented by the Ar-
 “ rival of my Friend, whose Presence never
 “ gave me greater Pleasure. We dined to-
 “ gether, and during the whole Repast *Theo-*
 “ *dora* could not recover her usual Gaiety,
 “ which was observed by Don *Lopez*, who
 “ imagined we had had some Dispute. When
 “ we had dined, Don *Lopez* told me that he
 “ desired me to stay for him there; for he
 “ was obliged to go immediately to a Friend
 “ of his, an Officer, who had quarrell’d
 “ with one who was also his Friend, and that
 “ he wanted to compromise the Affair. He
 “ left me there to receive the first, who had
 “ promised to come, charging me to enter-
 “ tain him till he returned with the other.
 “ I agreed, tho’ much against my Inclina-
 “ tion, being to remain alone with *Theodo-*
 “ *ra*. Don *Lopez* went out, and I remain’d
 “ at the Table with the Lady, who again,
 “ with Persuasions and Tears, began to per-
 “ suade me not to be ungrateful, but to re-
 “ turn her Passion. I endeavoured with more
 “ forcible Reasons to dissuade her from her
 “ loose Inclinations, representing to her the
 “ Danger of indulging them, adding that I
 “ would sooner lose my Life than injure
 “ my Friend. *Theodora*, I perceived, deep-
 “ ly resented my not complying with her
 “ Desires, giving the Name of *Contempt* to
 “ what more properly ought to have been
 “ stiled

“ stiled *Fidelity*. From that Day she never
“ mentioned the Word *Love*, but rather
“ behaved in a Manner that let me see she
“ had her Fondness changed into Dislike
“ and Hatred. I was not long before I was
“ convinced of this; for Don *Lopez*, hav-
“ ing one Day found her weeping, earnest-
“ ly enquir’d the Cause; and she (who had
“ affected this Concern to revenge herself of
“ my Denial) told him, that her Grief arose
“ from perceiving that he had so false a
“ Friend, who, whenever he had an Op-
“ portunity of Privacy with her, persuaded
“ her to wrong his Love; and that, though
“ fatigued with my Importunities, she knew
“ not how to remedy them, as dreading to
“ reveal them, on account of the Conse-
“ quences which might follow; but that
“ her Eyes, which now paid their Tribute
“ of Sorrow, had betray’d her. Don *Lo-
“ pez* was a Man of Honour and Courage,
“ and generous to his Friends, but of a
“ frank and open Temper, having no De-
“ ceit in himself, nor suspecting it in ano-
“ ther. Ignorant to what a Degree I loved
“ him (or he would not have suffered him-
“ self to be thus persuaded by the deceitful
“ *Theodora*) he easily believed her Asseve-
“ ration, and conceived such Indignation
“ against me at what he heard, that, with-
“ out giving himself Time for Reflection,
“ he came that Evening to my Lodgings,

C

“ and

“ and calling me out (on an Affair, as he
 “ said, of great Consequence) he carried me
 “ into the Fields, where finding ourselves
 “ alone, he spoke to me thus: My strict
 “ Friendship, Sennor Don *Carlos*, would
 “ never have suffered me to imagine you
 “ could have return’d it with such Ingrati-
 “ tude, since ’tis certain I have not loved
 “ even my Brothers as I have loved you:
 “ to you have I confided the Secrets of my
 “ Breast, foolishly believing I met with an
 “ equal Return; I have experienced the
 “ contrary, since having trusted to you my
 “ Jewel of greatest Value, *Theodora*, though
 “ you knew she was the Mistress of my
 “ Soul, in whom I live, and the Directress
 “ of all my Actions, yet your loose Inclina-
 “ tion has violated the Laws of Friendship,
 “ by persuading her to be false to me. Nor
 “ has this been a Crime of Passion but De-
 “ liberation, since your repeated Importu-
 “ ties have forced her to deliver herself
 “ from a vexatious Passion, by disclosing it
 “ to me, with more Modesty than you
 “ shew’d in your Pursuit. As a Lover my-
 “ self, I am conscious that those who are so,
 “ cannot without great Difficulty check
 “ their violent Inclination, from soliciting a
 “ Return; but sure the first or second Time
 “ you were repulsed, you might have sup-
 “ press’d your Desires, and not persisted in
 “ deluding a Woman, who, had she not
 “ been

" been possessed of great Constancy, must
 " have been vanquish'd by such Assiduity."
 " Consider the Situation of my Mind, ac-
 " cused of Falshood by my dearest Friend;
 " and seeing him so certain of *Theodora's*
 " Truth, that when he prais'd her Fidelity,
 " he not only equal'd her to the *Artemi-*
 " *sias* and *Portias* of Antiquity, but pre-
 " ferr'd her to them, I threw off all Pati-
 " ence, and forgetting all Respect for such
 " a Woman, resolved to clear myself."
 " Sennor Don *Lopez* (reply'd I) I hope
 " however that, in listening to *Theodora*,
 " you have not given her an implicit Cre-
 " dulity; it is prudent in such a Case to
 " hear both Parties; lending one Ear to the
 " Accuser, and reserving the other for the
 " Accused, is the Way to Truth. If you
 " have not done so, at least calm a Resent-
 " ment which should find no Place in so
 " rooted a Friendship as ours: By that
 " Friendship, I swear I have never attempt-
 " ed to debauch your Mistress as she has in-
 " formed you! nor even ever conceived
 " such an Imagination; but there is more
 " in this Affair than you are sensible of;
 " be therefore less passionate, and shake off
 " the Anger which you discover against me,
 " that from what I tell you may know the
 " Revenge of a slighted Woman. This is
 " all my Offence: Your Mistress, provoked
 " at the little Success of her Advances,

“ which she well remembers, endeavours to
 “ destroy me for denying them. In this I
 “ preserved the Respect I owed you as a
 “ Friend, by flying from her Temptations,
 “ which, if they were not so frequent as she
 “ says mine have been, were at least twice
 “ such as I wish’d not to have prov’d, lest I
 “ might have been seduced to violate the
 “ Laws of Friendship. This I offer in my
 “ just Vindication, with all the Solemnity
 “ that can give Credit to it, and which,
 “ from a Friend that loves you, and a Man
 “ of Honour, you ought to believe.

“ Don *Lopez*, blinded with Rage, and
 “ fired with Jealousy, would not listen to
 “ my Defence; but told me that he should
 “ believe *Theodora*, and not me, and there-
 “ fore his Business now was to chastise with
 “ his Sword the Injury I had done him. I
 “ again related to him all that had pass’d,
 “ with the strongest Asseverations, but it
 “ was of little Consequence; for, drawing
 “ out his Sword, he came violently to at-
 “ tack me; I was obliged to stand upon my
 “ Defence, and he, unguarded by his own
 “ Fury, ran upon my Sword, and in a Mo-
 “ ment fell, calling for a Confessor. As I
 “ loved him sincerely, I could not leave
 “ him to perish so, without Assistance. Be-
 “ ing near the City, I took him in my
 “ Arms, and carried him to a Monastery,
 “ where ringing at the Gate, they answer’d
 “ me;

“ me ; as I heard them opening the Gate,
“ I laid Don *Lopez* gently down, and made
“ my Escape, I went immediately to the
“ House of an Officer, who was my Friend,
“ where I remain’d conceal’d. In the
“ Morning the Death of Don *Lopez* was
“ known abroad, who lived till he was con-
“ fessed, and received the Assistance of the
“ Church, and in the last Moments of his
“ Life forgave me, beseeching the Gover-
“ nor not to proceed against me. Not-
“ withstanding this I was seiz’d, and re-
“ main’d confin’d above a Twelvemonth.
“ *Theodora* was soon comforted, by finding
“ another liberal Lover in a *Milanes* Cava-
“ lier. When I was delivered out of Pri-
“ son, she heard of my Liberty, and a third
“ Time renew’d her Sollicitations ; but her
“ very Name was now become hateful to
“ my Ears, and I return’d the roughest An-
“ swers to those whom she procured to
“ speak to me. She at length fatigued me
“ so much with repeated Letters and Mes-
“ sages, that I resolv’d to return to *Spain*.
“ I desired Leave of the Governor, who put
“ me off for some time, but seeing the
“ Peace concluded, he granted it to me,
“ upon condition that I should come by
“ this City, and deliver certain Papers to the
“ Viceroy. I promised to obey his Com-
“ mands, and begun to prepare for my De-
“ parture. *Theodora* hearing this, and feel-

"ing her Hatred revive, resolv'd to re-
 "venge this second Contempt with my
 "Death: She departed first, and waited
 "for my Coming in this Place, where she
 "would have executed her Purpose, if the
 "Attempt had succeeded according to her
 "Wishes. But Heaven protected my In-
 "nocence, not only in preserving me from
 "that Danger, but by favouring me with
 "the Knowledge of Sennor Don *Jayme*,
 "who, pitying my Situation, honoured me
 "by receiving me into his House, where,
 "by so many unmerited Favours, I have
 "experienced his Generosity, that I only
 "beg of Heaven to grant me Life for his
 "Service, that I may return so many Obli-
 "gations as, without Desert, I have recei-
 "ved."

Here Don *Carlos* finish'd his Relation,
 leaving Don *Jayme* thoroughly satisfied, and
 the Countenance of the charming Donna *An-
 gela* again restored to its usual Serenity.

Don *Jayme* propos'd that in a few Days
 they should go together to wait upon the
 Viceroy, and Don *Carlos* having in that Time
 gathered Strength, they went to the Palace,
 and deliver'd to his Excellency the Papers
 and Letters from Don *Pedro de Toledo*. He
 gave them an affable Reception, and did so
 much Honour to Don *Carlos* as to offer him
 an Apartment in the Palace. Don *Jayme*
 consented to it, as he was soon to come
 him-

himself to reside in the City, and that it might not be remark'd that having Daughters beautiful and unmarried, he entertained a Stranger after he was recovered; for, before, want of Protection excused it. It was no Pleasure to Don *Carlos*, and his Mistress Donna *Angela*, to see themselves thus separated, tho' he had Permission to visit her every Day, to the no small Envy of many Cavaliers, who wish'd for her Hand, as being the Heiress of so great an Estate.

Theodora seeing the Assassins she had employ'd so fatally executed, resolved no longer to stay in *Valencia* (where she had till then remain'd concealed) and, by Night, embarking on board a Fisher's Bark, return'd to her native Country *Genoa*, where repenting the many Mischiefs she had occasioned, she took the Habit of a Nun in a Monastery of bare-footed *Clares*. Heaven accomplished her Desires, whilst Don *Carlos* was endeavouring to accomplish his by his Marriage with Donna *Angela*. He made the Viceroy acquainted with his Designs, who offer'd himself to propose it to Don *Jayme*. He did so, and informing him of the Quality and Fortune of Don *Carlos*, which was well known to him, he demanded Donna *Angela* for him. The ancient Cavalier approved the Proposal, and the Conditions were immediately agreed upon. Don *Carlos* sent to entreat the Consent and Presence of his Father

C 4 (who

(who was a Widower) and those of his Sister and two Brothers: They all took the Road to *Valencia*, where they arrived safely. They were affectionately received by Don *Jayme*, and Don *Henriques*, the second Brother of Don *Carlos*, charm'd with the Beauty of Donna *Dorothea*, fell so passionately in love with her, that it was his only Wish to be honoured with her Hand. He confess'd his Inclination to Don *Carlos*, who obtained for him the Consent of his Father-in-law, Don *Jayme*, who having a Nephew of great Merit, and extremely dear to him, he proposed to make a triple Marriage, by uniting him with the beautiful Donna *Blanca*, which was the Name of Don *Carlos*'s Sister. A Day was appointed for the Solemnization of their Nuptials, and the Cavaliers of *Valencia* resolved to celebrate them with magnificent Entertainments, for which they made great Preparations.

The expected Day being arrived, the Nuptials were celebrated; in the Evening there was a Career in the Street where Don *Jayme* dwelt, at which the most noble and splendid Part of that City, both Cavaliers and Ladies, assisted, in the richest Habits. At Night there was a Ball, which the Viceroy honoured with his Presence; and these happy Lovers, thus united, pass'd their Days in the sincere and lasting Pleasures of virtuous Friendship, and conjugal Love.

Donna

Donna Hippolita de Centelles :

OR, THE

UNEXPECTED RESOLUTION.

NOT above the Distance of a League from the ancient City of *Valencia*, is situated *Mislata*, a small Village, where many Cavaliers have their Country Seats, plated amongst their adjacent Farms, and near the spacious Meadows, bath'd by the Waters of the River *Turia*, which, convey'd by many Trenches through the neighbouring Grounds, fertilizes the Soil, and, with its clear Streams gliding through the Groves of Oranges, Olives and Mulberries, makes the whole Place appear an earthly Paradise. In this Village, at the Season for gathering the Silk from those industrious Insects that spin it, were many Families of Distinction, employ'd in this easy and profitable Exercise. The Spring had but just begun to cloath the Fields in their gay Livery, when one Evening, about two Hours before Sun-set, four beautiful Ladies, to amuse themselves after the Business of the Day, were seated under the Shadow of some Elms; when along the Road that leads from

34 *Donna Hippolita de Centelles :*

Madrid, they saw a Mule galloping towards them, with a Furniture of Green and Gold, follow'd by two Servants, at full Speed. They all pass'd by them like Lightning, and soon after they saw a young Cavalier, of about one and twenty, on foot, richly dress'd, in peach-colour Tabby with Gold Loops, a Hat of the same Colour with black Feathers, and a gilt Sword and Dagger, hanging from an embroider'd Belt. He appeared, by his Manner of walking, to have hurt his Leg, and came towards the Place where the Ladies were sitting, who thought both his Person and Dress agreeable. He saluted them respectfully, and they returning his Salute, rose from their Seat, and one of them said to him, "As we imagine, Sennor Cavalier, that some Misfortune has happen'd to you by falling from your Mule, which we saw your Servants follow, we desire you would stay and rest yourself here till they return with it, and in the mean time we can assist you with a Glass of Water, which is the best Remedy that can be apply'd upon such an Occasion, till you are blooded." The Stranger, charm'd with their Complaisance, respectfully bowing to them, said, "The Mule, starting at a Dog, who hastily flew at him, threw me, as I was riding carelessly and without Thought; but I received no great Hurt, but rather think myself happy, since your seeing the

" Dis-

“ Disturbance has procured me the Favour
“ of your Conversation, and your Good-
“ ness and Affability made you offer me a
“ Remedy. I accept it, tho’ it is now su-
“ perfluous, since having seen so much
“ Beauty, I can stand in need of no other
“ Cure. I have frequently heard the La-
“ dies of *Valencia* praised extremely, but
“ I find, by what I see, that Fame has
“ been much too sparing of her Praises.”
“ We do not admire Flattery here, said ano-
“ ther of the Ladies, tho’ ’tis a Fruit that
“ ripens well in the Place from whence you
“ came, if it was from *Madrid*: What we
“ desire is, that you would please to seat
“ yourself here, and accept our friendly
“ Offer.” They made room for him be-
tween them, and he, with great Pleasure, sat
down, highly esteeming the Favour he re-
ceived. They ask’d him if he came from
Madrid; he answer’d in the affirmative,
adding “ That his Design was to reside in
“ *Valencia*, during a Law-suit, which he
“ had with a powerful Enemy, which was
“ the Occasion of his coming thither.”
They desired to know the News of the
Court; and a Lady, who look’d upon him
with more Pleasure than the rest, entreated
him to give them an Account of what pass’d
at *Madrid*. He told them, “ That there
“ was nothing new, but what had always
“ been to be seen in *Madrid*, and in all
“ Courts;

“ Courts ; Flattery and Adulation, very
 “ fashionable and very useful ; Hopes in those
 “ that expected Offices, very sanguine and
 “ very deceitful ; Love entirely forgot, and
 “ Interest the ruling Principle ; Friends
 “ yours to-day, if the Minister smiled upon
 “ you, and Strangers to your Face to-mor-
 “ row, if he frown’d ; and the Ladies bright
 “ as the Sun, and variable as the Moon.”

In this manner he made his Relation, as a
 Person who was no Stranger to the Paths of
 a Court, which he had often trod ; and with
 so much Sprightliness, and in so agreeable a
 Manner, that the Ladies were extremely well
 satisfied with him ; particularly she whose
 Eyes testified the Pleasure she took in his
 Conversation. A Servant then brought a
 Glass of Water, and a Plate of Sweetmeats,
 with which the Cavalier refreshed himself,
 again gratefully returning Thanks for this
 Regale ; and perceiving the Kindness with
 which the Lady regarded him, he fix’d his
 Eyes with such Attention upon her Beauty,
 that it cost him his Liberty, from that Mo-
 ment remaining a Captive to her uncommon
 Perfections. He was desiring they would
 give him Leave to attend them to their
 Houses, when his two Servants return’d,
 leading the Mule, which they deliver’d to a
 Muleteer who was just come up, and who,
 having stay’d a little behind drinking at a
 Village, could not overtake them sooner.

The

The Stranger could not think of leaving the Place, he was so charm'd with the Beauty of the Lady, and therefore resolv'd to pass the Night there. He slightly mention'd it, and the Lady seem'd not to be displeas'd. After he had taken Leave of the Ladies, he went to an Inn, where that Night he was blooded, upon account of his Fall, which had been dangerous. This was soon told to the Ladies, by the Barber of the Village, whom they saw come out after the Operation, the Inn being within sight of their Apartment. The Lady who had conceived an Inclination for this Cavalier was the Daughter of Don *Vincent Centelles*, an ancient Cavalier, of one of the best Families in *Valencia*, and nearly related to the Counts of *Oliiva*; he had only this Child, Heiress to his Estate of six thousand Ducats a Year, so that she was address'd by many of the noblest Cavaliers. Don *Vincent* was a Man of about sixty, a most valiant Cavalier, and one who in his time had greatly distinguished himself in the Field. The Stranger pass'd almost the whole Night without Sleep, reflecting on the Beauties of this Lady, whose Name was Donna *Hippolita Centelles*: Nor was she less thoughtful, being as much prepossessed with the Behaviour and Mien of the Stranger. When the Morning came, Don *Alphonso*, which was the Name of the Cavalier, endeavouring to rise, found himself

38 *Donna Hippolita de Centelles :*

self disabled, having dislocated his Foot by the Fall, so that he was obliged to remain in Bed, and wait till a Servant of his brought an experienced Surgeon from *Valencia*. All this was soon known to the Ladies, who were sorry they could not see the Stranger, who for four Days was obliged to keep his Bed. In that time the ancient Don *Vincent* went for a Day to *Valencia*, and by his Absence gave an Opportunity to his charming Daughter to send a Message by one of her Women to Don *Alphonso*, to let him know how much she was concerned at his Misfortune. 'Tis easy to imagine with what Pleasure the gallant Cavalier received the Favour; He esteem'd it as it deserv'd, and return'd Answer, " that four Days had never " before seem'd so tedious to him, and that " he assured her, they appeared an Age, by " depriving him of her Presence; that he " found himself better, and design'd to have " rose, but the Surgeon forbid him, apprehending it would be of bad Consequence " to leave his Bed so soon." That Evening the Ladies met, and with that Liberty which the Country allows, under pretence of calling upon the Mistress of the Inn, who was the next Neighbour to Donna *Hippolita*, they went into her House, and upon further Entreaty enter'd the Apartment of the wounded Cavalier, who received the Favour of such a Visit as it deserv'd. Donna *Hippolita's*
Friends,

Friends, knowing her Inclinations in Favour of the Stranger, by talking to the Mistress of the Inn, gave her an Opportunity of conversing with him alone. He informed her of his Name, and that he was born in *Valencia*, of the noble Family of the *Borjas*; that he had been brought up from a Child at *Madrid*, and from thence had gone to the *Indies*, to an Uncle of his, who having accompanied from *Spain* one of the Viceroy's of *Peru*, he had promoted him so warmly, that in six Years he had got above a hundred thousand Ducats, which at his Death he left to this Nephew; that with this Treasure he was returned to *Spain*, and was now come to his native Country, where he had a small Estate, which he inherited by the Death of his eldest Brother. Donna *Hippolita* felt great Satisfaction at this Relation, by which he appeared a Person whose Quality demanded her Hand, without fear of a Denial. Don *Alphonso* then declared his Passion, begging her to admit his Services; and assuring her that his Heart was hers from the first Moment he saw her. This Declaration was attended with such evident Marks of Sincerity, that she gave credit to him. He enquired how he might see her, and Donna *Hippolita* told him it was impossible whilst her Father remain'd in the Country (which would be till the Gathering of the Silk was over) unless it was by Night; and therefore
it

40 *Donna Hippolita de Centelles:*

it was agreed upon between them, that Don *Alphonso* should go to *Valencia*, and that every Night he should secretly go to *Mislata* to see her, where they might converse, whilst her Father was asleep, at a grated Window which look'd into the Garden. With this the Visit concluded, and Don *Alphonso* growing better in two Days, and taking Leave of the Ladies went to *Valencia*. He could not depart however without giving a Specimen of two uncommon Talents he possessed, the Night before he was to go; one was the having an extreme fine Voice, and the other, the composing Verses with so much Elegance that he was exceeded by few in *Spain*. Therefore, when all the Village was retired to rest, he went out with two of his Servants, and, to the Sound of an harmonious Guittar, which they had brought him from *Valencia*, he sung an Elegy which, under feigned Names, expressed his unforeseen meeting with, and Passion for *Donna Hippolita*. That beautiful Lady was far from sleeping whilst Don *Alphonso* was thus employ'd; she listen'd to him with great Attention, and easily apprehended the disguised Meaning of the Words. These two additional Perfections, which she found in Don *Alphonso*, were new Incentives to increase her growing Love; she passed the Night without Sleep, and would have been inconsolable for his Departure, but that she hoped

hoped to see him every Night, as had been agreed between them.

Don *Alphonso* repair'd to *Valencia*, where he was received and welcomed by all his Relations with great Pleasure. For five or six Days he was obliged to assist at the marriage Feast of a Cavalier who was nearly related to him; after which he hired a House for himself, leaving that which he inherited from his Brother to his Sister-in-law, who then inhabited it. By this Method, and by feigning an Indisposition which obliged him to retire early, he stole from the Company of some Cavaliers of his own Age and Quality, who were usually with him, and spent every Night in visiting his amiable Mistress at *Mislata*. By these frequent Conversations their Love increased to the highest Degree, and they acquired that mutual Confidence in each other's Sincerity and Truth, which is the strongest Cement both of Love and Friendship.

An Opportunity offering of a high Festival, the young Cavaliers of *Valencia* agreed to make a *Fuego de Cannas*; upon which Occasion they met in the Cloisters of the Cathedral Church, to appoint the *Quadrillas*, or Parties. There were six and thirty who joined in the Entertainment, and the Chiefs of the *Quadrillas* were all Persons of Rank and Fortune, at whose Expence the Dresses and Equipages of the rest were to be defray'd

42 Donna Hippolita de Centelles :

fray'd. They appointed their Colours; and as that of Donna *Hippolita* was green, Don *Alphonso* intreated it might be his. It was no less desired by Don *Manuel Centelles*, a young Cavalier, Nephew to Donna *Hippolita's* Father, and whom he design'd for her Husband. He had even privately sent a Messenger for the Dispensation from *Rome*, tho' without the Consent or Knowledge of his Daughter, who was far from approving this Union. This was carried on with such Secrecy, that, except the Father, the intended Son-in-law, and the Courier who was dispatch'd to *Rome*, no one knew it. As Don *Manuel* was the Chief of a *Quadrilla*, and a Man of Distinction, he was chagrin'd that Don *Alphonso* should ask the Green; and knowing he was so lately come that he had not yet made Choice of any Lady to serve, he went up to him, and said, "Sennor
 " Don *Alphonso*, I have from amongst all
 " the Colours chose the Green, for certain
 " Reasons which are of Consequence to me,
 " and which I cannot now acquaint you
 " with. And as you are so much a Stranger
 " that you can have no Reason to fix on it,
 " from having seen any Lady of *Valencia*
 " wear it, I entreat you to make Use of
 " any other, and to believe that if it was
 " not of Importance to me, I would resign
 " it to you." Don *Alphonso* had already
 got some Information of the Pretensions of
 Don

Or, the unexpected Resolution. 43

Don Manuel, tho' it had not been revealed to him by Donna Hippolita: And by the Earnestness with which he saw him desire the Green, he presumed it was on her Account. This alarming his Jealousy, he answer'd thus: " Sennor Don Manuel, I am
" one of the Persons who have most warmly
" promoted this Entertainment, as all these
" Cavaliers will acknowledge, wholly with
" a Design of being myself and my *Quadrilla* in Green, for a Reason of high Importance to me, which is, that the Person
" for whom I wear it will be present; and
" it would seem ill not to appear in her Colour; therefore I am resolved to appear in
" that, and that none else shall wear it, for
" upon that very Account I formed the
" Party." " Well then I will propose a
" Medium, said Don Manuel, which will
" prevent all Dispute." " What is it?"
reply'd Don Alphonso: " Not to appear at
" all, return'd he; for if you had not come
" to *Valencia*, the Cavaliers would have been
" able to make their Entertainments, and to
" perform them with Magnificence." " That
" Pleasure, I believe, I shall not give you,
" resumed Don Alphonso; tho' I doubt not
" but many noble Feasts have been given
" here without me. However, the Counsel
" you give me, I would recommend to
" yourself; since you have frequently been
" seen to enter the Lists in *Valencia* with no
" great

44 *Donna Hippolita de Centelles* :

“ great Success.” Don *Alphonso* said this, having heard that Don *Manuel* had twice been thrown, tho’ more by the Fault of his Horse than for his Want of Horsemanship. “ Whoever has told you, reply’d Don *Manuel* that I have fallen twice, in above thirty times that I have appear’d against the fiercest Bulls that feed in the Pastures of *Xarama*, has forgot to inform you, that it was not for want either of Skill or Courage. You lose all Decency, and these Liberties are not to be suffer’d, but chastised, and that so severely that Force may stop you from following your Inclinations.” “ That we shall soon see,” said Don *Alphonso*, throwing back his Cloak; and both at once drawing their Swords, they attack’d each other furiously. Many Swords appear’d in a few Moments, the Cavaliers being divided, some favouring Don *Alphonso*, and others Don *Manuel*. *Valencia* had soon lost her noblest Inhabitants, if the Governor and a Judge Criminal had not immediately repair’d thither, being informed by some who ran hastily for Assistance. But before their Arrival, Don *Alphonso* had wounded Don *Manuel* dangerously in the Head, and received a Wound himself in his Arm from a younger Brother of that Cavalier, who stood by him. The Governor order’d Don *Alphonso* to be seiz’d, and some of the Cavaliers who were most eager in the

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Quarrel. Don Manuel's Wound appear'd to be dangerous; he was not therefore sent to Prison, as Don *Alphonso* was, whose Wound was trifling. After the Cavaliers were secured, an Account was given of the Disturbance to the Viceroy; and he commanded that all who had been concerned in it should be confined under a strong Guard in their own Apartments, till an Accommodation was made. Don *Vincent Centelles*, the Father of *Hippolita*, did not arrive till after the Governor. If he had been present at the Dispute, 'tis certain it would have been more desperate, and ended more fatally; for such was his Fury at the Sight of his wounded Nephew, that the least he threaten'd was to extirpate all the Family of the *Borjas*, so cholerick was this ancient Cavalier. There could be no Hopes of Accommodation, Don Manuel's Wound being declared by the Surgeons to be dangerous. To attempt to relate what Donna *Hippolita* felt, would be impossible; the Imprisonment of her Lover, and the Anger of her Father, made her Life a Burthen. Don Manuel's Wound in a few Days began to heal, and give favourable Symptoms of a Recovery; upon which, Endeavours were used for a Reconcilement, which had taken Effect, if, (before the Physicians and Surgeons had visited his Wound, who were to declare him safe, and out of Danger) he had not been guilty

46 *Donna Hippolita de Centelles* :

guilty of a Debauch, by which his Wound, which before was in a favourable Way, grew enflamed, and in a short Time produced a Gangrene, of which he died. At his Death he forgave his Adversary, and died with great Repentance for his Sins. The Relations of the Deceas'd immediately petition'd the Viceroy that he would command Don *Alphonso* to be beheaded, tho', according to the Laws of the Kingdom, they could not demand this Justice, because, Accidents that happen thus suddenly are reputed casual, and pardon'd on a slight Fine; yet the Delinquent is far from being out of Danger, since the Relations of the Deceas'd are at liberty to revenge his Death, tho' at the Hazard of their own. Notwithstanding this, Don *Vincent* (who was the nearest Relation of the Deceas'd) ceased not to solicit the Viceroy for Don *Alphonso's* Execution; but he, who wish'd to compose all Differences, thought how he might compromise the Affair with Don *Vincent*, by proposing a Marriage between the beautiful *Donna Hippolita* and Don *Alphonso*, whose Riches and Birth he doubted not would make him be accepted; but Don *Vincent* was so far from agreeing to this Proposal, that he protested he had rather see his Daughter dead than marry her to him.

The Viceroy finding this Obstinacy of Don *Vincent*, determined to send Don *Alphonso* for some time out of the Reach of his

his Enemies; and, with this View, he commanded him to *Oran* for two Years, not as a Delinquent, obliged to bear Arms on all Occasions against the *Moors*, but as a Companion and Assistant to the Governor, who was a Nobleman nearly related to him. The amorous Cavalier was now obliged to depart, under a deep Melancholy to think he was to be absent so long from his beloved Mistress, and to leave her in the Power of a Father, who might, by constraining her to marry, force her from him for ever. He entreated the Viceroy to allow him four Days to settle his Affairs before his Voyage, which was granted him. In that time he found means to see Donna *Hippolita*. To relate the Tenderness and the Sorrow which passed between these two faithful Lovers is impossible; I shall only say, that she promis'd with the strongest Asseverations not to accept any other Husband, even if her Father threaten'd her Life; and that he might accomplish the Time of his Banishment with a Certainty she would never fix her Love upon another. With these pleasing Promises Don *Alphonso* took his Leave, not without many unfeigned Tears, and repeated Embraces. Donna *Hippolita* gave him a gold Reliquary in the Shape of a Cross, for a Remembrance of her; and he presented her, in return, with a Brilliant Ring worth above six thousand Crowns. In this manner Don *Alphonso* left *Valencia*,
to

48 *Donna Hippolita de Centelles :*

to the Joy of his Enemies, and Concern of his Friends, who were by much the greater Number.

Let us leave Don *Alphonso*, who arriving safely at *Oran*, and presenting the Viceroy's Letters to the Governor, had been honourably received as his Friend; and return to *Donna Hippolita*, who, in the Absence of her Lover, had no Consolation, but that Death had freed her from the Importunity of her Cousin Don *Manuel*, the Husband, design'd her by her Father, in order to preserve the Name of his Family.

Many Lovers now began to pay their Court, curvetting under her Windows, entertaining her with Serenades, and Feasts, in which they wore her Colours. He who signalized himself the most was Don *Galeran de Cardona*, a young and rich Cavalier, whom Don *Vincent* began to regard with Kindness, thinking him a proper Match for his Daughter, tho' she was of a very different Opinion, being wholly employ'd with the Idea of Don *Alphonso*, with whom she secretly corresponded, by means of a Servant he left in *Valencia* for that Purpose. The Concurrence between the Admirers of this Lady ceas'd, when they found that Don *Vincent* had made choice of Don *Galeran*, who piqued himself not a little on this Distinction. Don *Vincent* had concluded the Affair, without imparting it to his Daughter; but when it was entirely settled,

Or, the unexpected Resolution. 49

bled, one Evening as they sat at Table, he address'd her thus: " My beloved Daughter, Life is of uncertain Duration; I am now far advanced in Years, and without a Male Heir. These Reasons have obliged me to seek thee a worthy Husband; nor should I have acted suitable to the Affection I bear thee, if I had not chosen one thy Equal in Birth and Riches, and, besides, Master of such Accomplishments that thy Fate will be envied. This Person is *Don Galeran de Cardona*, whose Quality and Fortune are well known in this Kingdom. Tho' he is of the Principality of *Catalonia*, all my Friends, to whom I have communicated this Affair, appear highly pleased with the Alliance. I now inform you of it, with a perfect Confidence you will always acquiesce with my Will, as knowing my sole Aim and Study is your Happiness." This premeditated Discourse of *Don Vincent* threw *Donna Hippolita* into great Confusion. She knew that the Quality and Merit of *Don Galeran* left no room for Exception, yet durst she not own her Love to *Don Alphonso*, whom her Father hated. In this sudden Surprise, a hasty Thought presented itself, which, without Reflection, she made use of to prevent the threaten'd Marriage, which seem'd inevitable; and perceiving *Don Vincent* waited her Answer, she reply'd thus: " My dear

D

" and

50 *Donna Hippolita de Centelles:*

“ and worthy Father, I am fully convinced
 “ of the Justice of these Reasons, which in-
 “ duce you to procure an Establishment for
 “ me, and as thoroughly satisfied your
 “ Choice of *Don Galeran* is suitable to your
 “ Prudence; nor could you have named a
 “ Cavalier whose Merits I more esteem:
 “ But there is one Obstacle to this Marri-
 “ age, which I am now obliged to confess:
 “ When *Don Manuel* drew near his End, I
 “ felt so much Sorrow for his Misfortune,
 “ that I made a Vow, if he died, I would
 “ take the Veil. Heaven is my Witness
 “ how much I have since repented so rash a
 “ Resolution; if this admit of any Remedy,
 “ by a Dispensation from *Rome*, let it be
 “ procured, and I am ready to give
 “ my Hand to *Don Galeran*.” *Don Vin-*
cent seem’d displeas’d with his Daughter’s
 Imprudence; but imagining that Friends and
 Money might procure the⁴¹ Relief she men-
 tion’d, he immediately treated of sending a
 Dispatch to *Rome*. In the mean time he
 permitted *Don Galeran* sometimes to visit
 her, who was not a little concern’d at find-
 ing his Happiness delay’d. *Donna Hippolita*,
 on her Side, lost no Time, but instantly ad-
 vis’d *Don Alphonso* of what had pass’d.
 Her Letters reached him in a short Time;
 and, communicating them to his Friend the
 Governor, he begg’d his Counsel. His Opi-
 nion was, he should return privately to *Va-*
lencia,

lencia,, procure an Interview with the Lady, and, if he could gain her Consent, convey her from the Power of her Father: Assuring him that if he thought proper to bring her to *Oran*, he would protect them; or, if not, they might retire to what other Place they thought more proper. Don *Alphonso* approved this Scheme, except what related to their returning to *Oran*, being determin'd, if he could convey her from the House of Don *Vincent*, to carry her to *Sardinia*, where the Viceroy, his Uncle, would, he knew, receive them with Honour. Thus resolved, he left *Oran*, and soon after landed at the Port of *Valencia*, from whence he privately by Night enter'd the City, and came to his own House, inhabited only by the Servant whom he had left to manage his Amour. He was transported at the Sight of his Master, and found means that very Night to inform Donna *Hippolita* of her Lover's Arrival. Her Joy at this News made her for some Moments forget the Danger she was in; and it was agreed she should see Don *Alphonso* the following Night, at a grated Window. It is needless to describe how tedious the Day appear'd to these faithful Lovers, and with what Impatience they waited the expected Hour. It is sufficient to say, they met by Night, whilst Don *Vincent* slept, far from imagining what pass'd in his Family. It would be impossible to express the Transports with which

52 *Donna Hippolita de Centelles* :

they mutually received each other, or the Account they gave each other of what had pass'd, and of their common Grief in Absence; in short, the numberless Tenderneſſes that Love inſpires, and which thoſe only know who truly have loved. The Reſult of this Meeting was, that *Donna Hippolita*, to prevent being forced to marry *Don Galeran*, ſhould truſt to the Honour of *Don Alphonſo*, and put herſelf in his Hands. The Execution of this Project was thus agreed upon: That *Don Alphonſo* ſhould have three Horſes ready at an appointed Place, and that, on his giving a certain Signal at her Window, ſhe ſhould come out, and bring with her all the rich Jewels of the Family. This laſt Article was of no Conſequence to *Don Alphonſo*, as, by his Fortune, he was Maſter of ſufficient Treasures in that Kind; but as it was *Donna Hippolita's* Propoſal, he made no Reply. When this was concerted, he took Leave of his charming Miſtreſs, and retired to his Houſe, where he paſſed the Day in diſpoſing all Things for his Departure. The Night drew on, and was darker than uſual, as there was then no Light of the Moon. The Horſes being placed behind the Gardens of the Viceroy's Palace, in an open Meadow, *Don Alphonſo* repair'd to his Miſtreſs's Houſe, where, at the appointed Signal, with her Jewels, which ſhe had conceal'd in her Habit, ſhe came out

of

of a little Back-Door, which she lock'd after her, taking the Key, to conceal the Secret of her Flight from all her Women. Thus, joyfully received by Don *Alphonso*, she walked with him to the Place where the Horses stood, attended by a faithful, resolute young Man; him they sent before them to fetch the Horses, and, 'till his Return, seated themselves on the Grass, near the Margin of a Brook, one of those that increase the Streams of the crystal *Turia*, which washes the Walls of *Valencia*. Here, conversing of what related to their Journey, they heard the melancholy Notes of a Bird, which, at that silent Hour, was singing in the Palace-Garden. Donna *Hippolita*, asking her Lover what it was, he told her, a Nightingale. "A Nightingale, reply'd she, how can that be possible, when her Voice is the most melodious of all Birds, and these Sounds are so harsh and grating they offend the Ear?" "It is so, return'd the Cavalier, but she always sings in this manner when she is to make her Nest, as repenting the Excess of Fondness she has been guilty of." What Don *Alphonso* said, without Reflection, struck his Mistress, and threw her into a Chain of Thought; she reflected to herself, that, blinded by a headstrong Passion, she had put herself wholly in the Power of this young Cavalier, without even so much as a Promise of Marriage. She con-

54 *Donna Hippolita de Centelles :*

sidered how passionately she loved him, and how dangerous it was lest she should be seduced by his Persuasions, and incur, by the fatal Consequences, the same Fate with the poor forewarning Nightingale. Her sudden Terror upon this immediately changed her Resolution, and, clapping her Hands, “ O “ Heavens, *said she*, I have forgot the Jewels upon my Table.” “ What does that “ signify, *reply'd Don Alphonso*, I have “ Jewels, if not as rich, at least what have “ been thought valuable ; if they are not as “ agreeable, my Fortune is sufficient to purchase whatever may please my dear *Hippolita* : Give yourself, therefore, no further Concern about them.” “ I must, “ *return'd she*, there are some that were my “ Mother's, that I cannot think of losing.” “ Why will you take such a Resolution, *said he*, who must return for them?” “ I will myself,” *reply'd she*. “ Can you imagine such a thing, *said he*, what ! for Trifles of no Consequence will you, just escaped from the House of your Father, return, perhaps be heard, and so lose all “ Opportunities of going for ever.” “ Be “ not uneasy, *return'd his Mistress*, my Father sleeps so soundly that it is impossible “ he should hear me ; indulge me in this “ Humour, and let us turn back ; in the “ mean time your Servant will come with “ the Horses, and we shall meet him.”

The

The Lady persisted so earnestly that Don *Alphonso*, not to disoblige her, was constrained to follow her to Don *Vincen*'s. She open'd the Back-Door, and went in, desiring Don *Alphonso* to wait for her, and that she would not stay long. Our Cavalier did so, not without some Apprehensions at this Behaviour. His Fears proved too true, for Donna *Hippolita*, placing herself at a low grated Window, called to Don *Alphonso*, who drawing close to it, heard her say thus: "Sen-
" nor Don *Alphonso*, the Temper of the
" Nightingale is to repent after she has
" yielded to her Love, as you were so good
" to inform me. Had I remained ignorant
" of this, I might have persisted in my De-
" termination; but, as being better instruct-
" ed, I am warned to avoid the same Fate,
" the rather, as you have not given me so
" much as a bare Assurance or Promise of
" Marriage. I therefore resolve to remain
" in my Father's House, and beg you will
" find some other Method by which I may
" become honourably yours, for this Project
" is now impracticable. Go! may Heaven
" preserve you, and if our Union is or-
" dain'd by Destiny, notwithstanding this
" Disappointment, no human Means can
" prevent it." She waited no Answer, but
shutting the Window, left Don *Alphonso* be-
yond all Patience. He called several Times,
but in vain, for his Mistress was gone to

56 *Donna Hippolita de Centellés :*

her Apartment, and could not hear ; or, if she had heard, she would not have returned. The disappointed Cavalier finding it fruitless to wait, cursing his evil Stars, went to the Place where his Horses waited, where meeting his two Servants, he commanded them to return home, and leave him in the Fields. The Servants, amazed at seeing him thus confused and alone, whom they had seen just before with *Donna Hippolita*, knew not what to think, but were too dutiful to make any Enquiries of their Lord ; they only guess'd from his dejected Look, that some Misfortune had happened, which had disappointed his Design. They obey'd his Commands, leaving their Master alone in the Meadows. When he found himself at Liberty, he broke out into these Complaints :

“ Unhappy Fate ! is it possible that thou
 “ should'st be thus bent against my Hap-
 “ piness ? What ! when I judged myself
 “ Master of such a Treasure, Possessor of
 “ her who is the Sovereign of my Soul,
 “ must I thus lose her in a Moment ! Ne-
 “ ver more will I explain the Nature of
 “ that hateful Bird, tho' called the Harbin-
 “ ger of the Morning, the Delight of the
 “ Ear, and the Joy of the Woods. To me
 “ it has been more fatal than those whom
 “ the Ancients look'd upon as most omi-
 “ nous. But why do I waste my Curses on
 “ thee, unhappy Bird ; thou art not the

“ Au-

“ Author of my Ruin ; thou hast not lost
“ me this Opportunity ; no, it was my ha-
“ ted Rival, *Don Galeran*. *Donna Hippo-*
“ *lita*, since she came out with me, has re-
“ flected upon his Love, and repenting her
“ disobeying the Commands of her Father,
“ and her Refusal of so splendid an Alli-
“ ance, she has endeavoured to repair her
“ Fault by returning back. O Woman ! va-
“ riable and inconstant as the Weather ; frail
“ mutable Sex ! Cruel *Donna Hippolita* !
“ my Banishment shall now be accomplished ;
“ not for a short Term, but for Life ; never
“ shall those false Eyes behold me more !”

With these and other Complaints did the afflicted Cavalier endeavour to alleviate his Pain, remaining stretch'd on the Grass, till the tuneful Birds, Foretellers of the Dawn, informed him that he might be seen ; and amongst them the Nightingale, whose every Accent was a Dagger to the Breast of the unhappy *Don Alphonso*. He started up, and return'd home, where he remained six Days without any of his Domestics hearing him speak. Let us leave him thus dejected, to return to *Donna Hippolita*, who did not pass the Night in an easier Situation, when her Fears abating, her Love return'd, and painted to her Imagination, in the strongest Colours, the Condition in which she had left *Don Alphonso*. Her Alarm increased when, in six Days, she did not see *Raymond*, the

58 *Donna Hippolita de Cente lles:*

faithful Servant, who had been the Confident of their Loves. At length her good Fortune made her take Notice of him passing thro' the Street, while Don *Vincent* was out. She seized the happy Opportunity, and called him up to her Apartment. *Raymond* obey'd, and when he was in her Presence, she enquired after his Master: He informed her that for six Days he had retired to the most obscure Apartment in his House, without speaking to any of his Domestics; that his Grief was visible by his Sighs and Tears: That, wishing to know the Cause, perceiving him one Day talking to himself, he had had the Curiosity to listen unobserv'd; and, amongst many other things, heard him lamenting his unhappy Fate; accuse her of Inconstancy, by designing to satisfy her Father, in marrying Don *Galeran*. This Reproach *Donna Hippolita* could not bear with Patience, and rising up, with some Heat, she spoke thus to *Raymond*: “ I am fully
 “ satisfied that, if Don *Alphonse* heard me,
 “ I should justify, even to himself, my Conduct that Night in returning home. My
 “ Honour is to me the dearest Thing on
 “ Earth; many Women prefer their Inclinations, but I am far different. A Woman of Quality ought to place her sole
 “ Care in securing her Reputation and her
 “ Honour; when that is lost, all is so, she has
 “ nothing of Value left. A Man, tho' he

“ is

“ is loose, or a Debauchee, may rise to Fortune, Dignity, and Esteem ; but a Woman, if deprived of her Honour, loses all Hopes of being honourably established, and is wretched and contemptible in the Eyes of the whole World.” Here she related to him what had happened that Night, and the Reflections which obliged her to return back ; and adding this : “ I love Don *Alphonso* with the greatest Excess of Passion that ever Woman lov’d ; had I not, I should never have resisted the Commands of a Father, who is so dear to me, as I have done. I have feigned a Vow, for which he must dispatch a Messenger to *Rome* for a Dispensation, only to delay the Time till Don *Alphonso* could arrive ; my Love is still so firm, that if I was certain I should never be his, I would not live a Day. Tell him this, and that if he will come to the Grate at Night, I will satisfy him, as I have done you.” *Raymond* returning home, gave his Master an Account of what had passed between him and Donna *Hippolita* : This was some Alluviation to the Grief of the afflicted Don *Alphonso*, tho’ it did not entirely dispel his Jealousy. Several Letters passed between them, in one of which his Mistress gave him Advice, that she was going with her Father for some Days to a pleasant country Retreat, where he might be concealed unknown to any

60 *Donna Hippolita de Centelles:*

any but one Servant, to whom she had entrusted the Secret of his Love. Don *Alphonso*, transported as soon as he saw these Orders, disguising himself in the Habit of a Peasant, repair'd to the Village, where the Servant already was, being sent before, to see the Apartments were ready for the Reception of the Family. She, inform'd of Don *Alphonso's* Coming, received him with much Respect, and lodg'd him in a private Room at the End of *Donna Hippolita's* Apartment. There the enamour'd Cavalier remained till the Arrival of his Mistress, accompanied by her Father, and an intimate Friend of hers, though a distant Relation, named *Donna Laudomia*: This Lady was address'd, in an honourable Way, by a young Cavalier of a good Family; and tho' their Marriage was not yet agreed, they carried on a Correspondence. The two truly mutual Lovers being thus happily met, *Donna Hippolita*, by her tender Assurances, calm'd all the Doubts and Disquiets of Don *Alphonso*, and he enjoy'd all the modest Favours that could be granted without Offence to the Honour of his Mistress.

It happened that *Donna Laudomia* was invited to the Profession of a Cousin of hers, who took the Veil in the famous Monastery of *La Zaydia*, founded by *Donna Teresa de Vidaura*, Queen of *Arragon*. Willing to appear magnificently at this Feast, she borrow'd

row'd a rich Dress of Donna *Hippolita's*, who lent it her with Pleasure, and Donna *Laudomia* went in it to the Monastery. Don *Alexander de Marradas*, which was the Name of her Lover, being informed she was to assist at the Ceremony, failed not to be there, and having a Letter with him, he found an Opportunity in the Church to give it her (notwithstanding the many Eyes that surrounded them) by kneeling down close to her, conveying it unperceived into her Hand. The Lady concealed it in her Sleeve, and waited the End of the Ceremony, not a little impatient to read it. When the newly-made Sister had received the Veil, all the Ladies were invited to the inward Grate to view her nearer, which gave Donna *Laudomia* an Opportunity to peruse the Paper, and satisfy the Desire she had to see its Contents, as there was no Possibility of speaking together. After the Ceremony was over, the Lover return'd to the City, and Donna *Laudomia* to Don *Vincent's* Seat, where Donna *Hippolita* arrived just before her, having been incognito to see the Feast.

Don *Alphonso* that Evening again enjoy'd the Conversation of his Mistress, by the Assistance of the Servant who had concealed him: Donna *Laudomia*, when she returned the Dress, had laid it down upon a Table; and, as the Gold of the Ornaments shone extremely, Don *Alphonso* ask'd Donna *Hippolita*

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lita what it was ; and she saying it was a Dress of hers, he open'd it to look upon it, praising the Elegance of the Embroidery, wrought with Gold, Pearl, and Spangles, upon a Ground of Green Tissue. Looking upon the Habit more narrowly, he saw a Paper in the Sleeve, which he stole out unobserv'd ; and whilst his Mistress laid by the Dress in an *Indian* Chest, Don *Alphonso* read the Paper, which contained these Words:

My Charming Mistress !

AS you informed me you was to honour this Ceremony with your Presence, I chose to trust to this Paper what I know the Publicness of the Solemnity would prevent me from speaking ; I cannot express in it the least Part of what I feel for your Absence, which, if it was to last much longer, I could not support. Permit me to see you, and inform me of the Place it may be, which will be some Relief to an Impatience, that can never cease till Heaven approves our Union, and compleats my Happiness, by granting you to the Wishes of the sincerest of your Adorers.

Don *Alphonso*, at the Sight of this Letter, was struck dead ; and Donna *Hippolita*, turning to him again, he, knowing she had been at the Monastery, ask'd her if she wore this Habit ; Donna *Hippolita*, to avoid saying she had lent it to *Laudomia*, and ignorant
of

Or, the unexpected Resolution. 63

of what had happen'd, reply'd she did ; which strengthened the Suspicions of Don *Alphonso*, who imagined the Paper was from Don *Galeran* : And, supposing himself now betray'd, his Resentment and Jealousy in a Moment conquering his Reason, he broke out into this Complaint :

“ Inconstant *Hippolita* ! I believed, when
“ you desisted from your Resolution of
“ leaving your Father, the Love of Don
“ *Galeran* was the Occasion of it ; but, de-
“ ceived by the specious Reasons you al-
“ ledg'd to me, I shook off my Fears, and
“ thought myself happy and safe in your
“ Fidelity. This fatal Paper has now un-
“ deceived me, which, as I have found in
“ the Sleeve of your Habit, you cannot de-
“ ny to belong to you. Never could I
“ have imagined *Hippolita* so meanly de-
“ ceitful. I rejoyce that this has opened
“ my Eyes ; I shall therefore return and
“ appear again in *Valencia*, where (if my
“ traiterous Heart will suffer me) I may
“ make Choice of one who may return my
“ Love with more Steadiness and Sincerity.
“ I wish you Joy of your approaching Nup-
“ tials, and will be no Obstacle to their Ac-
“ complishment, as I determine never to
“ see the Eyes of the false deluding *Hippo-*
“ *lita* again.”

Donna *Hippolita*, amazed at the sudden Accusation, endeavoured to stop him, in or-
der

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der to justify herself, but it was impossible he threw down the Paper, and rush'd out in such an Agitation, that if the Door had been shut, he had certainly, in the Violence of his Rage, leap'd out of the Window; one of the Gardeners saw him go out, but being in the Habit of a Peasant, took him for a Servant belonging to the Farm. He went to his House, distracted with Jealousy and Sorrow, and throwing himself upon a Couch, abandon'd himself up to Despair, uttering a Thousand Exclamations against the perjured *Hippolita*, and the ungrateful Return she had made to his constant Love.

Let us now return to that unfortunate Lady, who, taking up the Paper, and having read it, reflecting upon her saying that she wore the Dress, and what the Letter contained, she could scarce blame Don *Alphonso* for leaving her unheard. Her Heart was in a Moment sunk with Sorrow, and her charming Eyes bath'd in Tears. In this Condition she was found by Donna *Laudomia* and her Servant, who, amazed to see her thus, enquired the Reason of her Concern; to which the afflicted Donna *Hippolita* answer'd: “ Ah! *Laudomia*, my Friend,
 “ how dear has your having borrow'd my
 “ Habit cost me! would to Heaven you
 “ had inherited it and my Estate, by my
 “ sudden Death, rather than I had given my
 “ Consent to your wearing it. What Paper

“ was

“ was that found in the Sleeve, which has
“ made me so miserable? Who gave it you
“ for my Undoing? How couldst thou
“ place it so carelessly? Are Papers of Ten-
“ derness so soon forgot, and so easily left
“ for others to find? Thou canst not love
“ sincerely, or thou would’st sooner have
“ forgot thyself than those soft Messages of
“ the Heart.” Thus the afflicted *Hippolita*
complained to her Friend, to whom she re-
lated all the Circumstances of her Amour
with Don *Alphonso*; with what Assiduity he
had served her, his Suspicions, and the new
Misfortune of this Letter, which had thrown
her into Despair.

Donna *Landomia* endeavoured to mitigate
her Apprehensions, but her Fears were too
well grounded to admit of Consolation. She
retired to her Apartment to weep at Liberty,
reflecting upon the Resolution with which
Don *Alphonso* left her, and dreading lest,
in the Violence of his Passion, he should take
a sudden Resolution to leave *Valencia* for-
ever. In this, and other melancholy Imagi-
nations, Donna *Hippolita* pass’d the Night, re-
solving on a thousand Expedients: At length,
fixing upon one, as she knew that, in so
dangerous a Case, a hazardous Attempt
must be ventured upon, she resolved to lose
no Time in executing it. She order’d the
Coach to be ready, under pretence of visit-
ing a Friend of hers who had been sick, for
which

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which she obtained Leave from her Father, and, taking with her *Donna Laudomia*, and *Andrea* her Servant, with an old Gentleman Usher, who had long been in the Family, they left the Village, and drove to *Valencia*. When they had entered the City, *Donna Hippolita* order'd *Andrea* to alight, and to go weil'd to Don *Alphonso's* House. Her Instructions were to speak with *Raymond*, and learn from him if his Master design'd to leave the City, and if so, she should intreat him, in her Name, to retard Don *Alphonso's* Departure for two Hours only, whilst she made some Steps in an Affair which was of the last Consequence. *Andrea* left her Lady to execute her Commands, who, in the mean time, order'd the Coach to drive to the Viceroy's Palace. When it stop'd there, she sent in her Gentleman to know if the Viceroy was at leisure, and if she might be permitted to speak to him in private: A Page, who informed his Excellency of her Request, returned with Orders to introduce her into his Closet, where the Ladies were received with great Affability, and, after being seated, he desired to know in what he could be of Service to them. *Donna Hippolita*, after some short Introduction, begun thus: " It is now, my Lord, about four Years " since Don *Alphonso de Borjas*, coming " from *Madrid*, saw me in the Village of " *Mislata*, accompanied by some of my " Friends

“ Friends; I appear’d agreeable to him,
“ and his Sense and Behaviour were not less
“ so to me. From that Day he began to ad-
“ dress me with the most punctual Affidui-
“ ty; the Dawn of the Morning frequently
“ finding him at a Grate, where we met to
“ converse. The End of his Courtship was
“ to make me honourably his, by demand-
“ ing me of my Father, who, in the mean
“ time, unknown to me, had sent to *Rome*
“ for a Dispensation, in order to my Mar-
“ riage with *Don Manuel Centelles*, his Bro-
“ ther’s Son: A Match I never approved.
“ His Death happened soon after, of which
“ *Don Alphonso* was not wholly guiltless,
“ tho’, it is certain, his own Excesses were
“ rather the Cause of it than the Wounds
“ he received. The mortal Hatred which,
“ upon this Account, my Father contracted
“ against him, and the Obstinacy with which
“ he refused to admit of any Mediation, (as
“ is well known to your Excellency, who
“ did him the Honour to propose it) occa-
“ sioned the Banishment of *Don Alphonso*.
“ During his Stay at *Oran* to fulfil his Sen-
“ tence, my Father enter’d into a Treaty
“ of Marriage for me with *Don Galeran de*
“ *Cardona*. I acknowledge the Merits of
“ that Cavalier are great, but, as I had so
“ long placed my Affection on *Don Al-*
“ *phonso*, I could not look upon another
“ with the same Kindness. My Father in-
“ formed

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“ formed me of his Intentions, and I, to
 “ delay the Time, that Don *Alphonso* might
 “ be advised of it, feign’d a religious Vow
 “ upon the Death of Don *Manuel*. I de-
 “ clared this to my Father, who, giving
 “ Credit to me, dispatch’d a Courier to
 “ *Rome* for a Relaxation of the Vow, and a
 “ Dispensation from his Holiness. Whilst
 “ this was transacting, Don *Alphonso* arrived
 “ here, by Permission of the Governor of
 “ *Oran*, his Friend, designing to deliver me
 “ from the Power of my Father. With
 “ this Intention I left my Father’s House,
 “ and went with him, hoping that, by the
 “ Mediation of powerful Intercessors, I
 “ might be forgiven: But this Enterprize
 “ being disappointed by a certain Timidity
 “ of mine, not worthy of your Excellency’s
 “ hearing, Don *Alphonso* repented it ex-
 “ tremely, and imputed it to a Change of
 “ Sentiments, and an Inconstancy in my
 “ Affection. I satisfied him of my Truth;
 “ after which, having conceal’d him in the
 “ Country Seat where my Father now is, by
 “ another Accident, in which I had an Ap-
 “ pearance of Guilt, he left me, with a full
 “ Determination never to see me again, and
 “ seems just upon his Return to *Oran*, to fi-
 “ nish his Life and Banishment in some En-
 “ gagement with the *Moors*. I have now
 “ left my Father’s House, with a full Reso-
 “ lution never to return to it, unless as the
 “ Wife

“ Wife of Don *Alphonso*: Therefore, if
“ your Excellency grants me Leave, I will
“ remain here in Attendance upon the Vice-
“ queen till Don *Alphonso* is undeceived,
“ and my Father appeas’d, by the Media-
“ tion which I hope for from your Excel-
“ lency’s Favour. As the first Step, that is
“ of the most Importance, is to prevent
“ Don *Alphonso*’s Departure, I implore,
“ for this End, your Excellency to inter-
“ pose your Authority, to procure the Con-
“ clusion of a Marriage, so equal in the Gifts
“ both of Birth and Fortune: If not, I de-
“ termine to take the religious Habit in the
“ Monastery of *La Zaydia*.” Here Donna
Hippolita ended her Discourse, with such To-
kens of Modesty and Confusion, as moved
the Viceroy’s Compassion. Desiring her and
Donna *Laudomia* to accompany him to the
Vice-queen, he introduced them, saying, “ I
“ leave these two Ladies with you, and I be-
“ lieve you will enjoy their Company for
“ some Days, whilst a Treaty of Marriage is
“ concluding for one of them.” The Vice-
queen received them with great Complai-
sance, and the Viceroy returning immedi-
ately to his own Apartment, commanded the
Captain of his Guards, with twelve Soldiers,
to confine Don *Alphonso de Borjas* in his
own House. Whilst this was executing, he
sent his Secretary for Don *Vincent Centelles*.
The Captain found Don *Alphonso* mounting
his

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his Horse, and declaring the Viceroy's Order, he obliged him to alight, leaving him in his own Apartment, with four Soldiers of his Troop as his Guards, and return'd to give an Account of his Commission, just as the Secretary and Don *Vincent* were alighting from the Coach, the ancient Cavalier being far from imagining the true Reasons of the Viceroy's sending for him. When he was introduced, the Viceroy commanded they should be left alone, and, being seated, the former spoke in this manner. " I acknowledge, Sennor Don *Vincent*, the Anxiety of a Parent's Care, when their Children grow up to the Age of being established, and how much they are solicitous to procure them a proper Settlement. I know that you had provided a Match, which would have been highly suitable for Sennora Donna *Hippolita*, if your Intentions had not been prevented by Death ; but it would be proper to join to that Care another, which is not of less Importance to the Happiness of those who are to be united, that is, to know if they approve of the Party proposed. As the Union is for Life, 'tis highly necessary that those who are to marry should have a mutual Inclination for each other ; and this Tenderness is more particularly due to a Daughter, as Modesty and Timidity being natural to them, they dread to own their

Or, the unexpected Resolution. 71

“ their Sentiments, out of Fear, and Respect
“ to their Parents ; and obeying them un-
“ willingly, are not only often unhappy
“ for Life, but by the fatal Consequences
“ of such unequal Marriages, are led into a
“ thousand Misfortunes. I have mention-
“ ed this with reference to Sennora *Donna*
“ *Hippolita*, your Daughter, who is deter-
“ mined not to marry *Don Galeran de Car-*
“ *dona*, the Person you have proposed, ha-
“ ving long fixed her Affections on *Don*
“ *Alphonso de Borjas*, by whom she is mu-
“ tually beloved ; not that any thing has
“ passed which might blemish the Honour
“ of this Lady, but that there is a Sympa-
“ thy and a Conformity in their Minds,
“ which binds them to each other, and
“ makes them both earnestly desire this U-
“ nion, tho’ not without your Approbation
“ and Consent, which, by me, they entreat.
“ If you disapprove this, I must declare to
“ you, that *Donna Hippolita* is resolved to
“ resign her Inheritance in your splendid
“ Fortune, being determined to take the
“ Veil. This I am empower’d to tell you
“ from her own Mouth, having just received
“ her under my Protection, and left her in
“ Company with the Vice-queen. *Don Al-*
“ *phonso* is now in *Valencia*, his Merit is u-
“ niversally known and esteemed, his For-
“ tune at least equal to your own ; all ap-
“ pears to me highly suitable, and I shou’d
“ re-

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“ receive it as a particular Obligation, as I
 “ have interfered in the Affair, and the Me-
 “ diation of my Authority has been desired,
 “ if you would comply with their Entrea-
 “ ties. Consider your Answer, which you
 “ must give me before you leave this Place,
 “ that, if it is not conformable to what is so
 “ reasonably desired by your Daughter, she
 “ may immediately go from hence to the
 “ Monastery.” Don *Vincent* was greatly
 exasperated at what he heard from the Vice-
 roy, neither could his Daughter have given
 him a greater Vexation than to have thus
 fixed her Inclinations upon Don *Alphonso*,
 whom he so much hated (tho’ unreasonably)
 since his unfortunate Quarrel with his Ne-
 phew. These Reflections held him silent for
 some Time. The Viceroy a second Time
 beginning to persuade him, his Answer was,
 “ That he would settle an Annuity upon
 “ his Daughter, which was all she should
 “ have during his Life: That he would re-
 “ tire from *Valencia* to one of his Country
 “ Seats (where he would always reside) to
 “ avoid being present at the Marriage;
 “ since she had made Choice of a Husband
 “ according to her own Inclinations, and
 “ not to those of her Father.” “ It must
 “ not be thus, *reply’d the Viceroy*, unless you
 “ are resolved to despise my Intercession:
 “ You rather ought to appear there with
 “ Pleasure, since I can with Truth assure
 “ you

“ you, that you will gain in Don *Alphon-*
“ *so* an obedient and a grateful Son-in-law,
“ who, I am satisfied, will make it his Stu-
“ dy to please and to serve you.” Before
Don *Vincent* could return an Answer, he was
sent for to the Vice-queen, who, conde-
scending to join her Intreaties to those of
the Viceroy, they prevail’d at last upon
Don *Vincent*, and it was agreed that the
Ceremony should be performed that Even-
ing. Donna *Hippolita* was then brought
into her Father’s Presence, and, kneeling
down with great Humility, and many
Tears, kissed his Hand. Don *Alphonso*,
who was immediately sent for, being in-
formed of this happy Change, arrived soon
after, magnificently dress’d, and the Cere-
mony of his Esponsals with his charming
Mistress was perform’d without Delay. The
Report of this being spread thro’ *Valencia*,
the Nobility crouded to the Palace to see
the new-married Pair, whom they accom-
panied to the House of Don *Vincent*; and
that Evening another Marriage was con-
cluded between Donna *Laudomia* and Don
Alexander, who were married the next Day;
and the double Marriages were celebrated
by a splendid Running at the Ring [*Fuego*
de Cannas] and a Masquerade given by the
young Cavaliers of the City. Don *Alphon-*
so behaved himself in such a Manner to his
Father, that his Hatred was soon converted

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into

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into Love ; and, returning sincere Thanks to the Viceroy for his right Judgment, and Mediation in the Affair, he would never suffer him to leave his House ; but, living there with his beloved Daughter, and now no less beloved Son, he remain'd till he died in an honourable old Age, leaving them the Inheritors of his Fortune, and his Blessing.

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T W I N S :
OR, THE
DISGUISED PAGE.

WHEN the City of *Rome* was taken by Assault, and sack'd by the Imperial Army, under the Command of the famous Constable *de Bourbon*, in 1526, there resided in that celebrated City an ancient Gentleman, Native of the Marquisate of *Ancona*, who was a Widower, and had two Children left as the Pledges of his Conjugal Love, a Son and Daughter, both brought into the World at one Birth. At the Time of this Calamity they were both fifteen, and so exactly resembled each other in Faces, that it was a Kind of Miracle in Nature; for, disguis'd, either in male or female Dress, it was almost impossible to distinguish them. At the Time *Rome* was plunder'd, the Father of these Twins, called *Ludoviso*, was at an Estate in the Country, while his Children, among the rest, were made Prisoners. *Julio*, which was the Name of the Youth, fell to the Lot of a German Officer of Distinction,

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tion, who had acquired an immense Booty in this Destruction of the Capital of the World. His Sister, named *Lucretia*, was the Prey of two *Spanish* Soldiers, who, being inform'd she was the Daughter of a very rich Man, in Expectation of a large Ransom preserv'd her Honour, and guarded her with a Vigilance excited by Avarice, rather than flowing from Compassion. It happen'd that the *German*, who took *Julio* prisoner, was commanded to *Naples*, when he intrusted his Gold and Jewels, amounting to a large Sum, to the Care of *Julio*, whose Behaviour, and the Beauty of his Person, had gained his Affection to such a Degree, that he loved him with the Tenderness of a Father.

Ludoviso, returning to *Rome*, after this dreadful Calamity, and ascertain'd of his unhappy Fate, in the Loss of his Children, remain'd like a Man thunder-struck, till hearing that *Lucretia* was in the Power of two Soldiers in the Imperial Army, he repair'd thither, and ransom'd her for a thousand Ducats, which were immediately paid; for tho' he had been spoil'd of all his Goods and valuable Effects, he had preserv'd the greatest Part of his Money, buried in a secret Place in his House. Happy it was for him, he had us'd that Precaution, on so terrible an Occasion as the Sack of *Rome*, since otherwise his Age must have lost its only remaining

maining Comfort, his darling Daughter. He made all possible Enquiry after his Son, but finding it fruitless, he supposed him to have been kill'd in the Tumult. Disconsolate for this Loss, which made *Rome* hateful to him, he retir'd to *Effi*, his native Place, in the Marquisate of *Ancona*, where he had an Estate sufficient to support him in Ease and Affluence. There lived in that City a Man of Distinction, whose Name was *Gerardo*, an intimate Friend of *Ludovisio's*, who was also a Widower, and had a Daughter extremely beautiful, named *Laura*, whom he kept in great Retirement, without any Design of marrying her. Yet he was not without some Thoughts of that Nature himself, tho' threescore Winters had silver'd his Head; for, on seeing the Beauty of *Lucretia*, his Passions so strongly over-power'd his Reason, that, being unable to live without her, he determined to demand her of her Father, without requiring any Fortune.

Ludovisio was surpris'd that a Man of that Age, and already happy in so virtuous and beautiful a Daughter, should desire to marry one who was not more advanced in Years than his own Child; yet, considering his Birth and Fortune, he did not totally deny his Request. He excus'd himself, however, for the present, by saying, that, as he had lost a Son in the Sack of *Rome*, he could not resolve to marry his Daughter, till he

had some Intelligence either of his Life or Death, and that, when he had received that Consolation, they might agree upon the Conditions. The Fame of *Lucretia's* Beauty soon spread abroad in *Essi*, and all the Youths of the City crouded to the Churches which they knew she frequented, or to the public Feasts at which she appear'd. There resided then in *Essi* a young Gentleman of Quality, and rich, call'd *Camillo*, who, amongst the rest of the young Nobility of his Age, had endeavour'd to see *Lucretia*. From the first Moment he saw her, her Beauty struck him, and he paid his Homage to her assiduously. She soon felt an equal Inclination; for, charm'd with his good Mien, and encouraged by the amiable Character he bore, she secretly indulg'd a growing Passion. *Lucretia* had frequent Opportunities of seeing *Camillo*, who pass'd continually thro' her Street, tho' he seldom had the Blessing of seeing her; *Ludoviso*, who was reserved and suspicious, keeping the Windows close latticed, and seldom open'd. The Lover, impatient to see his Mistress, and unable to live longer in Uncertainty, determin'd to write, and, by the strongest Expressions of the Sincerity and Excess of his Passion, to implore her Compassion; and, if she thought him worthy of her Esteem, to beseech her to name a Place where he might throw himself at her Feet. This Pa-
per

per he gave to a Servant of *Lucretia's*, whom he had, by Presents, the effectual Removers of all Difficulties, gain'd over, that she might convey it immediately into the Hands of her Mistress. The young and innocent *Lucretia*, ignorant of the World, read the ensnaring Paper with great Pleasure; and, resolving to encourage his Love, promised, by her Confidante, that, when she could find a proper Opportunity to converse with him, she should inform him. The Lover, at this pleasing Answer, remain'd transported, and impatient for the happy Moment of seeing and conversing with his amiable Mistress. But, whilst *Lucretia* was thus endeavouring to procure an Interview, her Father was obliged to take a Journey to *Rome*, on account of an Estate he had near that City; and, unwilling to leave his Daughter alone, carried her to a Village at some Distance from *Ess*, where he had a Brother, a Man of Age and Experience, in whom he could confide, and whose Prudence, in the Care of two Daughters, assured him of Security as to his Daughter. The Departure of *Ludovisia* was so sudden and unexpected, that *Lucretia* had no Time to give her Lover Advice; and, with the Sorrow that may be imagined in one who sincerely loved, she remained at her Uncle's Villa, where her Father left her in the Company of her Cousins, and continued his Jour-

ney. Such was the Vigilance of *Fabricio*, her Uncle, that she never went out but to Mass, and both then, and always at home, was accompanied by one of his Daughters, so that it was impossible for her to inform *Camillo*, by Letter, where she was. Let us leave her in this Solitude, absent from her Lover, and unhappy in her Thoughts, to return to *Camillo*; who, being inform'd of *Ludoviso's* Absence, and that of his Mistress, and not having had the least Hint from her to explain the Reasons of it, he imagined it proceeded from Inconstancy and Dislike, and for some Time was inconsolable. But as his Passion had been only a sudden Impression of Gallantry, without any solid Foundation of Esteem, and as he imagined she could have no great Regard for him, since he was so soon blotted out of her Remembrance, he soon threw off the Remainder of this Affection, and placed his Love on *Laura*, the Daughter of *Gerardo*, continually passing thro' her Street, watching her Motions, and importuning her by his Addresses, till, by degrees, he was receiv'd, if not with Love, at least with Complaisance, and *Lucretia* was totally forgot. *Ludoviso* had now concluded his Business in *Rome*, and returning by the Village where he had left his Daughter, he brought her back to *Essi*, with all the Joy that may be imagined.

Lucretia now form'd a thousand Schemes of Happiness in the Conversation of *Camillo*; but she was soon fatally undeceived, when, inform'd of his Inconstancy, and his Passion for *Laura*, the Concern she felt at so ungrateful a Return of her Tenderness, is easy to be imagined, tho' difficult to be express'd. It threw her into so settled a Melancholy, that she lived in a perfect Retirement; never stirring out but to her Devotions, and that so early in the Morning that she was never seen. By the Assistance of her Confidante she found means to write to *Camillo*, reproaching him with their former mutual Love; but in vain, he excusing himself by saying, These were things he had entirely forgot. It was now his sole Study to pass the Windows of *Laura*, and follow her with such Assiduity, as made him the Subject of Conversation, whilst *Lucretia* led the most unhappy Life, and her Beauty was so alter'd by Grief, that she could scarce be known. *Ludoviso*, being again obliged to return to *Rome*, on some Affairs which would necessarily detain him a considerable Time, designed to leave his Daughter once more under the Protection of her Uncle, but, finding in her a great Repugnance to it, not to afflict her in the languishing Condition she was in, he left her in a Monastery to the Care of a near Relation, a Nun, till his Return, and departed for *Rome*. In this Con-

vent *Camillo* had a distant Relation, whom he used sometimes to visit; and, being one Day conversing with her at the Grate, *Lucretia*, who happen'd to be near, heard his Voice, and could not conquer her Inclination so far as to leave the Place. Amongst other Topics of Discourse, she heard him lamenting the Death of a Page, whom he had loved extremely, on account of his Fidelity, and useful Services, wishing he might be so fortunate as to find another with the same good Qualities. On taking his Leave, *Lucretia* remain'd lost in a thousand confused Imaginations, and her unhappy Passion blinding her Reason, after a great Struggle, she resolved to endeavour, under the Disguise of a Youth, to supply the Place of the deceas'd Favourite. After a Conflict of some Days, she fixed on this Determination, so as to put it in Execution; and for that End she entreated the Assistance of a Governess, who had brought her up, call'd *Cassandra*. Having sent for her to the Convent, she imparted her Intentions. *Cassandra*, who was a Woman of great Prudence, loved *Lucretia* extremely, and wish'd for her real Happiness, endeavoured to dissuade her from this extravagant Attempt, setting the Folly and Inconveniency of it in the strongest Light, and, in particular, the Risque she ran of losing her Honour and Reputation, and the dreadful Resentment of an incens'd Father.

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All this the too passionate *Lucretia* had before represented to herself, but in vain, and her Resolution was now too strong to be alter'd. *Cassandra*, therefore, seeing her unhappy Obstinacy, chose rather to comply, than, by opposing her Humour, throw her perhaps into the Hands of those, who, having less Regard for her, might expose her Indiscretion. She insisted only upon her Promise, that she would act in every thing by her Advice; and *Lucretia* having, with great Assurances and Tenderness, accepted the Condition, she brought her the Habit of her Son, lately dead, which she secretly convey'd into the Monastery. The next Day *Lucretia* put it on, and, so disguis'd, easily quitted the Monastery, with some Gardeners and Workmen, who were employ'd about the Gardens, and repair'd to the House of *Cassandra*, where she remain'd conceal'd. Her Relation missing her immediately, strict Search was made in the Enclosure of the Convent; but there remaining no Traces of her Escape, the Community kept it silent, till they gained farther Information. The beautiful and unfortunate *Lucretia* pass'd the Night in the House of her Governess, and, in the Morning, disguised thus like a Youth, she went to the Street where *Camillo* lived, which was amongst the principal in *Essi*; and begun, as a a Stranger newly arriv'd, to walk about, seemingly admiring the Magnificence

nificance of the Buildings. Thus was she employ'd when *Camillo*, at his usual Hour, came out, and casting his Eyes upon this Youth, as he imagined him, was entirely charm'd with his Air, and the Beauty of his Face, not conceiving the least Resemblance to *Lucretia*, who was entirely blotted out of his Memory. He walk'd by him several Times, and imagining him a Stranger by his Appearance, address'd him thus: "Youth, are you of this City, or a Stranger?" *Lucretia* look'd upon him with all the Gaiety she could summons, and reply'd, that she was of *Rome*. "How long have you been in this City?" reply'd *Camillo*. "But four Days," return'd the counterfeit Page. "What is thy Business in *Essi*?" said *Camillo*, "thy Habit seems to denote thee a Page; dost thou want Service?" "That was the Reason of my coming hither," said he. "Hast thou ever serv'd?" resumed *Camillo*. "I have, said he, serv'd two Years as Page to a *Roman* Nobleman, by whose sudden Death I was left helpless, and in great Affliction for the Loss of a Master, who was a Friend to me always, and loved me for my faithful and honest, tho imperfect, Duty." "If thou art willing to serve me, said *Camillo*, I will receive thee." "I shall think myself too happy," return'd the disguised *Lucretia*. "What is thy Name?" said he. "*Fabio*," reply'd she.

ſhe. “ Then, *Fabio*, reply’d he, come with
 “ me, and if thou ſerveſt me with that Fi-
 “ delity that thy honeſt Countenance pro-
 “ miſes, thou wilt ſoon be ſo much my Fa-
 “ vourite, as to have no Reason to regret
 “ thy former Maſter.” *Lucretia*, whom we
 ſhall now henceforwards call *Fabio*, follow’d
 her old Lover and new Maſter through the
 City, who never forgot his Gallantry in the
 Street of *Laura*; a freſh Stab in the Breſt of
 the feign’d *Fabio*, whoſe Diſguiſe had been
 unneceſſary, but for that fatal Paſſion. He
 had not the Happineſs of ſeeing his Miſtreſs,
 who never appear’d at the Window whiſt
 her Father was at home. They went where-
 ever *Camillo*’s Affairs led him, and when thoſe
 were finiſh’d, *Fabio* return’d with him to
 his Houſe.

Camillo was impatient till he ſaw the good
 Mien of his new Page heighten’d with the
 Ornaments of Dreſs, and immediately or-
 der’d two Liveries for him, one with the Co-
 lours of his Miſtreſs, and the other of fine
Engliſh Cloth, of the Colour that Pages uſu-
 ally wear in that Country. In theſe new
 Dreſſes *Fabio* appear’d extremely beautiful,
 and his genteel Behaviour charm’d all who
 ſaw him. He continued conſtantly to at-
 tend his Maſter by the Windows of *Laura*,
 who frequently condeſcended to appear, when
 her Father’s Abſence gave her Liberty. *Cä-
 millo* was ſomething advanced in his Amour,
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by his Affiduity, and the magnificent Presents he had found Means to convey to the Hands of his Mistress. She received him with an affable Complaisance, and allow'd him Liberty to write. *Camillo* had already discovered in his new Page a sprightly Genius, a sound Judgment, and a natural Eloquence; and therefore resolved to make him the Confident of his Amours, discovering to him his Passion for *Laura*, which he express'd with so much Earnestness, that the disguised *Fabio* felt her Sorrows renew'd, and, retiring where she was unseen, in Tears and Sighs bewail'd her unhappy Situation, and gave a melancholy Relief to the Oppression of her Heart. *Fabio* now appear'd so worthy of *Camillo's* Confidence, that he employ'd him continually in carrying his Letters and tender Messages of Love. *Gerardo* had not long before received an agreeable young Woman into his Family, as Servant to his Daughter, named *Maria*, with whom *Fabio* soon contracted an Intimacy, which by Degrees, on her Side, begun to rise to Love, and an eager Desire of conversing with him, whenever he came, by his Master's Commands, to bring his Letters to the too happy *Laura*. These were continual Tortures to the Breast of the unfortunate *Lucretia*, who, to ease her Sorrow, used to retire to her Governess *Cassandra*, and unbosom her Grief, relating how entirely she was forgot
by

by the inconstant and faithless *Camillo*, and how strongly he was captivated by the Beauty of her Rival. The prudent *Cassandra*, who dreaded some fatal Event from the Violence of her Passion, endeavoured to mitigate her Sorrow, and comfort her, by intreating her to wait with Patience a proper Opportunity of discovering her unwearied Constancy to her Lover, who might, by such uncommon Marks of Tenderness, be at last reclaim'd, and forget the Beauties of *Laura*. The disguised *Fabio*, tho' sensible of the Improbability of these Hopes, yet, having no other Resource, continued to serve her faithless, tho' beloved *Camillo*, as the Confident of his Amour. He had exaggerated to *Laura* the Qualifications of his new Page, in such a manner that she conceived an Inclination to see him, and commanded *Maria*, when he next brought a Letter from his Master she should inform her. He came next Day, and *Maria* taking him into a lower Room, order'd him to wait there, saying her Mistress desired to see him. *Fabio* remain'd there, under no small Emotion, whilst *Maria* went to carry his Message. The Lady presently came, and conversing with him a considerable Time, as upon Account of his Master, the uncommon Beauty of his Person, the Genteelness of his Behaviour, and the polite Turn of his Expressions, made her imagine him of higher Distinction than he wish'd

wish'd to appear; and, blinded by the wild Ideas of a new Passion, the Result was, that *Laura*, forgetting the slight Inclination she had felt for *Camillo*, who had rather sooth'd her Pride by his Courtship, than touch'd her Heart, she was struck with the Charms of the disguised Youth. *Fabio*, who was too well instructed in such Sentiments not to perceive her Disorder, looking upon it as the most happy Opportunity Fortune could offer to retrieve the Heart of *Camillo*, behaved in such a manner that gave her Reason to believe, that Awe and Respect alone prevented him from discovering a Flame too great to be entirely conceal'd. Tho' *Lucretia* felt an inward Repugnance at this Deceit, yet when she considered that it was the only probable Method of regaining *Camillo*, she determined to carry on the Trick; and, if she succeeded, she resolved, by disclosing herself to *Laura*, and making a Recital of her faithful Passion to *Camillo*, to induce them to forgive this Stratagem of Love; and so, by the strongest Assurances of Esteem, convert this idle Affection into a solid and lasting Friendship. She therefore continued, under the Pretext of bringing Messages from *Camillo*, to see her daily, and to express her Passion, in such a Manner that *Laura* soon lost all Remembrance of every thing but *Fabio*, whom she now loved to Distraction. She would absolutely have dismiss'd *Camillo*, but

but that the feign'd Youth conjured her not to break off all Correspondence with his Master, lest it should occasion Suspicion. But she, regardless of all but her growing Love, began by withdrawing from her Window whenever *Camillo* pass'd, and by refusing to answer his Letters, forbidding *Fabio* to present her any more, since he must be conscious that he alone was the sole Object of her Love.

Camillo, amazed at this Alteration in *Laura's* Behaviour, communicated his Grief to his favourite Page; who told him that perhaps *Laura* had listned to some other Love, since she treated him with such Coldness. *Camillo* desired him narrowly to watch her Actions, and, if it was possible, to discover this favour'd Rival. *Fabio* promised to use his utmost Endeavours, and under this Pretence waits under her Windows whenever *Gerardo's* Absence gave him leave; but it was in order to be introduced to the beautiful *Laura*, whose Passion continually encreasing by these frequent Conversations, she at length determined secretly to lay aside all Thoughts of Rank and Fortune, and privately marry this Darling of her Soul, who had inform'd her he was of Noble Extraction, though by the Vices of his Progenitors deprived of Fortune. *Camillo* in the mean time, sunk in Melancholy, and pining with Sorrow for the Inconstancy of *Laura*,
little

little suspected that his disguised Page was the Occasion of his Misfortune, but rather hoped by his Management to supplant his Rival. This Design not well suited with those of *Fabio*, whose Aim was, by protracting this Mistake, to wean him from this fatal Affection, and reinstate herself in his Heart. It happen'd one Day that *Camillo* saw his Page come out of *Gerardo's* House; and surpris'd, he ask'd him, how he gain'd Admittance, whilst *Laura* still continued her usual Rigour to him. *Fabio*, whose Love inspir'd him with Invention, reply'd, that seeing him pass so continually by her Window, she had call'd him in order to reprehend him; that seizing the unexpected Opportunity, he had earnestly ask'd her the Reason why she behav'd with so much Cruelty to his worthy Lord, as to refuse his Letters, and forbid his Visits; that she with great Indifference answer'd, The Reason of her disapproving his Addresses was, that she was apprized he loved another Lady in *Essi*; and that, though he had endeavour'd to clear his Innocence on that Head with the strongest Affeверations, she had not given Credit to him, as she knew it to be true. *Camillo* seem'd confounded at this News, saying to *Fabio*, "Thou must be sensible of
 " the contrary, for in all the Time thou
 " hast serv'd me, thou hast not seen me place
 " my Affection on any but the Cruel *Laura*;
 " her

" her only I have loved, and must ever
 " love." " What then, reply'd *Fabio*, can
 " occasion *Laura* to affirm so stedfastly the
 " contrary? Has her Accusation no Foun-
 " dation?" " Alas! *Fabio*, resumed *Ca-*
 " *millo*, *Laura* loves another, and endea-
 " vours to excuse her Inconstancy, by charg-
 " ing me with Falshood. I protest to thee, in
 " the strongest manner, that in my whole
 " Life I never felt the Power of Love but
 " once before, and that was of no long Con-
 " tinuance." " Pray Sir! who was the
 " Lady?" return'd *Fabio*, (desirous to
 " know whether it was her self.) " A Daugh-
 " ter of old *Ludoviso's*, said *Camillo*, called
 " *Lucretia*; on her I cast my Eyes before
 " I knew *Laura*; her Father carry'd her
 " with him from this City to *Rome*, where
 " she remained for some time, and as she
 " gave me no Notice of her Departure, nor
 " where she was, I found the little Regard
 " she had for me." " Is this Lady, reply'd
 " *Fabio*, now here?" " She is, said *Camillo*;
 " when she return'd from *Rome*, and left
 " her new Acquaintance there, she writ to
 " me, to inform me of her Arrival; but
 " her Letter finding me engaged in the
 " Chains of *Laura*, I declin'd all Corre-
 " spondence, and intirely forgot her." " She
 " met with an unkind Return for her Love,
 " said *Fabio*; but, by what you said, Sir, I
 " imagine, that to revenge your Neglect,
 she

“ she may perhaps have informed *Laura* of
“ your Passion, that by her slighting you
“ she may recover your Heart.” “ It may
“ be so, said *Camillo*, but she will find her
“ Scheme abortive; *Laura* alone is the
“ Mistress of my Soul.” It is easy to apprehend the Agonies which *Lucretia* felt at hearing this, she stood in Need of all her Fortitude to prevent the Discovery of her Tenderness by her Tears. The Result of the Conversation was, that *Camillo* commanded *Fabio* to return immediately to *Laura*, and assure her, in his Name, she had been basely deceiv’d in her Information of his having another Amour, for that he attested Heaven, she alone was the Mistress of his Inclinations, and Sovereign of his Heart. Little did he think that he recommended the Care of his Affairs to a wrong Hand, since the sole Reason of *Fabio*’s offering his Assistance was that he might gradually draw him from this Pursuit, and accomplish his own Designs. *Fabio*, continuing to see *Laura*, her Love at length surmounted all Bounds, and she resolved to retire with him to some distant Place, where they might be safe from the Pursuit of her Father. But as he had endeavoured to dissuade her by remonstrating the Lowness of his Condition, and how unhappy he should think himself in bringing her into a State of Poverty, which in his Situation seem’d inevitable, *Laura*, who
was

was so lost in Love as to stick at no Considerations, determin'd to carry with her all the Jewels and ready Money in *Gerardo's* Cabinet, and leaving the City with her beloved *Fabio*, to retire to some remote Village, and marry him, The artful Page, with the strongest Expressions of his Unworthiness, and as many Protestations of eternal Love, receiv'd the Hand and Promise of the too passionate *Laura*, and after a thousand innocent Caresses, left her in Imagination happy.

On his Return to *Camillo*, he told him, that his *Laura* (if he must still call her so) persisted in what she had affirm'd, and was resolv'd never more to admit his Addresses. The Distraction of *Camillo* at this News was surprizing, the Complaints he broke out into against his Stars were violent, and the Oaths and Asseverations he made of his Innocence to *Maria* (the only Person he could have Access to) innumerable. At length perceiving the obstinate Cruelty of *Laura* no way abated, his Grief reduced him so low, that Sleep and Rest forsaking him, his Life seem'd to be in Danger; neither was that of *Lucretia* safer, who seeing his Distress, half repented what she had done, and almost wish'd, had it been possible; to revive him at the Expence of her Hopes. Let us leave them in this Affliction, and *Laura* wholly taken up with the Idea of the charming *Fabio*,
to

to return to *Julio*, Brother of *Lucretia*, Son to *Ludoviso*, whom we left Prisoner with a *German* Officer in *Naples*. This Stranger, after some Years Residence there, determin'd to remove with his Wealth to his Native Country. He began his Journey, accompanied with *Julio*, whom he loved as his Son, and had not travell'd four Days, when he fell ill of a violent Fever, which soon brought him to the last Extremity. Finding his End approach, and willing to die like a pious Catholick, he desired the Assistance of a Priest, to whom he confess'd himself, and receiv'd the Comforts of the Church; after which he made his Will, in which (having no Relations) he left *Julio* his sole Heir. Soon after the good *German* expired, and *Julio* lamenting him as a Father, and enterring him honourably as his Merit deserv'd, caused a Monument to be erected for him; and finding himself Master of his Liberty, and a Fortune which amounted to Ten Thousand Ducats, he resolv'd, attended by two faithful Valets, who had served the *German* Officer many Years, to return to *Essi* his Native Soil.

On his Arrival at the City he stopp'd at one of the principal Inns, and after refreshing himself enquired whether his Father was still living. Being inform'd that he was well, but then absent from the City, he left his Servants and his Equipage, and went to view his Native Habitation, and to see if he
could

could get a transient View of his Sister, who when they parted had the greatest Tenderness for him, resolving not to make himself known till his Father's Return. His Way led him by the Windows of *Laura*, and being seen by her Servant *Maria*, she call'd out, "*Fabio! Fabio!* you are wanted." *Julio*, hearing the Voice behind him, turn'd and saw *Maria*, who said to him, "Oh! *Fabio!* what was you thinking of? Do you see! my Lady *Laura* calls you." Observing he made no Reply, she repeated it once or twice, and *Julio* perceiving her Surprise, said within himself, "She must certainly mistake me for another; but why should not I satisfy my Curiosity, by seeing this Lady who calls me?" Upon this sudden Reflection he was about to return with *Maria*, when she saw her Master *Gerardo* appear in the Street, and said in a whispering Tone, "*Fabio!* Signor *Gerardo* is coming, you cannot see *Laura* now. Return hither again." As she said this, she entred the House, and shut the Door; and *Julio* continued his Way, reflecting upon his Adventure, and resolving to return to see the Lady, marking the House, by seeing *Maria* and her Master go into it.

At this Time it happen'd that *Ludoviso*, having concluded his Affairs, return'd to *Essi*, and in the first Street he met *Gerardo* the Father of *Laura*; who having welcom'd him

him to the City, ask'd him if he now came to reside wholly at Home. *Ludoviso* answering in the affirmative, " Now then, reply'd *Gerardo*, I may flatter myself, that " the Marriage I have so long propos'd with " your Daughter *Lucretia* may be effected." " I am contented it should, return'd *Ludoviso*; let me repose myself after my Fatigues, and all shall be concluded to mutual Satisfaction." During this Conversation, the disguised *Fabio* happen'd to pass through the Street in his way to *Laura*, and perceiving his Father, in great Confusion he turn'd hastily back, happily for him without being noticed; since had he been seen by *Ludoviso*, he must inevitably have been discover'd. *Lucretia* no sooner escap'd, but she ran immediately to the House of her faithful Governess *Cassandra*, to whom she said: " Oh my dearest Mother (for thus she always call'd her) I am the most unfortunate Woman upon Earth, my Father is " return'd from *Rome*, I met him this Moment in the Street discoursing with *Gerardo*, and with difficulty escap'd his Knowledge." The good *Cassandra* was afflicted at the Return of *Ludoviso* on account of the ill Consequence it might be to *Lucretia*, tho' she gave her all possible Consolation, and promised to assist her to the utmost of her Power.

When *Lucretia* left the House of *Camillo*,

it

it was to attend the Commands of *Laura*, who had appointed that Hour for their Meeting; but when she saw her Father return'd, she durst neither go thither, nor return to the House of her Master, but kept herself conceal'd in *Cassandra's* Apartment. The good old Governess immediately went to *Ludoviso*, under pretence of welcoming his safe Arrival, and, after the first Compliment, *Ludoviso* enquired after *Lucretia*. She told him she was in the Convent well, and very desirous to see him. "This Evening," said *Ludoviso*, "I design to bring her home." "Do so," replied *Cassandra*, "or rather rest yourself after the Fatigues of your Journey, for I offer myself to fetch her, if you will give her leave to stay with me three or four Days." *Ludoviso* consented very willingly, and *Cassandra*, giving him Thanks for the Favour return'd to her House, where she found *Lucretia* lost in Thought, and unable to imagine what would be the Conclusion of all these Events, in some Moments rejoicing that she had not been discovered in this unworthy Disguise, and in others regretting that she had not discovered herself to *Camillo*, that she might at least have enjoy'd the Hope by Compassion to revive his departed Love, when he should know her unweary'd Constancy and Fidelity.

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In this Confusion let us leave *Lucretia* to return to *Camillo*, who seeing the Day pass without the Return of *Fabio*, did not know what to think of his Absence, fearing lest some Accident had happen'd. He waited for him the next Morning, till Noon, but seeing he did not appear, he went out to enquire after him, as he valued him extremely, both for his Conversation, and his Services. He described him to several Persons, and was inform'd by some, that such a Youth had been frequently seen to enter into the House of *Cassandra*. *Camillo* desir'd they would conduct him to the Place; where when he came, *Cassandra* happen'd to be at the Window; and the Moment she saw him, suspected he had been informed of *Lucretia*'s Abode there, and was come in search of his Favourite Page. *Camillo*, who saw her, saluting her affably, spoke thus : “ Senno-
 “ ra *Cassandra*, a Page of mine, whom I
 “ greatly esteemed on account of his valua-
 “ ble Qualities, has absented himself from
 “ my Service; I have heard that he has
 “ frequently been seen here, I beg that if
 “ you know any thing of him you would in-
 “ form me;” and so repeating a Description
 of him, he waited for her Answer. “ Sennor,
 “ reply'd *Cassandra*, I should be extremely
 “ glad to satisfy your Request; but I have
 “ not seen this Youth a considerable time;
 “ however since my good Fortune has
 “ brought

“ brought you hither, I desire the Favour
 “ of you to enter my little Apartment, for
 “ I have an Affair to communicate which is
 “ of great Consequence to me.” *Camillo*,
 who was condescending and good-natured,
 comply’d with her Desire; and opening the
 Door, went up to the Room where *Cassan-*
dra was, who in the mean time had placed
Lucretia where she could hear the Conversa-
 tion unobserved. *Camillo* took his Seat, and
 suspecting that *Cassandra* concealed the Page,
 he said: “ Sennora *Cassandra*! I cannot help
 “ imagining you must know where my Page
 “ is, and that he, fearful of some Chastise-
 “ ment for his Absence, is unwilling to re-
 “ turn; but I give you my Honour, that it
 “ shall not be mention’d, nor will I ex-
 “ press the least Displeasure against him. Of
 “ this I assure you, and will keep my Pro-
 “ mise.” “ Do not entertain these Suspensions,
 “ Sennor, said *Cassandra*, I neither know
 “ where your Page is, nor have seen him.”

When *Camillo* heard this, he fetch’d an invo-
 luntary Sigh, and seem’d to show great Con-
 cern for the Fate of the lost Youth. He ap-
 pear’d so much affected, that *Cassandra*,
 judging it a happy Opportunity for her De-
 sign, proceeded thus: “ Sennor *Camillo*, you
 “ are greatly concern’d at the Loss of your
 “ Page, at which I am not surprized, since
 “ he is the Confident of your Intrigue. It is
 “ no Secret in the City, that you are passion-

"ately in Love with *Laura*, the Daughter
 "of *Gerardo*." "I will not deny, said *Ca-*
 "millo sighing, but that Lady is the Person
 "whom I love more than my Life; but
 "how have you discovered this Amour of
 "mine?" "Do not ask that, return'd *Cas-*
 "sandra, 'tis enough, that I know the many
 "Testimonies you have given her of your
 "Love, and the Indifference with which she
 "requites them." "It is but too true,"
 (said *Camillo*, suspecting she might perhaps
 have a Correspondence with *Laura*, as he
 knew her esteem'd in the City) "but, conti-
 "nued he, I know not what has occasion'd
 "a Severity, which she was far from show-
 "ing in the Beginning of our Courtship. I
 "protest to you, I have never given her
 "the least Reason for her Inconstancy." "It
 "is a Chastisement from Heaven, return'd
 "*Cassandra*, that *Laura* should treat you
 "in the Manner you have treated *Lucretia*,
 "the unhappy Daughter of the good *Ludo-*
 "*viso*, who loved you more than herself,
 "while you, ungrateful to such a Passion,
 "have entirely effac'd her from your Re-
 "membrance. Heaven has decreed that
 "you should suffer in the same Manner as
 "she has done, and feel by your own Expe-
 "rience the Sorrows she has felt." *Lucretia*
 with much Difficulty restrain'd herself from
 appearing, and reproaching *Camillo* with his
 Ingratitude; but repressing the first Emotions
 of

of her Passion, she waited to hear his Answer; while the Noble Youth, touch'd with a generous Compassion, and recollecting the Beauty and Goodness of *Lucretia*, like one awaked out of a tedious Dream, spoke thus: "I am confounded, *Cassandra*, at your Knowledge of my Affairs; I confess, that I once tenderly loved *Lucretia*, the Daughter of *Ludovisio*, and imagined I met with an equal Return. But her sudden Departure with her Father, without giving me any Account where she remain'd so long, cool'd my Love, and soon after fix'd it upon *Laura*, from whom lately I have met such Coldness and Disdain, without any just Grounds, as greatly surprizes me. My lost Page has been attempting to restore me to her Favour, and was going once more to beg Admittance for me, when he last left my House; but the Unreasonableness of her Behaviour has so damp'd my Affection, that I declare to you, if she persists in this Behaviour I shall endeavour to erase her from my Memory, and not waste my Youth in Pursuit of one who despises me." "You are infinitely in the right, resumed *Cassandra*; a Man of your Merit and Quality deserves Esteem, and ought not to be treated with Neglect, by those who know his Value. But, suffer me to ask you one Question; If *Lucretia* should again endeavour to

“ recal you, with that Sincerity of Love,
 “ you confess, she once appear’d to have,
 “ could you forsake this second Passion, and
 “ return to her, who has indisputably the
 “ Advantage over *Laura*, both in Gifts of
 “ Nature and of Fortune? ” “ How can I
 “ answer to so unlikely a Supposition, re-
 “ ply’d *Camillo*, or think of a Blessing I have
 “ made myself so unworthy of? ” “ Be-
 “ lieve me, return’d she, I have told you
 “ nothing but what I affirm to be Truth.
 “ If this surprizes you, what would you say,
 “ if I should tell you, her unwearied Affec-
 “ tion had forced her to serve you as a Page?”
 “ This you say, reply’d he, because he
 “ whom I lost had some slight Resemblance of
 “ *Lucretia*.” “ Say not a slight Resemblance,
 “ interrupted she, when it was she herself.
 “ To convince you of this Truth, and know
 “ I wish you happy, continued she, appear,
 “ *Lucretia*, and by your Presence, and the
 “ silent Eloquence of Fear, plead your own
 “ Cause, more powerfully than I can do by
 “ Words.” At that Moment the beautiful
 “ *Lucretia* enter’d in her Pages Disguise,
 “ but with a modest Blush of Confusion,
 “ that heighten’d her Charms. “ Behold,
 “ your Page, your *Fabio*, said *Cassandra*;
 “ this is he who has serv’d you so assiduously,
 “ to whom you gave so heart-breaking an
 “ Account of your Love to the ungrateful
 “ *Laura*: All this she has endured and suf-
 “ fer’d,

“fer’d, for your sake, in hopes that Heaven at length would grant you to her constant Passion. Now, make a just Return; the noble Birth of *Lucretia* is known to the whole City, as well as the affluent Fortune of her Father; that her Beauty exceeds that of *Laura*, all Eyes will witness; all these oblige you to forget the disdainful *Laura*, and returning to her Service, pay her the due Reward, such an uncommon Affection deserves.” *Camillo*, struck with Admiration and Gratitude, and reflecting upon her Constancy, and what she had hazarded for his sake, by venturing her Reputation, and even her Life, if she had been discover’d by *Ludoviso*, found his first Passion awaken’d by such repeated Kindnesses into a new Flame; so that rising hastily from his Seat, he snatch’d *Lucretia* in his Arms, and said, embracing her, “Heaven forbid that I should be ungrateful to such unmerited Goodness: How miserable should I have been, had I been suffer’d to continue my Passion where it met no Reward, and remain in Ignorance of her Value who so tenderly esteem’d me! But since my happy Fate has bless’d me with the Knowledge of this unexampled Love, it is my Duty to pay it, by offering my Hand, and my Fortune, to my now once more dear *Lucretia*. In doing this, I comply with the Obligations of Honour, pay

“the Debt of Gratitude, and make myself
 “the happiest of Mankind.” He immediately
 gave his Hand and Promise to *Lucretia*, in
 the Presence of *Cassandra*, and she, with Tears
 of Joy that stop’d her Words, accepted it,
 as the greatest Blessing upon Earth.

Let us leave them thus mutually happy, and
 return to *Julio* the Twin-Brother of *Lucretia*,
 who led by his youthful Curiosity return’d to
 the House of *Laura*, where being receiv’d by
Maria, who introduced him to his Mistress,
 this Lady deceiv’d by the Resemblance of
 their Persons, and supposing him her beloved
Fabio, receiv’d him with the tenderest Caresses,
 saying, “My *Fabio*, the only Master
 “of my Heart, welcome a Thousand times
 “to *Laura*, who loves thee more than Life.”
Julio surpris’d at the Mistake, but struck
 with her uncommon Beauty, wish’d not to
 undeceive her, and returning her Caresses,
 receiv’d her innocent Favours with Trans-
 port, though not without an Emotion of Jeal-
 ousy, against this happy *Fabio*, to whom they
 were design’d. *Maria* was order’d to watch
 the Coming of *Gerardo*, but she neglecting
 her Duty, he enter’d suddenly, and surpris’d
Julio kissing his Daughter’s Hand, whilst she
 lean’d tenderly upon him. They both were
 lost in Confusion at his Appearance; but
Gerardo looking earnestly upon *Julio*, his
 Anger in a Moment was turn’d into Joy, and
 mistaking him for *Lucretia*, he said to him,

“Sennora

“ Sennora *Lucretia*, how shall I acknowledge the Favour of seeing you in my House thus unexpectedly ; but why in this Disguise ?” Saying this, he advanced to salute the fancy’d *Lucretia*. But *Julio*, amazed at his addressing him thus, and fearing some Treachery, drew out a Dagger, and bid him stand off. The old *Gerardo*, who was unarm’d, drawing back hastily, cry’d, “ O! *Lucretia*, what need of Arms, against him thou hast already conquer’d ?” *Julio* did not stay to hear him, but leaping down the Stair-case left the House, and return’d to that of his Father, where he found him with *Camillo*, who was come to demand his Sister. *Camillo* was as much deceiv’d at the Sight of *Julio* as *Gerardo* had been, supposing him his *Lucretia*, and being amazed to see her appear in that Disguise. But when he saw *Ludoviso* embrace him, and call him *Julio*, and was inform’d of the Resemblance of the two Twins, he was satisfied of his Mistake. *Ludoviso*, who was not ignorant of the Quality and Fortune of *Camillo*, willingly granted him his Daughter, as he had always felt a Repugnance to her Match with *Gerardo*, from the Disproportion of their Ages ; and as he was now happy in the Recovery of his long lost Son, he was the more willing to establish *Lucretia* in another Family. They sent for her to the House of her faithful Governess *Cassandra*, from whence she returned with

Pleasure to enjoy the Conversation of her Lover, her Father, and her newly restored Brother. As they were congratulating each other, they were interrupted by the Arrival of *Gerardo* and his Daughter *Laura*; he had come to claim *Lucretia* as his Wife, and being inform'd she was already contracted to *Camillo*, he broke out into loud Complaints. But she, desiring to speak with him and *Laura* in private, and revealing to them the whole Series of her Love, with the strongest Marks of Esteem for him, and the tenderest Expressions of Kindness to *Laura*, whose Pardon she implored with Tears and Embraces, they both mutually forgave her, and *Laura* converted her Love into a solid Friendship. *Julio*, who was soon inform'd of these Events, charm'd with the Beauty of *Laura*, demanded her of her Father, who granted her to his Wishes, with a splendid Fortune; and she, who beheld in him the Resemblance of her beloved *Fabio*, thought herself happy in his Love. The double Marriage was celebrated on the same Day with great Magnificence; and *Lucretia* and *Camillo*, *Laura* and *Julio*, lived for many Years mutually happy in the Possession of each other.

RECIPROCAL LOVE;

OR, THE

History of the Count *de Lemos*,

AND

VICTORIA DE VELASCO.

NEVER any Prince's Favourite carry'd his Success, or his Vanity, so high as Don *Alvar de Luna*, under *John II.* King of *Castille*. That Prince was but two Years old, when he was left under the Tutelage of Queen *Katherine*, his Mother, (Daughter of the Duke of *Lancaster*) and Prince *Ferdinand*, his Uncle, Duke of *Pegnafiel*, who was afterwards called to the Throne of *Arragon*. They acquitted themselves of their Trust with great Prudence, and the King already began to enter into the Management of Affairs, when Don *Pedro de Luria*, Archbishop of *Toledo*, brought to his Court Don *Alvar de Luna*, his Brother's natural Son, a Youth who had received a generous Education, and presented him to *Gomez Carillo*, Governor to the young King, to be introduced into his Service. He obtained that Honour, and, by his

his insinuating Behaviour, he acquired the Heart of that Monarch so entirely, that, when he was out of his Minority, he loaded him with his Favours, to such a Degree as raised a Jealousy in several great Princes.

The Children of King *Ferdinand of Arragon* had still their Residence in *Castille*, Don *Alfonso* was King after his Father, Don *Juan* obtain'd the Heiress and the Crown of *Navarre*, and Don *Henriquez*, Don *Sancho*, and Don *Pedro*, contented themselves with their Appanages. These all saw the enormous Prosperity of Don *Alvar de Luna* with Discontent; his Pride advanced with the same Rapidity as his Fortune, he was the Sovereign in effect, and if he did not bear the Scepter, he possessed at least the richest Ornament of it, and the first Dignities of the State. He was made Constable of *Castille*, Grand Master of *Santiago*, and enjoy'd such immense Revenues, that he was capable of raising an Army of Twenty Thousand Men, whenever he pleas'd. The Hatred the Queen always bore him, and that of the Royal Families of *Arragon* and *Navarre*, and all the Grandees of *Spain*, had not the least Effect upon his Favour; and the Attempts which were made to deliver the King from the Tyranny of a Subject, who abused his Weakness, serv'd only to disturb the Peace of the Kingdom, and to raise Discord amongst the most illustrious Families.

Don

Don *Alvar de Luna* had married *Elvira Portocarrero*, who lived not long with him; and the King was married, when he was but sixteen, to *Maria of Arragon*, his Cousin German; she the Year after brought him the Infant *Don Henry*, who was immediately proclaim'd Prince of the *Asturias*.

The *Constable*, after the Death of *Elvira*, sought for an Alliance proportionable to his Ambition, and took, for his second Wife, Donna *Juanna de Pimentel*, Daughter to the Count de *Benevent*, a powerful Nobleman. The Troubles of *Castille*, excited by his Ambition, had caused a long civil War; the King of *Navarre*, and Don *Henry* his Brother (who had married the Infanta *Catherina*, Sister to the King) could not bear the Insolence of the *Constable*; the Moors of *Granada* made frequent Irruptions, and the State was always in Commotion.

After several Proposals of Peace, it was at length concluded by the Marriage of the Prince of the *Asturias* and *Blanche* of *Navarre*, who were both in their fifteenth Year. This great Event was prepared to be solemnized, with a Joy that had been long a Stranger to *Castille*. The *Constable*, vain and artful, was most profuse in his Expences, and the other *Grandeas* were also willing to display their Magnificence. Amongst them all Don *Pedro de Velasco*, Count de *Haro*, who had Orders to receive the Queen and Princess

Princess of *Navarre*, at a fine Seat he had upon the Frontiers, appear'd most worthy of that Honour, by the noble and generous Manner in which he acquitted himself of it, causing every thing to be prepar'd at *Vilbora-do*, which was the Name of his Seat, with the most uncommon Magnificence.

The Family of the Count *de Haro* render'd him the happiest of Men; the Countess was one of the most prudent and virtuous Women upon Earth, and she made him the Father of two Children, who in their different Sexes were both Miracles of Perfection. Don *Luis de Velasco*, his Son, had already signalized himself in the Field; but the young and beautiful *Victoria*, his Sister, was still unknown to all the *Castillians*. The Count *de Haro* had till then disapproved her appearing at Court, but the Arrival of the Princess of the *Asturias* determined him to place her near her Person. *Victoria*, educated by a Mother of distinguish'd Sense and Address, had all the Politeness of a Court, though she had never beheld one. She appear'd neither surpris'd nor embarrass'd, when she saw what till then she had been a Stranger to; but her amazing Beauty rais'd such Astonishment, as made her the whole Subject of Conversation.

The Queen of *Navarre* look'd upon her with Admiration, the Prince of *Viane*, her Son, went still further, and the Princess of the

the *Asturias* felt the tenderest Inclinations for her. *Victoria* receiv'd the Marks of it with a modest and respectful Gratitude, and the Countess *de Haro* was transported to hear the Praises of a Daughter who was so justly dear to her.

Plays, Masquerades, Entertainments, were all that could be seen, and nothing was spared at *Vilborado* that might contribute to the Amusement of this illustrious Assembly; and the Day upon which the Prince of the *Asturias* was to arrive, the Ladies made a Party of Hunting in the Forest not far distant from *Vilborado*, through which he was to pass.

Don *Luis de Velasco*, passionately fond of that Diversion, had omitted nothing that could render it agreeable. The Queen, the Countess *de Haro*, and Ladies of Quality of *Navarre*, were in Coaches; but the Princess of the *Asturias* chose to be on Horseback, and was accompany'd by *Victoria*; the Prince of *Viane*, and Don *Luis de Velasco* attended upon them. *Victoria* had some Repugnance to mount the Horse which her Brother had chose for her, thinking him too fiery; but he rallied her upon her Fears, telling her that, even if she wanted Skill, she was too well attended to be in any Danger.

The Day was serene and beautiful, but it shone much less than the Charms of *Victoria*. She was dress'd that Day in a light Robe of Pink and Silver; over her auburn Hair, which

which was negligently tyed, and waved in large Curls upon her Shoulders, she wore a little Hat cover'd with pink and white Feathers, and her Beauty appear'd so surprising in this Dress, that even Don *Luis*, who saw her daily, thought it amazing.

As soon as they arrived in the Forest, the Stag was rous'd. The Count *de Haro* staid by the Queen of *Navarre*, and attended her, and all the Youth follow'd the Chace with the Impetuosity which that Age always inspires.

In the mean time the Prince of the *Asturias*, accompany'd by Prince *Henry*, the Constable of *Castille*, Don *Frederick de Leon*, Count of *Lemos*, Don *Rodrigo de Pimentel*, and several others of distinguish'd Quality, was advancing towards *Vilborado*. When he was about a League's Distance from the Forest, he commanded the Count *de Lemos*, whom he loved extremely, to go before, to give Notice of his Arrival, and make his Compliments to the Queen and Princess of *Navarre*.

The Count *de Lemos*, who, though young, was already famous for several glorious Actions in the Field, was not only the best made Man in *Spain*, but perhaps in the World; the Grandeur of his Mien, and the Beauty of his Person, made him the Admiration of all who saw him.

His Impatience to see the Princess who
was

was destined to be his Sovereign, made him use such Expedition, that it was not many Moments before he reach'd the Forest. As he was to appear before an august Assembly, his Habit was magnificent and splendid. He had not gone many Paces amongst the Trees, which were extremely thick, when he saw a Woman in great Disorder, and unable to guide her Horse, which was rushing, with the utmost Violence, into very dangerous Paths. If the Count *de Lemos* had even less Generosity, he must have interested himself in so inevitable a Danger; he threw himself across her Way, and stopp'd the fiery Animal in its Career, just as it was going to precipitate itself upon a Rock, which was not far distant. The Person whom he had deliver'd from this Danger, terrify'd at the Apprehension of so dreadful a Fate, fainted away in his Arms.

The Moment he had leisure to perceive her extraordinary Beauty, the Action, which before was produced by Generosity, was now continued by a more tender Motive. She was pale, and her Eyes closed, but she had still Charms enough remaining to captivate a more obdurate Heart than that of the Count *de Lemos*. Love, Fear and Compassion, at one Instant, seiz'd upon his Breast. After having laid her gently upon the Ground, close to a little Brook, he threw some Water with the utmost Earnestness upon that amiable

able Face, which he already look'd upon with so tender an Emotion. *Victoria* open'd her Eyes, and languishing as they were, they darted Fires which pierced the Bosom of the Count *de Lemos*; at the same Moment that his uncommon Mien made a strong Impression upon the half-awaken'd Senses of *Victoria*. "I cannot imagine, Madam, said he, "how so accomplish'd a Person can have "remain'd conceal'd in the Kingdom of "Castille, unless Heaven was willing to spare "the Repose of our Sovereign's Subjects. "Is it possible that you can be born in his "Dominions, and his Court be ignorant of "such a Treasure?" "There are so many important Affairs to negotiate in a Court," resum'd *Victoria*, who now began to recover herself, "that they have not leisure to think "of Trifles. I am a Subject of the King of *Castille*, without being known at his Court; "but the Solitude, in which I have pass'd "my Life, does not hinder me from perceiving, by the Grandeur of your Mien, "and the Magnificence of your Habit, that "you must be a Man of distinguished Quality, who have accompany'd the Prince of "Asturias; and the Count and Countess *de Haro*, to whom I owe my Birth, I presume, will soon have an Opportunity of "acknowledging the infinite Obligations they "owe to you for the Preservation of their "Daughter.

Whilst

Whilst *Victoria* spoke, the Count, who look'd upon her with Rapture, found a Thousand new Charms in her; the Softness of her Voice enchanted him, and the Gratitude he saw in her Eyes, imprinting her Image more strongly upon his Heart, inspired by his growing Passion, he was preparing to answer her, when the Prince of *Viane*, and Don *Luis de Velasco* arrived with Part of their Attendants, having left the Princess of the *Asturias*, with the Queen, in the highest Inquietude for *Victoria*. The Countess *de Haro* was in Despair, and the whole Company was dispersed in search of her admirable Daughter.

The Moment Don *Luis* saw his Sister standing with the Count *de Lemos*, he doubted not but she owed her Preservation to him. "Ah! Count *de Lemos*, (cry'd he, running to him with open Arms, notwithstanding the Presence of the Prince of *Viane*) "how can "we ever recompense you, if you have saved *Victoria*?" "You may be assured of "it, reply'd she, his generous Goodness "alone could have preserv'd me." The Count *de Lemos* return'd the Caresses of Don *Luis* with equal Warmth, and respectfully saluted the Prince of *Viane*, who express'd his Joy to *Victoria* for her Deliverance from so frightful an Event, but at the same time, enlighten'd by his Jealousy, perceiv'd in the Eyes of *Victoria*, that it would be but too easy

easy for her to pass from Gratitude to Love.

This beauteous Maid being recover'd from her Disorder, they seated her upon a gentler Horse, and her Brother and her two illustrious Lovers escorted her to the Countess *de Haro*, who received her as if born to a second Life. The Queen of *Navarre* embraced her, the Princess of the *Asturias* press'd her tenderly in her Arms, and the Count *de Haro*, after the first Tumult of his Joy, could not forbear blaming the Imprudence of his Son. But what Applauses and Testimonies of Gratitude did not the Count *de Lemos* receive! he was regarded as the Guardian Genius of the House of *Haro*. He made his Master's Compliments to the Queen, and the Princess, and soon after the Prince of the *Asturias* himself arrived. The Queen, the Princess, and the Prince of *Viane* advanced to meet him; he receiv'd his Bride from the Hands of the Queen of *Navarre*, and the Prince Don *Henry* of *Arragon* presented him to that young and amiable Princess. After the first Ceremonies were past, the Assembly had leisure to view each other. *Victoria*, the charming *Victoria*, conquer'd all Hearts: The Constable of *Castille*, naturally unsusceptible of Love, and who till then had only known Ambition, felt that Love also had its Power, and burnt for Charms capable of inflaming the whole World. Don *Alfonso de Arragon*, a young Prince of great Merit,

Merit, had also the same Fate, as well as several others who were obliged to conceal their Flames, and there was none who did not envy the good Fortune of the Count de Lemos.

This illustrious Assembly return'd to *Vilborado*, where the Count de Haro redoubled his Magnificence at the Arrival of his Prince. All the new Captives of *Victoria* were so assiduous during their Stay at *Vilborado*, that they prevented each other from speaking; but the Eyes of the Count de Lemos and hers, which frequently met, said a Thousand things to each other, which *Love* alone could interpret.

This shining Court remain'd only two Days at *Vilborado*, when the Prince of the *Asturias* brought it back to *Valladolid*. The King of *Castille* receiv'd the Princess his Daughter-in-law with the greatest Marks of Joy, and the next Day the Ceremonies of the Marriage were celebrated by the Cardinal Don Pedro de Cervantes, in presence of all the Grandees of *Spain*. At Night there was a splendid Ball in the Princess of the *Asturias's* Apartment, where the King declared a Tournament to be held in three Days; and as the Prince of the *Asturias* was too young to have all the Strength necessary for those Exercises, Don Alvar de Luna was named for the Defendant, which excited new Murmurs.

All the Cavaliers were eager in demanding
the

Favours of some Lady. The Prince of *Viane*, who aspired to those of *Victoria*, did not lose a Moment to demand them. "Madam," said he to her, permit me to appear at the "Tournament under the Name of your "Knight, and believe that he who begs to "serve you on this distinguish'd Day, "wishes to do it through his whole Life." "My Lord, reply'd *Victoria*, the Princes of "Viane ought not to serve any but the "Daughters of Sovereigns, and your Highness does not reflect that *Victoria* is Daughter only to the Count de Haro." "Love "equals Things of much more Disproportion, "return'd the Prince, and the Daughters of "Sovereigns have not so great Advantages "over those of a Count de Haro, as the "charming *Victoria* has, by her Beauty, "over her whole Sex." "I owe that Respect, "to your Highness, return'd the prudent "Castillian, not to oppose what you desire; "and when we have it not in our Power to "make new Laws, we ought to submit to "Custom." The Prince was not dissatisfy'd with this Answer, though it was no more than Civility required. The interested Eyes of the Count de Lemos perceiv'd his Joy, and approaching *Victoria* the Moment she was at Liberty, "I am much deceiv'd, Madam, said he, if the Prince de *Viane* has not "left you the most satisfied of Mankind." "I am very ignorant of the Situation of his Mind,

"Mind, reply'd *Victoria*, and still more so
 " of what can have render'd him so happy."
 " You, and the whole Court, know his
 " Passion, return'd he, and he has perhaps
 " conceiv'd some Hopes of a Return."
 " My Lord," interrupted *Victoria*, some-
 thing moved to find his Jealousy hurry him
 so far, " those Hopes are not so easily given as
 " you seem to imagine, and the being Son
 " to a King is of no Consequence towards
 " obtaining them." " But if Love should
 " interfere" ---- added the Count. " If Love
 " should interfere, continued *Victoria*, Rea-
 son must interfere to regulate it; but,
 " continued she smiling, Love is not so
 " malicious as to interpose itself imperti-
 " nently in my Affairs." " Yet who upon
 " Earth is so capable of commanding it, re-
 " turn'd the Count *de Lemos*; and when
 " your Eyes have once introduced it into
 " a Heart so passionate and faithful as
 " mine, it must continually attend your
 " Steps." " In truth, my Lord, resumed
 " *Victoria* agreeably, you make me tremble;
 " if it follows me so continually, who can
 " answer it won't overtake me? Let us
 " leave it here, I beg, and consider" ----
 " Consider, interrupted the Count *de Lemos*
 " passionately, that in three Days I must ap-
 " pear at the Tournament, and that it is im-
 " possible for me to live, if you do not
 " permit me to wear your Colours." " What
 " you

“ you demand of me, reply’d *Victoria*, de-
 “ pends upon the Countess *de Haro*; it is
 “ not my Inclination that refuses you, but
 “ Decency, and the Regard I owe my Mo-
 “ ther. But as she owes me to you, I
 “ will ask her Consent, which I am almost
 “ sure to obtain, and if she approves of it,
 “ you shall hear from me to-morrow morn-
 “ ing.” *Victoria* could say no more, the
 Princess of the *Asturias* enquir’d for her, and
 the Count *de Lemos* had scarce a Moment to
 show the Transports of his Gratitude.

When they left the Palace, *Victoria*, who
 never retired without going to the Apartment
 of her Mother, told her the Conversation she
 had had with the Prince of *Viane*, and the
 Request of the Count *de Lemos*. The Coun-
 tess *de Haro* was extremely satisfied with the
 Prudence of her Daughter: “ As to the
 “ Prince of *Viane*, said she, you were infinite-
 “ ly in the right not to prescribe any Rules
 “ to him, as Persons of his Rank are never
 “ denied their Requests upon such Occa-
 “ sions; and in regard to the Count *de Le-*
 “ *mos*, your Conduct was not less just. You
 “ might, without too much Vanity, aspire
 “ to the Crown of *Navarre*, since it is not
 “ without Example in your Ancestors; but,
 “ *Victoria*, in the Situation Affairs are now
 “ in, it is not there we must expect an E-
 “ stablishment. Don *Frederick de Leon*,
 “ Count *de Lemos*, may make you happy
 “ in

" in his Alliance : He is of a Family which
 " would do Honour to the Throne, he has
 " signalized himself in the Field, he is the
 " best made and the most amiable Man of
 " the Court, he has preserv'd your Life,
 " and shows all the Testimonies of a real
 " Passion for you. The Count *de Haro* has
 " a high Esteem for him, and the Service
 " he has done to you makes me regard him
 " equally with Don *Luis*. Therefore, my
 " dear *Victoria*, not only I permit you to
 " grant him what he desires for the Tourna-
 " ment, but I desire you to give him a Scarf
 " of your Colours, and of your own Work,
 " and accompany it with a complaisant Bil-
 " let." Though *Victoria* had no Repug-
 " nance to follow these Commands, yet her
 " Modesty made her look upon it as too great
 " a Favour to the Count *de Lemos*. " But,
 " Madam, said she, though I am conscious
 " I can never err when I obey you, yet give
 " me leave to represent, that this is going
 " very far." " No, *Victoria*, reply'd the
 " Countess; it is rather much less than you
 " owe to *Frederic* ; and when a Man of his
 " Rank, to whom you owe your Life, re-
 " ceives a Billet and a Scarf from you, by
 " the Commands of a Mother, you need be
 " under no Apprehensions of being blamed."
 The beautiful and pleas'd *Victoria* made no
 Reply but by a profound Reverence, and
 retired

122 *History of the Count de Lemos,*
retired into her Apartment, to prepare her
Billet, which was conceiv'd in these Terms:

Victoria to the Count de Lemos.

“ *THE Countess de Haro, who sends you a*
“ *Scarf of my Colours, and wrought by me,*
“ *desires you to wear it at the Tournament,*
“ *being perswaded that your Courage and Ad-*
“ *dress will do it Honour. And I sincerely*
“ *wish, that this Mark of her Esteem may*
“ *give you equal Pleasure, with what I find*
“ *in obeying the Commands of a Person, with-*
“ *out whose Orders I neither shall nor ought*
“ *to behave.*

An Officer of the Count *de Haro's* the next
Morning carried the Scarf and the Billet to
the Count *de Lemos*; and the magnificent
Present he gave the Messenger, together with
the following Billet, testified how valuable
he thought the Message.

Frederic de Leon to the charming Victoria.

“ *THE glorious Mark that I receive of*
“ *your Favour, by the Command of the*
“ *Countess de Haro, raises my Happiness be-*
“ *yond my Hopes; its Extent can only be equal-*
“ *led by that of my Passion, and I beg leave to*
“ *assure you, that I hope not to appear a*
“ *Knight unworthy of the adorable Victoria,*
“ *to*

“ to whose Service I consecrate the Remainder
“ of my Life.

The Day appointed for the Tournament, all the Court came to the great Square of *Valladolid*, where they had placed Scaffolds cover'd with rich Carpets. The Populace were in Crowds round the Barriers, and the Constable of *Castille* first enter'd the Lifts, as the Defendant. The Pomp of his Equipage suited his Ambition, he bore his usual Colours, but upon his Shield there was an Image of *Victory*, with a Hero by her, and these Words :

*You alone can confer Glory,
Without you 'tis trifling and vain.
Oh! fair! Oh! glorious Victory!
If Valour is sufficient, you must be mine.*

This Device, which agreed so well with the Vanity of the *Constable*, at first was not reflected upon ; but the Relation it had with the three others that follow'd it, gave strong Suspicions of the Truth to several who remark'd it.

The Prince of *Viane* marched after Don *Alvar de Luna*, with much Grace ; he bore Carnation and White, which *Victoria* preferr'd to all other Colours, and a *Victory* was painted upon his Shield, with *Cupid* chain'd at her Feet, and this Device:

*I will have no Mistress but thee,
I consecrate my Life to thy Service;
And my whole Ambition is,
To be envied for my Success.*

The Count *de Lemos* appear'd next, with all the Charms with which Nature had endow'd him. The Livery of *Victoria* shone in his Equipage, which was more gallant than all who preceded or follow'd him; the magnificent Scarf of *Victoria*, upon which was her Cypher, floated upon his Shoulders; and proud of this Advantage, he appear'd with something so noble and so exalted in his Mien, that he drew all Eyes. *Victory* alone was represented upon his Shield, with these Words.

I live only for her.

Don *Alfonso d'Arragon* had also a *Victory* for his Device, having a Knight by her, arm'd for the Combats, and these four Lines:

*Young, and without Experience,
I strive in Silence to deserve her;
When I presume to speak,
I will attempt to gain her.*

After him came a Crowd of *Castillians* and *Navarrese*, magnificently dress'd, and advantageously mounted.

The Princess of the *Asturias*, who was to give the Prize of the Jufts, was seated between

tween the Queens of *Castille* and *Navarre*. The Infanta *Catherina*, Wife of Prince *Henry* of *Arragon*, was upon the same Seat; the Constables *de Luna*, the Countesses *de Haro*, and *de Benevent*, and some of distinguish'd Quality, were placed near them. *Victoria* was that Day so amazingly beautiful, that all the other Ladies appear'd only as Foils to her. Her Mother, who loved her with the utmost Tendernefs, was transported to see her thus amiable; and the Count *de Lemos* felt a sensible Joy at perceiving, amongst her other Ornaments, a Scarf the same as his. All the Court admired his open and gallant Air, and the Grandeur of his Mien; and few doubted that he was destin'd for the Conqueror. His Sight rais'd an agreeable Confusion in the Mind of *Victoria*, which, by making her blush, serv'd to augment her Beauty. But Pleasure was not her only Emotion, when she perceiv'd all those *Victories* appear in so public a Manner. She was sensible that the Prince of *Viane*, and the Count *de Lemos*, would give these public Marks of what they had discover'd to her in private; but she little expected the Procedure of Don *Alfonso d'Arragon*, and still less the Extravagance of the *Constable*.

If there had been no other *Victories* but his, the Mystery perhaps had not been discovered; but, if the King, and some few *Castillians* attributed it solely to the Glory he

hoped to acquire, others penetrated more deeply into the Truth; and the Constables herself, who, tho' she lived decently with Don *Alvar*, had no Regard for him, took a Liberty from this Knowledge, which she had before deny'd herself. As she possessed the highest Rank next to the Princesses, she was placed near them, and the Queen of *Navarre* said to her, "Don *Alvar* has given you a Rival that you cannot be jealous of, and he only endeavours to appear more worthy of you, by thus declaring his Passion for *Victoria*." "I do not suppose myself to have any Share in what passes here, said she, and the Constable of *Castille* acts always as he pleases, without my giving myself the Trouble to examine his Actions."

The Noise of several Instruments interrupted this Conversation, and the Courses began. The Constable, passionate and jealous, had remarked, with a secret Rage, the Conformity between the Scarf of *Victoria* and that of the Count *de Lemos*, and was impatient to perceive that their Eyes had a secret Intelligence with each other. The Prince of *Viane*, and Don *Alfonso d'Arragon* gave him less Uneasiness, tho' they had the same Designs, and all his Anger was collected upon *Frederic*, who look'd upon this Behaviour of Don *Alvar* as the highest Pitch of Extravagance.

The

The Constable first ran against the Prince of *Viane*; and, as he had more Strength and Experience, he could easily have conquer'd him, if his Policy had not overcome his Pride. Vain as he was, it was easy to be observ'd that he spared the Prince. There was an Appearance of Equality in their Course; however the Constable remain'd in the Lifts, and the Prince retir'd without being displeased.

The Count *de Lemos* took his Place; they began their Course with equal Impetuosity, but with very different Success. Don *Alvar de Luna* not only lost his Seat, but fell senseless upon the Sand, and *Frederic* finish'd his Career without being moved.

As he was universally beloved, and the Constable as universally hated, the Air resounded with deserved Applause, and the beautiful *Victoria* solemnized this Advantage by an Air of Joy, which, in spite of herself, appear'd upon her Countenance. *Frederic* took the Place of the Constable, and ran against Don *Alfonso d' Arragon*, with the same Success, throwing him out of the Saddle, with surprising Address. He afterwards ran against Don *Rodrigo de Pimentel*, Don *Pedro de Toledo*, and several others, who all, by their Defeat, did Honour to the Victory of the Count *de Lemos*. The last Knight who appear'd was Don *Luis de Velasco*; he had a secret Passion, which even *Victoria* her-

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self was ignorant of, and he gave Marks of his Love, without making known his Mistress. His Liveries were *Aurora in Silver*: The *Aurora*, or the *Dawn*, was represented upon his Shield, as she appears when she begins to dissipate the Shades of Night, and underneath these Words:

Tho' I am seldom seen, that does not make me less beautiful.

The Mystery of the Devices of *Victoria* made them endeavour to give an Interpretation to this of the *Aurora*; but few Persons had any Idea of Don *Luis's* Design; only a young Lady of Quality, called *Agnes de Mendoza*, who was intimate with *Victoria*, whisper'd to her, "I have strong Suspicions that Don *Luis* has chose the *Dawn*, from being in love with *Aurora de Castro*: She is unknown to you, and almost to the whole Court, continued she; but I have seen her at *Toledo*, and think her one of the most beautiful Women upon Earth." "You have more Penetration in my Brother's Affairs than I have, return'd *Victoria*, I assure you, I did not in the least know he had any Engagement." "However, pursued *Agnes*, smiling, you are not ignorant, I presume, why the Count de *Lemos* wears Carnation and White." "Neither can you doubt, return'd *Victoria*, of the Reason which makes Don *Rodrigo de*"
"Pi.

“ *Pimentel* chuse the Blue.” “ Tho’ that
“ Colour has been much humbled before
“ yours, reply’d *Agnes de Mendoza*, I agree
“ to all you say.”

During this Conversation, *Don Frederic*
and *Don Luis* testified their Address; they
ran against each other, and broke their Lances,
without being moved, performing an admirable
Course. The second was not less so,
and the third, which was to decide the Affair,
left it undetermined. They were not
less generous than they were adroit, and passing
swiftly by without touching each other,
they finished their Career with admirable
Grace.

The King, who had an equal Esteem for
both, said, that the Entertainment ought to
conclude by this remarkable Action, and that
both the Knights deserv’d a Prize. They
were conducted to the Scaffold, where the
Ladies sat. The Count *de Lemos* received a
rich Jewel from the Hands of the Princess of
the *Asturias*, and *Don Luis de Velasco* a Ring
of great Value. “ Madam,” said the Count
de Lemos to the Princess, “ permit me to
“ consecrate this Favour, which I receive
“s from you, to the Victory that has inspired
“ me.” “ And give me Leave, Madam,
“ added *Don Luis*, to present mine to the
“ *Aurora*, when I am so happy to see her
“ appear.” The Princess graciously ap-
proved their Designs, and *Don Frederic*

immediately addressed himself to *Victoria*,
 “As you are my Divinity, said he, conde-
 “scend to receive what your Influence has
 “encouraged me to acquire.” He then put
 one Knee to the Ground, and presented the
 Prize to her, which she, by her Mother’s
 Command, received. “The Goddess whom
 “you have chose, reply’d she, is no very
 “powerful Divinity, but she will be always
 “favourable to you.” *Frederic*, every
 Way triumphant, raised no small Envy in
 his Rivals, at his Return to the Palace. A
 Ball concluded the Pleasures of the Day, at
 which the Conquer’d could not appear with-
 out Confusion, and the Conqueror appear’d
 modest and satisfied.

The next Morning *Victoria* was obliged to
 attend her Mother to the Apartments of the
 Queen, and the Princess of the *Asturias*. The
 Fatigues of the Day before had made her
 something negligent in her Dress, but that
 did not make her appear less beautiful. Don
Alvar de Luna, audacious as he was, could
 not look upon her without a kind of Shame.
 The Pr. of *Viane* spoke to her, as usual, with
 great Respect; Don *Alfonso d’Arragon*, who
 was less intimate with her, strove to make
 his Eyes plead for him; but those of *Frede-
 ric* spoke a Language which sympathised too
 much with her Heart, not to find a Return
 from hers.

She had that Day a thousand Attacks to
 bear

bear from the whole Court upon her Beauty, and she shew'd, by her Answers, that the Charms of her Mind equalled those of her Person. Don *Frederic de Leon* found a favourable Moment to express the Transports of his Passion to her, and she found herself incapable of concealing from him that she was moved by it. The Prince of *Viane* was treated neither well nor ill, and his Quality spared him the displeasing Answer he would otherwise have received. Don *Alonso d' Aragon* had more Reason to repent his breaking Silence; but she gave a Loose to her Indignation against the Constable, when he had the Insolence to declare his Love to her. "I cannot imagine, said she, looking haughtily upon him, what induces you thus to lose the Respect you owe a Woman who has not the least Desire of pleasing you; who would condemn the Boldness of your Proceeding, if you were free from Engagement, notwithstanding your being Constable of *Castille*, and who cannot comprehend with what Views you speak to her in such a Manner." "Your Contempt, reply'd he, shall not hinder me from loving you eternally, and incessantly endeavouring to be agreeable to you." "And that Contempt, resumed *Victoria*, obliges me to tell you, that I shall never receive your Services; that I shall always carefully avoid you, and that you will
" never

“ never be agreeable to me whilst you live.” She quitted him at these Words, and left him in the most inconceivable Transports of Rage.

As the Count *de Lemos* wanted no Qualification that could render his Passion agreeable, it was universally approved: Having touch'd the Heart of *Victoria* he had nothing to fear, and the Persons whom he employ'd to intercede with the Count *de Haro* were received as he could wish. *Victoria* was granted to him, and he married her in Presence of the King and Queen, to the Despair of all his Rivals. The Prince of *Viane* made his Efforts in secret to oppose the Marriage, and protested he would disobey the King his Father, if he forbid him pretending to *Victoria*. But the Count *de Haro* had too much Prudence to listen to him, and he departed for *Pampeluna*, with Love and Sorrow in his Heart. The Count *de Lemos*, in peaceable Possession of what he loved, equally adored the Virtue and the Beauty of *Victoria*. She appear'd with uncommon Magnificence in her new Station, and seemed so happy in it, that her Joy heighten'd the Despair of the Constable and Don *Alfonso d'Arragon*.

The Family of the Count *de Haro* was in perfect Happiness, and indeed nothing could have been more advantageous to them than the Alliance of the Count *de Lemos*. The King had given his Approbation openly to the

the Marriage, and tho' the Queen of *Navarre*, and the Princess of the *Asturias* had shown great Complaisance to the Prince of *Viane's* Love, yet being conscious of the ambitious Humour of the King of *Navarre*, they were not sorry for his Repulse.

Don *Luis de Velasco* shared in the general Joy for the glorious Establishment of his Sister, and secretly wish'd himself in the same happy Situation. What *Agnes de Mendoza* had said upon his Device at the Tournament to the Countess of *Lemos* was not forgot; and she perceiving a secret Uneasiness in the Bosom of a Brother whom she tenderly loved, she complained to him of the Mystery he made of his Love, and told him what she had learnt from *Agnes*. "Would you have had me made you a Sharer in my Sorrows, reply'd Don *Luis*, by telling you that I loved without Hope? The Counts of *Haro* and of *Castro* have had irreconcilable Differences, tho' there appears an outward Calm between them; and tho' I am in Love to Madness, I am forced to conceal it." "You know, reply'd *Victoria*, the Count of *Lemos* has acquired a great Ascendant over the Mind of my Father, and as he is nearly allied to the House of *Castro*, doubt not but he will use his utmost Efforts to serve you, and I shall always look upon your Happiness as my own." Don *Luis* expressed his

his Gratitude to his Sister, and felt, what he had never before tasted, the Pleasure of Hope.

Don *Alfonso d'Arragon* had not been able to lose *Victoria* without the most violent Sorrow; but as he was a Man of Honour, he preserved no Resentment against the Count *de Lemos* for having obtain'd a Happiness he was so worthy of; and whatever Pain he felt, he formed a strong Resolution never to disturb a Woman of Virtue, by Testimonies of a Passion which she could no longer listen to.

Don *Alvar de Luna* was far from having such reasonable Sentiments. *Frederic de Leon* became odious to him, and he enjoy'd a base Pleasure in attempting to disturb the Repose of two Persons, whom he thought too happy to be left in so calm a Situation. He saw the Countess *de Lemos* daily, either in her own Palace, from whence he could not with Decency be excluded, or in the Queen's Apartment, or with the Constables, where Policy, the constant Slavery of a Court, obliged her to go frequently; and he felt his Passion augment, every Moment he was in her Presence.

It was not only to the Princes and Grandees of *Spain* he behaved with Insolence, neither their Sex nor Rank exempted the Ladies from his Audaciousness, and soon after the Marriage of the Countess *de Lemos*, she received a convincing Proof of it. The Queen

Queen play'd in her own Apartments; Victoria, who had a slight Indisposition, came in late, and could not be one of the Party. She was a little pale and faint, but her Beauty appear'd so touching, that a Man, of more Command over his Passions than the Constable, could with great Difficulty have restrained them, and he was far from losing this Opportunity of discovering his. "Well, Madam, said he to her, do you think yourself as happy as the Count de Lemos has Reason to esteem himself; and will the glorious Chains which unite you never be alter'd, by what Time always produces in those who are in our Condition of Life?"

The Countess de Lemos had a Contempt for the Constable, which this Want of Respect strongly augmented; but the Place in which she was, and the Reflection she made upon the Consequences of a public Eclat, forced her to constrain her Anger. "I know not, said she, with Eyes sparkling with Disdain, why you presume to express yourself in this manner, to a Person to whom you owe Respect from her Rank in Life. Are you ignorant who I am, or have you forgot what you are? It is not out of Vanity that I speak thus to you, but, if possible, to recover you out of a Folly, which is highly disagreeable to me, and may be prejudicial to you. Am I obliged to give you an Account of the

"Senti-

“ Sentiments of my Heart, and their Dura-
 “ tion? And can my Heart have any Cor-
 “ respondence but with a Husband, whom
 “ Heaven has granted me as its greatest
 “ Blessing?” “ You will never persuade
 “ People of Taste, reply’d the *Constable*,
 “ that that Name carries so much Felicity
 “ along with it, and we see few Passions sub-
 “ sist long after a peaceable Possession: But,
 “ Madam, it is not yet perhaps time to re-
 “ call to your Memory that which I have
 “ so often declared to you, and I shall wait
 “ for more favourable Moments to entreat
 “ your Compassion.” He then made a low
 Bow, and retired, leaving *Victoria* so irri-
 tated, that she could scarce answer the Prin-
 cess of the *Asturias*, who consulted her upon
 her Game. In a few Moments after *Frede-
 ric* enter’d, who perceived the Emotion of
 the Countess, and with great Earnestness en-
 quired the Cause; she answer’d him with
 her usual Prudence, that it was an Effect of
 her Disorder in the Morning; this made him
 only more uneasy, and he conjured her to
 retire early.

Several Days after this Conversation with
 Don *Alvar de Luna*, *Victoria* imagined her-
 self freed from his Importunities, as he did
 not attempt to approach her; but, one E-
 vening, at the Apartment of the Princess of
 the *Asturias*, where there was a large Court,
 Chance or Design placed him close to her.

’Tis

“ ’Tis a cruel thing, Madam, said he sigh-
 ing, that you force me to wish for Death
 every Moment of my Life, not being a-
 ble to vanquish a Passion you do not ap-
 prove.” “ ’Tis a much stranger thing,
 reply’d the Countess, blushing with An-
 ger, that you force me to wish it too, who
 am not very inhuman by Nature. Im-
 portune me no more, I beseech you ; you
 are sensible that a Woman of Prudence
 dreads an Eclat, and that renders you
 thus enterprising ; but do not deceive
 yourself, if you don’t behave with more
 Reserve, you will find you argued very
 unjustly, when you imagined you might
 continue to offend me with Impunity.”

There appeared at that Moment such an E-
 motion upon her Face that the Count *de*
Lemos perceived it ; and, taking the Place
 which Don *Alvar* had been obliged to quit,
 “ You seem so disturbed, said he to *Victo-*
ria, that I am satisfied the *Constable* has
 displeased you ; and tho’ I do not fear,
 reply’d he, smiling, that he should cause
 any Disorder in your Heart, I may be ap-
 prehensive he may make your Beauty suf-
 fer by giving you Uneasiness. Regard
 it not, I conjure you, Madam, continued
 he, and look upon what Don *Alvar de*
Luna does as an Extravagance, which I
 am obliged to tolerate.” “ Your Indul-
 gence, return’d the Countess, is not in the
 least

“least incompatible with my Anger, and if
 “your generous Confidence frees me from
 “all jealous Suspicions, I ought not to
 “spare a Man I hate, when I have new Ob-
 “ligations to a Husband whom I adore.”

Frederic press’d the Hand of his Wife in the most passionate Manner, and they were obliged to join in the general Conversation.

When they had left the Apartments, he omitted nothing that might dissipate the Chagrin which *Don Alvar* had caused, and it was not difficult for a Man so amiable, and so tenderly beloved, to change the Situation of a Mind over which he had so great an Ascendant.

For some Days after, the Countess *de Lemos* feigned an Indisposition, to avoid the Constable, by not appearing at Court. Her Presence could not be long miss’d without Complaint, and the Princess of the *Asturias*, after having sent several Times, came herself to see her, and found her so little alter’d, that she reproach’d her obligingly, saying, “that it must be only Indifference, or rather Unkindness, that made her thus abandon her.” The Countess endeavoured to justify herself, but she was obliged to appear again as usual. She did so, but with such Precaution that *Don Alvar de Luna* could not profit by it.

One Evening, as he returned from his House of Pleasure he had near *Valladolid*, alone, and full of his usual Imaginations, in
 passing

passing by the Gate of a Garden belonging to the Grand Master of *Alcantara*, where all the People of Quality, who loved Walking and Retirement usually went, he perceived a great many Pages and Servants in the Count *de Lemos's* Livery, and his Coach waiting : Informing himself of *Frederic's* Domestics if he was there, they told him No; that there was only the Countess, and a black Slave called *Zaide*, who always attended her.

Don *Alvar de Luna* was transported at this Rencontre, and enter'd, where he found the Countess *de Lemos* and *Zaide* gathering Flowers. The Sight of the *Constable* made her change Colour, and she was immediately going to retire; but barring her Way with his usual Insolence, "What, Madam," said he to her, am I a Horror to you, "that you avoid me like a Monster?" "I do indeed avoid you," reply'd she, without looking upon him, and throwing away the Flowers she held; "and you have given me too good Reasons for it to pretend to complain." "Those Reasons," resumed he, are only good in your Imagination; and, not to throw myself into Despair, I am resolved to believe you only listen to them for fear of raising a Jealousy in your Husband, and not with the barbarous Design of rendering me thus miserable." "My Husband, reply'd the Countess, with Eyes full of Indignation, "de-

“deserves so well my utmost Attachment,
 “and is so thoroughly persuaded that I do
 “Justice to his Merit, that his Repose will
 “never be disturb’d by such improbable Su-
 “spicions; and if he could become jealous,
 “it would never be of a Man inferior to
 “him in all Things.” “I know he has
 “Advantages over me, return’d Don *Alvar*,
 “and that of possessing you is by much the
 “greatest; but it is not impossible but I
 “may have some over him. I am his Ri-
 “val, I confess it; but know he has been
 “mine, and the Constables *de Luna*, be-
 “fore you, had the Glory of affecting this
 “noble Heart.”

Whatever Care the Countess *de Lemos*
 took to conceal her Surprise and Emotion,
 Don *Alvar* saw plainly he had struck her, as
 he desired, and felt no small Satisfaction
 from it. “If I was not the first that pleas’d
 “the Count *de Lemos*, return’d she, I am
 “persuaded for the future I shall be the on-
 “ly one; at least I can assure you, he is
 “the only Man I ever did, or ever shall
 “love.”

The Constable was beginning to reply,
 when they saw the Count *de Lemos*, Don *Al-*
fonso d’Arragon, Don *Luis de Velasco*, and
 Don *Rodrigo Pimentel* enter the Garden.
 The Sight of *Frederic* redoubled the Emo-
 tion of *Victoria*; he approach’d her with his
 usual Tenderness, and gave the highest En-

vy to the rejected *Constable*. He would have been surprized to find him thus alone with her, if his People had not told him in what Manner he knew of her being there. He rally'd the Countess upon her solitary Humour, and told her, that she not only accustomed herself to avoid all others, but she avoided him also, and that now none but *Zaide* had the Privilege of always seeing her. "You have such Privileges over her, reply'd *Victoria* smiling, that you make her Privileges useless whenever you please. But, my Lord, added she, to testify that I do not avoid you, I entreat you to escort me home, where I have something of Consequence to impart to you." She made him a Sign to follow her, and saluting the *Constable*, and the other Noblemen, she went into her Equipage with the Count and *Zaide*, and return'd home.

When they were alone, *Victoria* took *Frederic* into her Closet. "I have a Request to make you, my Lord," said she, looking upon him with an Air that must obtain every thing; "but upon no Consideration you must refuse it." "You know the absolute Power you have over me, return'd the Count; it is useless for you to make any Request, since you may dispose of me absolutely." "I would have you remove me from the Court, pursu'd she; I have been little used to it, and I am
" already

“ already tired of it; my Humour grows
 “ chagrin’d, and my Health disorder’d; I
 “ have succeeded in every thing I could
 “ wish for there; I have been so happy as
 “ to please you, you have made me yours,
 “ and nothing now is wanting to compleat
 “ my Happiness, but the Pleasure of enjoy-
 “ ing it in Tranquillity. I may make some
 “ Stay at *Vilhorado*, from whence you may
 “ carry me to some of those beautiful Seats
 “ you possess in the Kingdom of *Leon*; I
 “ have never seen them, and it is not just I
 “ should be unacquainted with any thing
 “ that belongs to you.”

The Count *de Lemos* saw plainly the
 Countess only wish’d to retire, in order to a-
 void Scandal or Jealousy, and that she sacri-
 ficed the Bloom of Life to the Security of
 his Repose. “ I shall never positively op-
 “ pose any thing that may give you Satis-
 “ faction, reply’d he; but I entreat you to
 “ consider that you cannot leave the Court,
 “ where you are so highly esteem’d, with-
 “ out their searching into the Reasons of it.
 “ It will be said, as I have the most beautiful
 “ Woman upon Earth, I am jealous of her;
 “ and I shall perhaps think within myself,
 “ that she does not wish to have me always
 “ with her, since the Duty of those Em-
 “ ployments, which attach me to the Pre-
 “ sence of my Sovereign, are not unknown
 “ to her. All the Court will demand *Victo-*

"ria of me, and I shall be eternally wishing
 "for her myself. If your Health, which is
 "far dearer to me than my Life, requires a
 "freer Air than this of *Valladolid*, and some
 "Days of Tranquillity, we may pass them
 "in some pleasing Retreat, not far from this
 "City, and where the Distance may not pre-
 "vent our Commerce with it." "That is
 "absolutely what I insist against, interrupt-
 "ed the Countess, and what all your Ar-
 "guments will never obtain from me.
 "Would you have me support insurmount-
 "able Chagrins? No, my Lord, I must be
 "at a much greater Distance, or I shall be
 "seriously concern'd at it. If it should be
 "said that you are jealous, why should you
 "be offended at it? Nay, if you love me as
 "I wish, ought you not to be so?" "When
 "there is such a Fund of Virtue as you pos-
 "sess, reply'd *Frederic*, it would be Dis-
 "traction to harbour such a Suspicion; I
 "adore you as a Mistress, and I honour you
 "as *Prudence* and *Virtue* in a female Shape.
 "The Quality of Husband has not deprived
 "me of any of the Transports of a Lover,
 "and a kind Look gives me the same Joy
 "as if I was still uncertain of my Happi-
 "ness. But, *Victoria*, I should imagine I
 "offended you grossly, and render'd my-
 "self unworthy of you, if I was capable of
 "Jealousy. See the *Constable*, and Don
 "*Alfonso d'Arragon*, see all that is most
 "ami-

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“ amiable in both *Castilles*, I shall never suf-
 “ fer it to disturb my Repose.” “ Oh!
 “ *Count de Lemos*, cry’d *Victoria* abruptly,
 “ you have either lost your Judgment, or
 “ the Tenderness you formerly had for me.
 “ This uncommon Confidence is the Effect
 “ of some secret Coolness. Yes, you love
 “ me less, such thorough Disinterestedness
 “ never yet accompanied a violent Love.”
 “ Alas! *Victoria*, resumed *Frederic*, taking
 “ her in his Arms, I love you more than
 “ ever Man loved before, because I am con-
 “ scious of your Worth. If you must re-
 “ ceive Marks of my Jealousy to be satisfied
 “ of my Truth, I must force myself to
 “ constrain the Respect I have always bore
 “ you; but suffer me to hope that you will
 “ be satisfied with hearing me protest, that
 “ never Husband was more passionate, more
 “ submissive, more faithful, nor less su-
 “ specting than yours.” “ I see, reply’d
 “ the charming Countess with a Smile, that
 “ my Love blinded my Reason, and I en-
 “ treat your Pardon; and after this I con-
 “ jure you to tell me freely if you never
 “ were in Love before you saw me?” “ I
 “ shall not disguise from you, return’d the
 “ Count, that I was embark’d in an At-
 “ tachment with the Constables of *Castille*
 “ before her Marriage; and if you have the
 “ least Inclination to know what passed be-
 “ tween us, I shall give you an Account of
 “ it

"it in few Words, and with great Sincerity." "It will oblige me sensibly," reply'd *Victoria*. *Frederic*, whose sole Desire was to please her, gave Orders that they should not be interrupted, and begun in this Manner.

The HISTORY of the Count de Lemos, and the Constables of Castille.

THE Sentiments I had for the Daughter of the Count *de Benevent* were far from resembling those violent Passions, which, when they are disappointed, lead to Despair. A natural Respect for the Sex, a Habitude of being with her, and a Gratitude for a thousand Distinctions which I received, occasioned this Attachment much more than any Dispositions of the Heart. I was then very young, and had made my first Campaign against the *Moors*, with Don *Rodrigo de Pimentel* her Brother. My Intimacy with him acquired me free Access in his Father's Family, and I visited the Sisters assiduously. They are both Women of Wit; the Constables has the most Penetration, but she is also the most susceptible of all Passions.

I thought, then, that a Man of my Age, who had seen nothing but the Armies of

H

Don

Don *John*, ought to appear gallant. The Constables, who was then Donna *Juanna de Pimentel*, looked upon me with favourable Eyes, and in a short Time I began to think I felt a Tenderness of Heart; but I hesitated for some Days whether it was for *Juanna* or *Beatrix*. The Indifference of the one, who was extremely gay, and very entertaining, and the obliging Reception of the other, at length determined me, and I inclined to the Constables, tho' she was less beautiful than her Sister.

Beatrix however was still agreeable to me, by a Sprightliness of Temper, which render'd her the Soul of all Amusements. As soon as Donna *Juanna* perceived that I inclined to her, she soon flattered me into a Condition of telling her, with some Truth, that I loved her; and, as she had ardently wish'd for it, the Declaration was received with much Joy. I had no Pains in this Commerce, which could make me regret being in Love; but the Countess *de Benevent*, who piqued herself upon Severity, obliged us to some little Secrecy.

If you ask me with what Design I address'd her, I protest to you I had none, but that of amusing myself in an agreeable Commerce; and since I have succeeded in the Glory of obtaining you, I may, without Vanity, suppose that the Count *de Benevent* would not have refused me his Daughter.

But

But my Views were not in the least for that Alliance, and I endeavoured to pass the Time agreeably, without aspiring to any thing farther. Donna *Juanna* frequently reproached me with Want of Tenderness, and I bore her Complaints with great Patience and Unconcern.

Above a Year ran on in this Manner, and with it a Truce which had been granted to the *Moors*. It was then necessary to think of Arms, and I had no Difficulty to make my Passion yield to Glory. I departed for the Field, Donna *Juanna* expressed great Sorrow, and if I discovered any Concern, it was not however enough to satisfy her Wishes. I writ to her but twice during her Absence, and that in very general Terms; she answered me in a Manner that was much more expressive. In the mean time, I heard from Don *Rodrigo de Pimentel*, that his Sister was to be soon married to Don *Alvar de Luna*, and I heard it without the least Emotion; judge by this of the Violence of my Passion.

The Count *de Benevent*, who is a Man of great Ambition, did not think it necessary to consult his Daughter upon this Occasion; he promised her as an absolute Parent, she was obliged to follow an Order she detested, and resolve to give a Hand which was not guided by her Heart. The Marriage was performed without Ceremony, as the Family

of *Benevent* was then in Mourning for a Grandmother of Donna *Juanna's*, whose Ambition made her feel less Repugnance in this Alliance.

We return'd to *Valladolid* some few Months after, and I found the Constables in all the Magnificence and Splendor that could be expected from the Wife of a vain and ambitious Man, who possessed the greatest Riches and most distinguished Posts in *Castille*. I saw the King, the Queen, the Prince, the *Constable*, and his new Bride, who could not look upon me without blushing; and I confess I could not support the first Sight of her in that Station without some Emotion. My Visit was not long, and happily there was so great a Crowd in her Apartment, I was not obliged to speak to her in particular. Her Eyes said a thousand Things to me, and mine neither expressed Melancholy nor Anger. This Continuation of a Coolness, which she thought she did not deserve; gave her an Anger, which I perceived without taking Notice of it. I frequented the Count of *Benevent's* as usual, finding still the same Charms in the Conversation of *Beatrix*. The Constables conceived the greatest Chagrin at it, and saw plainly then, that my Assiduity had not been for her alone. Imagining that Jealousy perhaps might rouse my dying Inclinations, and not being a Woman that would omit any Possibility of gratifying

tifying her Passions, she affected a kind of Disdain whenever she saw me, that was not natural. She spoke of the *Constable*, when I was present, as a Person highly satisfied with her Condition; but I saw plainly what she seem'd to conceal. It was not out of Apprehension of the *Constable's* Power, nor even out of any Motive of Prudence, that I did not endeavour to form a Commerce of Gallantry with her, which would not perhaps have been a very difficult Attempt; but, in reality, I had not Inclination enough for her to embarrass myself with a thousand mysterious Cares, from which I conceived no great Ideas of Pleasure.

Soon after this the Marriage of the Prince of the *Asturias* and the Princess of *Navarre* was concluded. The Count *de Haro* departed for *Vilborado*, and I prepared to follow the Prince.

The Evening before our Departure, being not very well, I went to take the Air in the Garden from whence we now came, and found only the Constables there, the whole Court being employ'd in preparing for this illustrious Solemnity. "What, Madam," said I to her, affecting to appear neither "gay nor melancholy, is it possible that, in "a City where you shine in so distinguish'd "a Manner, by your Fortune and your Merit, you should seek for Solitude?" "I seek," answer'd she, without giving me

Time to conclude what I was saying; " I
 " seek what you have deprived me of, and
 " what I shall never find again; you have
 " taught me to love, but you can never
 " teach me to hate: Oh! Count *de Lemos*,
 " how unjustly have you used me, and how
 " ill have you return'd the good Opinion I
 " had of you!" " Why do you reproach me
 " thus, return'd I, when I have Prudence
 " enough to forbear reproaching you? 'Tis
 " true, indeed, you never made me any
 " Promises." Ah! did you ever demand
 " them? interrupted she; why did you wish
 " that I should love you, if you was so in-
 " different? Remember however, that you
 " have made me very unhappy; that I
 " have took a Husband whom I can never
 " love, and that if you would but have ex-
 " plain'd yourself to the Count of *Benevent*,
 " I should not now have been the Wife of
 " Don *Alvar de Luna*. Reflect upon it,
 " Count *de Lemos*, continued she, and con-
 " sider whether such a Love does not de-
 " serve a Return, which, by our mutual Se-
 " crecy, the Constable may be for ever ig-
 " norant of." At these Words she call'd
 her Women, who waited at some Distance,
 and left me abruptly.

I was not sorry to see her Departure; I
 walk'd for some Time alone, my Mind
 full of a thousand Ideas, my Imagination
 shock'd with a Behaviour that I could not
 approve,

approve, and reflecting upon my own Happiness in not having been farther engaged in that Pursuit.

The next Day the Prince of the *Asturias* departed, I saw you, *Victoria*, and felt the Difference there is between an ardent Passion, and a trifling Inclination.

It was not difficult to perceive the speedy Effect your Beauty had upon my Heart; I distinguish'd my Rivals almost as soon as I felt my Love, and I know not why their Concurrence gave me no Disorder. There appear'd an Air of Sincerity in your Goodness to me, which gave me Confidence; I press'd for my Happiness, and was not long before I obtain'd it.

Since that time I have scarce ever spoke to the Constables *de Luna*; and I protest to you, my adorable *Victoria*, that you possess me so entirely, that the Moments I am oblig'd to pass without you I look upon as lost. This is, in a few Words, the Detail of this first Affection; you see the little Resemblance it bears to that I have for you. Do not imagine I disguise any thing from you; if I had loved her more, and engaged myself farther, I should have told it you as frankly; and if any History has been related to you, be so good to give it no more Credit than it deserves, now you are apprized of the whole and sincere Truth.

The Count *de Lemos* here ceas'd to speak, and his Wife, who had carefully observ'd him, saw, in effect, a free and open Manner in his Look and Discourse, which perswaded her all he said was without Disguise. "I am highly obliged to you, my Lord," said she, for informing me of a Thing which it was necessary for me to know. "I admire the Sympathy there is between us; The *Constable* persecutes me, his Wife cannot give up the Tenderness she has for you, and we are both, added she smiling, equally cruel; yet, it is impossible that they should not at length declare themselves our Enemies; suffer me therefore to retire to some quiet Retreat, where their importunate Passions may never trouble my Repose. Do not imagine I shall alter my Design; I should complain of your Want of Complaisance if you refused me, and it would persuade me that I have not that Power over your Heart, which my Affection ought to give me." "Since my Inclinations will be always subject to yours, return'd *Frederick*, you need only appoint where you wish to be, and I, as your faithful Slave, will conduct you thither, though the Idea of a constant Solitude gives me Uneasiness for you.

Victoria was extremely pleased to find the Count *de Lemos*, at her Entreaty, resolved upon a Thing, which he had at first disapproved.

proved. Not to take him too far from the Court, she chose *Vilborado*; and the next Day desired the Count and Countess *de Haro* to permit her to make some Stay there. They willingly consented to it, as she told them she found it absolutely necessary for her Health; and so when it was least suspected, the Countess *de Lemos*, after having took Leave of the Queen and the Princess of the *Asturias*, who made her a thousand kind Reproaches upon her Absence, departed from *Valladolid*, and arrived at that beautiful Seat, where her Tenderness for *Frederick* first begun, and where she had pass'd the greatest Part of her Life. She found herself so happy, and in such Tranquillity there, that it is easy to judge the tumultuous Pleasures of the Great World had no Charms for her. Her Humour was more gay, her Eyes more sprightly, and her Beauty so compleat, that *Frederick* thought himself the happiest of Mankind in possessing such a Treasure.

They enjoy'd in that pleasing Retreat the calm Pleasures of rural Entertainments. Round *Vilborado* were several noble Families, who visited them; and Parties of Fishing, Hunting, and Walking, made the Hours slide gently and peaceably on. But after an Absence of fifteen Days the Count was obliged to return to *Valladolid*, and he prepared for it with uncommon Repugnance. " Well, " Madam, said he to *Victoria*, I am now
H 5 obliged

“ obliged to leave you ; if you was at the
 “ Court, I should not have this cruel Un-
 “ easiness.” “ We should have so many
 “ others, resumed she, that a short Absence
 “ is much easier to be supported. Go, my
 “ Lord, but make the least Stay that your
 “ Duty will allow, and, if possible, think
 “ nothing agreeable till your Return.

He departed from *Vilborado*, and soon ar-
 rived at *Valladolid* ; but the Day of his De-
 parture some of the Domesticks found a
 Letter in his Dressing-room, which they car-
 ried to the Countess ; it was broke open, and
 she read these Words, which it contain'd,
 with great Emotion.

To the Count de Lemos.

“ **I**F I do not always love you more than
 “ myself, I consent that you should never
 “ love me. I have scrupled for some time
 “ repeating this again, but I was obliged to
 “ yield to a Passion which surmounts all Dif-
 “ ficulties. The Pleasures of a mysterious
 “ Commerce are the Charms of Life, and if
 “ we are guilty of little Thefts from those who
 “ captivate our Liberty, they have still Ad-
 “ vantages enough left over us, not to com-
 “ plain. I flatter myself that you will agree
 “ to quit the Charms of Beauty for a time,
 “ and come to find the Joys of Tendernefs, a
 “ Tendernefs so excessive, that you must be
 “ very unjust if it meets with no Return.”

Never

Never Surprise could equal that of the Countess *de Lemos* at the Sight of this Letter. Though she was unacquainted with the Writing of the Constable's, yet the Style was so suitable to her Nature, that she immediately attributed it to her; and when she came to reflect, that *Frederick* had receiv'd and conceal'd it, and immediately went from her under a Pretext of his Duty, she fell into Emotions of Sorrow and Jealousy, which all her Reason could not repress. She was struck to the Heart; the cruel Idea of Dissimulation in *Frederick* rais'd a Tumult in her Bosom, she imagined him deceitful and inconstant, and supposed herself the most unfortunate Woman upon Earth.

Zaide, who saw her Countenance alter thus suddenly, in Apprehensions for her Health, came hastily to her. "Ah! *Zaide*,
 " said she, ah *Zaide*, I am undone; and if
 " I have a Constitution strong enough to
 " survive the Sorrow that threatens me, I
 " shall live the most unhappy Woman in
 " the World. Behold," continued she, giving her this fatal Letter, "thou, who
 " knowest so well my lively Tenderness for
 " the Count *de Lemos*, behold the Return
 " he makes to it, and with me deplore my
 " unhappy Fate." The faithful Slave read the Billet with Astonishment; but as she was less interested than her Mistress, she preserv'd more Judgment. "If you had not a
 thou-

“ thousand Testimonies of the Fidelity of
 “ the Count, said she, this Letter might
 “ give you some Suspicion; but, Madam,
 “ after what you learnt so sincerely from
 “ his own Mouth, what Probability is there
 “ that he should enter into a Commerce of
 “ Gallantry, with a Woman to whom he
 “ has shown so visible a Contempt? If he
 “ ever saw this Letter, his Negligence of it
 “ appears a certain Mark of his Indifference.”
 “ *Zaide*, reply’d the Countess, thou canst
 “ never persuade me; thou excusest a Cri-
 “ minal, who is careless whether he appears
 “ so or no. Because his Guilt does not af-
 “ fect thee so nearly, wilt thou excuse him
 “ too, when he has caused my Death?”

This was all the beautiful and afflicted *Vic-
 toria* had then to say; the Day pass’d heav-
 ily, and the Night the same. The next
 Morning she receiv’d so passionate a Letter
 from *Frederick*, that it almost made her for-
 get the unhappy one which disturb’d her
 Repose; but cruel Jealousy soon resumed its
 Empire.

Her first Design was to make him an An-
 swer filled with tender Reproaches; but she
 reflected it might only serve to exasperate
 him, and satisfied herself with writing only
 in general Terms. There pass’d no Day
 but she receiv’d new Protestations of *Frede-
 rick*’s Love, nor no Hour but she shed
 Tears for his Infidelity.

He

He had already been absent eight Days, when *Victoria* had an Adventure, which she had no reason to expect. The Gardens of *Vilborado* were perfectly beautiful, and very extensive; they enclosed several charming Solitudes, and the Countess *de Lemos* frequently entertain'd her Reveries there, when the too great Heat of the Sun was pass'd.

One Evening, when she was there alone with *Zaide*, after having walk'd for some time, she went to rest herself in a Pavillion, open on three Sides, and on the other adorn'd with fine Paintings. There she resumed her usual Occupation, which was looking upon a small Picture of *Frederick*, which she had taken, unknown to him, from a large Painting that perfectly resembled him; and at the same time, weeping for her Fate, and complaining to *Zaide*, "Is it possible, said she " to her, that a Face, which appears so " sincere, should accompany a deceitful " Heart? Ah! *Zaide*! can it be true that he " betrays me?" " Yes, reply'd a Voice, " which terrified *Victoria*, but you have " Revenge in your own Power, by granting " a little Compassion to a Man who adores " you, and whose Fortune is no longer any " thing in competition with his Love." These Words were scarce pronounced when the *Constable* appear'd, and struck the Countess with such Amazement, that she had not Power to move. This Insolence appear'd
beyond

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beyond all Precedent, and she trembled with Anger. “ Be not astonish’d, Madam, at what I attempt, continued Don *Alvar de Luna*, the Passion which transports me is capable of forcing me to enterprize things much more difficult and more unreasonable, and if your Compassion does not prevent it, I shall soon appear the most extravagant of Men.” “ ’Tis neither in this Place, nor upon this Subject, that I ought to listen to you,” return’d *Victoria*, concern’d at having been over-heard, and having a Secret, that she wish’d to conceal from the whole World, in the Power of a Man of such Imprudence. “ The Doors of the Count *de Haro* being never shut against the Constable of *Castille*, continued she, you have done a base and a mean Action in scaling his Walls, to offend a Woman, who was far from imagining your Persecutions would follow her hither.” “ What! reply’d the insolent Favourite of Don *John*, whilst the Count *de Lemos* insults you thus, do you despise those who only wish to do you Service?” “ Don’t introduce the Count *de Lemos* into your imprudent Discourse, resumed *Victoria*; the Difference there is between you is, that he will be always dearer to me than my Life, and I shall never see you but with Chagrin. Let us break off here,” added she, return to *Valladolid*, or wherever

“ ever you think proper, and leave me the
 “ Quiet I desire. I only demand of you to
 “ take leave in the Presence of my Domesticks, in a Manner suitable to your Condition, and to the Prudence requisite in the Favourite of so great a King.” None
 “ can be prudent, in your Presence, reply’d Don *Alvar*; and to persuade you to
 “ be less cruel to me, reflect that at this Instant perhaps this adored Husband is
 “ much less so.” “ There is so little Reason
 “ and Justice in all you say or do, continued the Countess *de Lemos*, that it would
 “ be criminal in me to listen to you longer.
 “ You shall never again have an Opportunity of surprising me thus, and offending
 “ the Honour of a Family, whose Quality
 “ might have inspired you with more Respect. Since you will not leave *Vilborado*
 “ in the Manner you ought, I shall immediately write to Court, and make this
 “ glorious Action publick.” *Victoria*, who could no longer bear the Presence of the
Constable, left him with these Words, and withdrew to her Apartment, whilst he, fill’d with Rage and Confusion, retired the Way he came.

As soon as he saw the Count *de Lemos* at the Court, he had resolv’d upon this Journey to *Vilborado*, having his Reasons for believing *Victoria* was irritated against her Husband, and thinking that in this first Emotion

tion he might be more favourably treated. His Enterprize had not the Success he expected, and the Heart of the Countess, inspired by Virtue, and tenderly attach'd to *Frederick*, was far from listning to a Man whom she despised.

As soon as she found herself alone with *Zaide*, she express'd her Concern at having been heard by the *Constable*, who might make so ill an Use of the Chagrin she had testified against *Frederick*; and that prudent and affectionate Confidante did all that was possible to give her Consolation.

In the mean time, whatever Precautions *Don Alvar de Luna* had took, he had been perceiv'd by several Domesticks of the Counts *de Lemos*, and *de Haro*: Amongst the Number there were some indiscreet enough to divulge it to the rest, and this Confidence became so publick, that it reach'd *Valladolid*, and at last the Ears of the Count *de Lemos*; and the Absence of the *Constable*, who had not appear'd for several Days, was a Confirmation of the Truth. He had no Suspicions of the Virtue of *Victoria*, but the Coolness of her Letters had given him an Emotion, which was but too proper to make him credulous and uneasy; and the artificial *Don Alvar* appear'd with an Air of Satisfaction, that seem'd to denote his Happiness. *Frederick*, tender, passionate, unquiet, and disposed to entertain a Jealousy, departed for
Vilbo-

Vilborado, without informing the Countess of it, and arrived there when he was least expected.

All the Uneasiness he had in his Bosom was not powerful enough to diminish his Passion, or to constrain him to show the least Disrespect to *Victoria*: He did not attempt to question his People, as a Man more prejudiced, and less reasonable would perhaps have done; and as it was late, and he was told the Countess was already retired, he went directly to her Apartment. She was alone in her Closet, not having so much as *Zaide* with her, reclining upon a Couch, and thinking with Sorrow and Regret of *Frederick*. The Letter, which had given so fatal a Shock to her Repose, was open before her, and she look'd upon the Portrait of the Count *de Lemos* with Eyes fill'd with Tears; she was pale, dejected, and in a State of Negligence, which render'd her Beauty so touching, that *Frederick* was transported. The Door of the Closet was so placed, that he could see her without being seen. At the Sight of this charming Object, the Count *de Lemos* lost all Emotions but those of Tenderness, and was going to enter with Precipitation, when he heard *Victoria* (after having several times kiss'd the Portrait which she held) say, with redoubled Sighs, "Oh! ungrateful Love, after having been so favourable to me, canst thou be so cruel?" "Oh!

“ Oh! my unhappy Tendernefs, must I
 “ still love with fuch uncommon Ardour---
 “ Yes, purfued ſhe, I will, if it occasions me
 “ a thouſand Deaths.”

The Words, according to *Frederick's* Knowledge, ſo impoſſible to be meant of him, the Picture (unknown to him) favour'd with ſuch tender Careſſes, and the Tears which flow'd from the Eyes of *Victoria*, ſtruck the too credulous Count *de Lemos* in the moſt dreadful Manner. A thouſand fatal Ideas, in one Inſtant, diſtracted the unhappy *Frederick*. The Imagination that *Victoria* had ceas'd to love him, was worſe to his conſtant Boſom than a thouſand Deaths. Her Retreat, and her former Behaviour, ſeem'd to aſſure him of the contrary; but the ſecret Viſit of the *Conſtable*, and what he then beheld, heighten'd his Suſpicions, and ſunk him in Deſpair. However transported he was with Jealouſy, he felt himſelf incapable of paſſing beyond the Bounds of Reſpect to *Victoria*; but he did not find he was enough Maſter of himſelf, to behave calmly to her; he thought it proper therefore to recover himſelf a little, before he ſpoke to her, and went into his own Apartment, forbidding ſome of the Counteſs's Women, who ſaw him paſs by, to tell her he was arrived.

She was ſo full of the Trouble with which ſhe had been agitated for ſome Days, that ſhe had not heard him; and the Moment
 after

after *Frederick* was withdrawn, calling *Zaide* and her Women, they undress'd her, and she went to Bed, and *Zaide* alone remain'd in the Room. But the melancholy, the passionate, and the impatient *Frederick*, no longer able to resist his Love, enter'd, after having, by the Strength of his Tenderness, endeavour'd to dissipate his Fears. *Victoria* was so surprized at seeing him, that she had almost fainted away. He interpreted this sudden Astonishment as a Mark of Dislike; yet still, in Love to Distraction, he drew near her, kneel'd down by her, and, with a respectful Tenderness, ask'd her, how long his Presence had given her such Emotions.

" Since I have been ignorant of what you do,
 " reply'd she, and know only what I feel
 " myself." " What I do, return'd *Frederick*,
 " is loving with the most infinite
 " Passion." " And what I feel, added she,
 " is that I equally love and hate: But, my
 " Lord, why did you come at this late Hour,
 " without informing me? Can it be out of
 " Neglect, and have I already lost those
 " assiduous Cares which have been so agreea-
 " ble to me?" " I imagined, replied the
 " Count, that the Surprize of seeing a Per-
 " son unexpectedly, whom you loved, would
 " have given you so much Pleasure, that I
 " could not think of depriving you of it;
 " and I promised to myself a Joy in your
 " Transport of Surprize, which I see but too
 " plainly

“plainly I must not expect. Would you
 “have me cease to be, you need only then
 “cease to love me.” “If I could love you
 “less than I do, resumed *Victoria*, you are
 “so distractedly beloved elsewhere, that
 “you would be easily consoled.” “You
 “speak to me in so obscure a Manner, and
 “so little correspondent to my Sincerity,
 “return’d the Count, that I form a thou-
 “sand dreadful Presages from this new Way
 “of Behaviour.” “’Tis because your
 “Mind is employ’d elsewhere, pursued
 “*Victoria*, that you find a Novelty in my
 “Behaviour. But, my Lord, as your Jour-
 “ney was mysterious, tis possible you have
 “used so much Expedition as to stand in need
 “of Rest.” “I disturb, yours perhaps,”
 return’d *Frederick*. “You do most certain-
 “ly, interrupted she, neither did it ever
 “meet with any other Disturbance.”

The Count *de Lemos* was so full of Sor-
 row, that it was with great Difficulty he pre-
 vented himself from giving visible Marks of
 his Weakness; however he surmounted him-
 self. *Victoria* ask’d if he would sup; he
 said No, and feeling a violent Shivering,
 rais’d by the Agitation of his Spirits, he
 withdrew into another Apartment, where
 the most afflicting Circumstances presented
 themselves to his Mind. He saw a distract-
 ing Coldness in the Manner of the Woman
 he adored, and was conscious he had not de-
 serv’d

serv'd this Alteration by any Offence; and imagining it a thorough Dislike, Death itself is not half so cruel as what he felt: But whatever Reflections he made, he had that Respect for the Virtue of *Victoria*, as not to suspect her of any Crime.

In this Agitation of Thought, he was seiz'd with a most violent Fever. Those who attended him, in the Morning, inform'd the Countess of it; she had not pass'd the Night in more Tranquillity; tender, innocent, faithful and virtuous, only a little too credulous, she thought she was not unreasonable in expressing some Resentment, and could not see him leave her thus indifferently, as she thought, the Evening before, without imputing it to him as a Crime, not imagining his Health was attack'd. What she had gone through the preceding Days had inured her to suffer, and she bore her Sorrows better than he had done. Though it was very early when they enter'd her Apartment, she was awake, and for several Nights had been a Stranger to Sleep.

Irritated as she was, the Illness of the Count terrified her; no Disorder of his could be slight to her, and though she imagined herself wrong'd, she was not willing to punish him for it. She rose with Precipitation, and going into *Frederick's* Apartment, she found him all on fire, and so alter'd, that she could not have imagined so short a Space of Time could

could have brought so great a Revolution. His Eyes were sunk and languishing, and his Face already bore the strongest Impressions of his Fever. This Sight had such an Effect upon the tender *Victoria*, that she sat down by the Bedside, without having the Strength to speak, and burst out into a Flood of Tears.

These uncommon Marks of Emotion amazed a Man, who now expected only Indifference. “Is it possible, Madam, said he, holding out his Hand to her, that you still interest yourself for a Wretch, to whom you gave yesterday such Reasons for Affliction, and who saw you, with his own Eyes, occupy’d in a Manner that leaves him no room to doubt of his Misfortune?” “It is but too possible, return’d she, that I should interest myself for him, who has made me regardless of every thing else. I know not what you have seen, that I can be reproach’d with; But I know, that I can always convince you, I deserve no Accusation, but that of loving you with too much Violence.” “Oh! Madam, interrupted he, with a faint Voice, you do not love me so much as you say, nor perhaps as you ought; and since you force me to explain myself with my usual Frankness, is it possible, if I was dear to you, that you should receive the secret Visits of a Lover, whom I
“ have

“ have seen you detest ; or that you should
 “ have Portraits, dear enough to your Im-
 “ agination, to receive Caresses I thought
 “ reserv’d for me alone ; and that you should
 “ weep over a Letter, which certainly was
 “ not mine ?”

By this Discourse *Victoria* found he had
 seen her the Evening before, without her
 Knowledge, and that he was not ignorant of
 the Boldness of the *Constable*. But, as it was
 easy for her to justify herself, she testified no
 great Emotion. “ I have seen the *Constable*,
 “ reply’d she, as I should have seen any
 “ other Person who durst have been as en-
 “ terprizing as he, and have introduced
 “ himself by Artifice into a Place where he
 “ could never have enter’d otherwise : And
 “ I receiv’d him in a Manner, that would
 “ give little Encouragement to another Jour-
 “ ney of the same Kind. I have kiss’d a
 “ Portrait, the Original of which is solely
 “ dear to me, and I have wept over an un-
 “ fortunate Letter, which I conceal’d from
 “ you out of Discretion, and you ought to
 “ blush at having receiv’d. Here, my
 “ Lord, continued she, giving him the
 “ Picture and the Letter, satisfy yourself in
 “ regard to these ; and as to my secret
 “ Lover, I have *Zaide*, and all who were
 “ about me, as Witnesses of the Stay he
 “ made here.”

If the Count *de Lemos* felt an inexpressible
 Transport

Transport of Joy, at seeing his own Likeness, where he expected to find that of a Rival, the Sight of a Letter address'd to him, and which he was totally ignorant of, did not give him less Surprize. " If you had
 " been a little more careful of the Favours
 " of the Constables, said *Victoria*, you
 " would have spared her this Shame, and
 " yourself this Confusion: But Prudence
 " seldom dwells with Love." " The Constables never writ this Letter, interrupted the Count, and if you can still have
 " any Confidence in me, I protest to you,
 " with the utmost Truth, that I never saw it
 " till this Moment." " It was however
 " found in this very Apartment, resumed
 " the Countess, the Day you departed for *Val-*
 " *ladolid*. Consider, my Lord, what I must
 " imagine from it, and what I must have
 " suffer'd. You quitted me to go to a
 " Place where you were beloved, and where
 " you once did not hate: I see a Letter
 " which entreated your Presence there! Ah!
 " what Confidence cou'd be Proof against
 " such Circumstances?" " You had reason,
 " *Victoria*, return'd the Count, and you
 " have treated me only with too much
 " Goodness, when so many Testimonies spoke
 " against me. But, this Letter is not of
 " the Constables's writing; it will be easy
 " to convince you of that: I am ignorant,
 " who convey'd it to the Place where it was
 " found.

" found. When I was obliged to leave you,
 " I did it with an unfeign'd Concern, un-
 " able to excuse myself from appearing at a
 " Court, which you yourself will not suffer
 " me to renounce, and which I would aban-
 " don for ever, if it could give you the least
 " Satisfaction. I never saw the Constables
 " *de Luna* but in the Queen's Apartment.
 " Alas! why have we both suffer'd such un-
 " just Suspicions to mingle Bitterness with the
 " innocent Sweets of our mutual Affection!
 " To own frankly my Thoughts to you, I
 " imagine the *Constable* has a greater Share
 " in this Letter than his Wife: He knows
 " I formerly had an Attachment to her, and
 " does not regard sacrificing her to the In-
 " terest of his Passion. This Mystery will
 " one day be disclosed to us; but let us now
 " forget what has given us so much Pain, and
 " enjoy that happy Union of Hearts, which it
 " endeavour'd to interrupt." Love, which
 " seem'd, for some Moments, to have aban-
 " don'd the Care of these tender Lovers, re-
 " turn'd now to the Assistance of *Frederick*.
 " The amiable and passionate *Victoria* acknow-
 " ledged his Innocence, and with ease persua-
 " ded him of hers. But if all jealous Suspicions
 " were overcome, the Disorder they had occa-
 " sion'd was not; the Count's Fever became
 " very dangerous, and after so pleasing a Re-
 " conciliation, *Victoria* was attack'd with the
 " most dreadful Fears. She did not leave him

one Moment, whatever Entreaties he used for her to be more careful of her own Health. The Count and Countess *de Haro*, inform'd of this Illness, sent the most famous Physicians, who gave no favourable Judgment. The King, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of the *Asturias*, sent to *Vilborado*, to pay their Compliments to the Count and Countess *de Lemos*, and the Constable was insolent enough to send one of his Domesticks with the same Message.

Whilst *Frederick* struggled with Death, the Constables, who still loved him, could not conceal her Uneasiness; and her Husband, enraged at having succeeded so ill in all his Attempts, could not forbear reflecting, in the most insulting Manner, upon the Sorrow, in which it was reported the Countess *de Lemos* was plunged.

Don *Alfonso d'Arragon*, who possess'd true Generosity of Spirit, and who by the Efforts of Reason had surmounted a Passion, which could have no Prospect of Success, sincerely and openly lamented the Situation of the Count and Countess *de Lemos*. "What!" (said the Constable to him one Day when they met at the Count *de Benavent's*, where *Frederick's* Illness was mention'd) "are you a
 " Lover, and don't you flatter yourself with
 " the Hopes of succeeding the Count *de*
 " *Lemos*? His Wife will not be so weak as
 " to despair, she is form'd like the rest of
 " her

“ her Sex, and you ought to imagine so for
“ your own Satisfaction.” “ I shall never
“ imagine any thing opposite to good Sense,
“ return’d Don *Alfonso*, and to the Opinion
“ I ought to have of so perfect a Virtue as
“ the Countess *de Lemos* possesses.” “ You
“ are unacquainted with the Women, pur-
“ sued Don *Alvar*, and if you are as unex-
“ periened in Arms, as in their Commerce,
“ the *Moors* of *Granada*, who still threaten
“ us, will have no Reason to fear you.” “ It
“ is fit you should make the Experiment,
“ that you may give a true Account of it,
“ resumed Don *Alfonso*, and if I can put
“ you to Silence, you will allow they have
“ some Reason to apprehend me.” “ That
“ is not very possible, return’d Don *Alvar*,
“ when I have and am resolved to speak.”
“ You are so frequently, added Don *Alfonso*,
“ when you ought to be obliged to Silence,
“ and no Man of Honour ought to suffer a
“ Tongue, like yours, to offend a Woman
“ of the Merit and Quality of *Victoria*.”
“ What my Tongue has said, continued the
“ insolent Don *Alvar*, perhaps may be sup-
“ ported by some Valour.” “ I shall not
“ boast of mine, reply’d Don *Alfonso*, but
“ when I defend the Cause of Virtue against
“ Favour and great Employments, I do not
“ imagine I shall be found the most weak.”
They immediately went out, as there were
only Women there, who could not prevent

them, and they fought, to the Confusion of the *Constable*, who was disarm'd, and considerably wounded, and Don *Alfonso* remaining the Conqueror, retired to the Palace of Prince *Henry* of *Arragon* his Uncle. The King was of the Favourite's Party, and was almost singular in it. This News reach'd *Vilborado*; and, notwithstanding the Distress that reign'd there, the generous Action of Don *Alfonso d'Arragon* was prais'd as it deserv'd, who having the Queen, the Princes, and all the Grandees of the Kingdom on his Side, soon made his Peace, notwithstanding the Favour of Don *Alvar*, and return'd to Court.

After a Month's Terror and Apprehension, the Count *de Lemos* proved out of Danger, and his amiable Wife recovered new Life and Hopes. Had it not been for the tender Cares of her Mother, she must have sunk under her Fatigue and Sorrow; but her material Assistance preserved so valuable a Life. The Recovery was as sudden as the Distemper had been violent; and *Victoria*, at the Height of Joy, thought of nothing but to love in the same ardent Degree that she was beloved.

When the Count *de Lemos* began to leave his Apartment, Heaven, willing to ascertain the Repose of his future Life, gave Occasion to an Eclaircissement, which discovered all that had pass'd. Two of the Count's

Do-

Domestics quarrell'd and fought; one of them was dangerously wounded, and the Approach of Death obliged him to confess a Crime, in which he had been an Accomplice. He sent to beg the Presence of the Count and Countess for a few Moments, and, as they were extremely humane, they readily granted this Favour to a Man in that Condition. " My Lord, said he to *Frederic*, I " have not many Moments to live, and I " ought to employ them in discovering the " Offence I have done. I have betray'd " you, I have disturbed your Repose by a " detestable Action, and I am in some degree punished for it; but I die too gently " for such a Villain. The Constable of *Castille* seduced me; being in love with the " Countess, he endeavoured to find perfidious Minds in your Family, and unhappily found mine disposed to second his Baseness. Being loaded with his Benefits, I strove to deserve them. It was I who dropt an open Letter in your Apartment; it was I also who took care to inform you of the Journey he made hither, and, if Heaven had suffered me to live, I should still have gone on from Perfidy to Perfidy. But I now see my Crime, and die penitent tho' guilty: But happy in having been permitted to discover a Thing, which perhaps, but for me, might always have remain'd a Mystery." The Count and

Victoria were moved by the Sorrow of this unhappy Wretch, and freely forgave him, remaining now thoroughly persuaded of what they had before suspected.

They might have published the Baseness of the *Constable*; but, besides the powerful Ascendant he had over the King, *Victoria* was unwilling to spread abroad an Adventure in which she was so deeply concern'd, and entreated *Frederic* to bury it in Silence. The Count *de Lemos* easily consented to the Request of his amiable Wife, and overcoming all her Scruples, persuaded her to return to the Court. They were received there with much Joy, and *Frederic* was look'd upon as a Man raised from the Dead. The *Constable* saw him with Rage, and Donna *Juanna de Pimentel* with Pleasure. He testified a Contempt to the Husband, which severely punished his haughty Spirit, and an Indifference for the Wife, which deprived her of all Hope: But he gave the strongest Marks of Esteem and Friendship to Don *Alfonso*, who received them with a good Grace, and told *Frederic*, he knew none upon Earth but him worthy of *Victoria*. The Count *de Lemos* had an only Sister, extremely amiable, who was brought up in the Kingdom of *Leon* with one of his Father's Sisters; he proposed her, with great Advantages, to Don *Alfonso*, who accepted her agreeably, and soon after, with the Consent of the Kings of *Castille* and *Navarre*,

varre, he espoused the young *Berenguella de Leon*. Don *Luis de Velasco* was also made happy by the Interest of the Count *de Lemos*, who reconciled the Counts *de Haro* and *de Castro*, and obtained for him the beautiful *Aurora*, with whom he was passionately in Love.

Victoria behaved in so prudent a Manner, and took such uncommon Precaution, that the enterprizing Don *Alvar* could never approach her, and the perfect Harmony he saw between the Count and Countess *de Lemos* drove him almost to Despair.

At length, all who were considerable for Birth and Quality in both *Castilles*, were no longer able to support the insolent Behaviour of Don *Alvar de Luna*. The Royal Families of *Navarre*, *Portugal* and *Arragon*, whom he had so often offended, declared openly against him. The Prince of the *Asturias*, induced by the Queen, and Prince *Henry of Arragon*, entered into the League which was formed against the *Constable*. He resisted all these Powers for a considerable Time, but at length the King was constrained to submit to so many Persons of Importance, and, after a thousand rejected Proposals, Don *Alvar de Luna* was banish'd to *Escalona*, with his whole Family, and departed from *Valladolid*, with Rage and Despair in his Heart. But the Ascendant he had over the Mind of the King afterwards re-establish'd him a-

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gain, and he return'd to the Court, under a Promise of making a better Use of his Favour. He again abused it, and his Insolence rose to such a Degree, that it at last disgust-ed the very same Monarch who had so long tolerated his excessive Ambition. He finish-ed his Days upon a Scaffold, an End worthy of such a Life as his, hated by the whole Nation, and accused of Treason, Rapine and Murder; and he was found possess'd of im-mense Riches, which reverted to the Trea-sury of the Sovereign. Such is constantly the End of those who forget their Country in their Grandeur, and make a base Use of their Power.

MIS-

MISTAKEN JEALOUSY;

OR, THE

HAPPY PERSEVERANCE.

C^IUDAD-REAL is one of the most agreeable Towns of *Andalusia*; it was founded by King *Alfonso* the VIIIth, in the Year 1272, upon the Ruins of *Alarcon*, on the Banks of the *Guadiana*, which there loses itself, and does not appear again till it has roll'd its Waves, thro' subterranean Conduits, for above seven Leagues.

The Country which environs it is fertile, and intermingled with beautiful Groves, and a thousand little Rivulets run in Meanders through its Fields: The Inhabitants of this charming Town are gallant, generous and magnificent, and the Ladies are considerable, both by their Beauty and their Virtue. Amongst those who held the first Rank, Donna *Lizarda* distinguish'd herself, by the Charms of her Person and her Mind, tho' she was but just arrived at the Age of eighteen. Her Beauty was without Defect, and her Wit so piercing that nothing could escape her Penetration; and as she was, together with these Qualifications, the richest

I 5 Heiress.

178 MISTAKEN JEALOUSY ; or,

Heirefs in *Andalusia*, it is not to be doubted but she had a great Crowd of Adorers. But none of them had found the Secret to touch her Heart, and she seem'd to shew a most invincible Repugnance to Love and Marriage, when Don *Riccardo de Selva*, a young Man of the greatest Distinction in *Andalusia*, return'd to *Ciudad-real* from the Army. He soon declared himself an Admirer of the fair *Lizarda*, and, notwithstanding her Indifference, she could not prevent herself from treating a Man, who was every way so worthy of her, with some Distinction. There were at that Time great Rejoicings in *Ciudad-real* for the double Marriages of *Elizabeth* of France with *Philip* the IVth, and *Anne* of Austria with *Louis* the XIIIth. The Town was illuminated for several Days, and there were public Masquerades, and running at the Ring. The Lovers of *Lizarda* strove who should be the most remarkable in their Magnificence, during these public Diversions ; but *Riccardo* effaced them all, by the Grandeur of his Mien, and the good Taste that reigned in all his Equipage. The third Day was destin'd for a Bull-feast, and *Riccardo* would not miss so signal an Opportunity of testifying his Address. He entered the Lists mounted upon an *Arabian* Horse, and bore his Lance with such uncommon Grace, that he was universally admired. *Lizarda* was the only Person who saw him with

with Chagrin, and trembled at the Thought of his thus exposing his Life. She reflected immediately upon this sudden Inquietude, and found, by the Interest she took in the Life of *Riccardo*, that she had begun insensibly to love. The Fears of *Lizarda* were not without Foundation; *Riccardo* had scarce rid round the Lists, when a furious Bull enter'd them with such Violence as gave Terror to all the Spectators. The Cavalier made up to him with an Air of Intrepidity, which startled the savage Animal: He was unwilling to engage so dangerous an Enemy, and discharged his Fury upon a Man on Foot, who had carelessly advanced too near him. *Riccardo*, seeing the unhappy Man in such Danger, flew to his Assistance, and after having lanced his Javelin against the cruel Beast, he attack'd him Sword in Hand. The Bull, enraged at *Riccardo*'s obstinate Pursuit, quitted him who had been the first Object of his Fury, to punish the rash Aggressor. He came with the utmost Violence, with his Head down, to throw him up in the Air; but *Riccardo* prevented him, and discharged so heavy a Blow upon his Scull, that he clave his Head almost in two, and left him dead upon the Spot. All the Spectators admired his Address and Strength, and testified their Applause by the loudest Acclamations. *Lizarda* was the only one who expressed no Share in the general Joy; she

she condemn'd the Rashness of her Lover, and was so agitated with the Danger to which she had seen him exposed, that she fainted away in the Arms of those who were by her in the Balcony. The Cause of her Disorder was easily perceived, and this Weakness but too plainly discovered the Sentiments of her Heart. When she came to herself again, she was informed of the happy Success of *Riccardo's* Combat ; but as they told her, at the same Time, that he was to enter the Lifts again in the Afternoon, she could not resolve to expose herself to the same Alarms she had received in the Morning, and, retiring to her Closet, she took a Pen, and writ the following Billet to her Lover :

I could not refuse the Request of a Friend of mine, who desires me to inform you, that you are too lavish of a Life in which she is concern'd. She has loved you for two Years, without daring to own it, even to herself ; but the Dread she has of losing you in the Bull-feast, which you are resolved to continue this Afternoon, forces her to hazard every thing, to induce you to change your Resolution : She has desired me to let you know, that 'tis her Request you see the Courses, without entering the Lifts. If you have not this Deference for her Orders, she will have Reason to think you do not seek to please her, but have some other Engagement. You ought not

the HAPPY PERSEVERANCE. 181

to refuse her a Favour, which regards only your own Preservation, and you may assure yourself it will be the last she will ever demand of you, if you do not now show your Passion by your Obedience.

Lizarda having sent this Note by one of her Women, who was well known to Riccardo, this passionate Lover felt such Transports of Joy, at finding such favourable Sentiments in his Mistress, that he thought he could never sufficiently recompense her who brought him this dear Pledge of her Love. He drew a Ring of great Value from his Finger, and giving it her, with a Purse of Ducats, he begg'd her to convey the following Letter to her charming Mistress:

If I gave my Life in return for the transporting News that you have sent me, I should think my Debt of Gratitude but poorly acquitted. Your Friend only preserves my Days to be consecrated to her Service; and tho' I am assured of conquering in a Combat where she has the Goodness to interest herself, yet I should be the lowest of Mankind, if I did not prefer the Honour of obeying her, to all I could acquire in the Lists. I need not therefore hesitate a Moment to assure you, that she shall always have an absolute Command over the Will of Riccardo.

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Lizarda was as satisfied with the implicit Obedience of her Lover, as he had been with the obliging Inquietude she had express'd. After she had made this first Step she could no longer conceal her Passion from him; and as he had at least an equal Ardour for her, they were soon mutually convinced of each other's Sincerity; and *Riccardo's* Family and Fortune rendering him worthy of demanding her, they lived in the pleasing Expectation of an approaching Union. Yet, by an unforeseen Event, though *Riccardo* continued equally faithful to his Mistress, and *Lizarda* retained the same Tenderneſs for him, she suffered herself to condemn him upon deceitful Appearances; and the Change was so sudden, that, in a few Days, this unfortunate Lover found himself abandon'd by all Hope.

Riccardo had made a Journey to pay his Duty at the Court, before he had engaged himself in the Service of *Lizarda*, and at *Madrid* had made an Acquaintance with a Lady of *Seville*, who came thither in search of Conquests. He saw her at an Inn, where she lodged at her first Arrival; she pleased him, and as he was young, rich, and well made, he found no Difficulty in acquiring her Heart; or, rather, she found in him what she was in search of, which was a Lover, by whose Liberality she might subsist. *Riccardo* frankly offer'd her his House, and she as
frankly

frankly accepted it. After she had sent back the Litter in which she came, she settled her Residence with him, and was soon as familiar with this new Lover, as if she had known him her whole Life. Passions of this Nature resemble an *Ignis Fatuus*, which lasts but for a few Moments: *Riccardo* soon knew the Character of this Adventurer, he learnt she had had the same Sentiments for many others, and repented heartily of his new Engagement; he would no longer suffer *Donna Clara*, which was the Name of his Mistress, to reside with him, but furnished her an Apartment in a distant Quarter, and took care of her Subsistence; but recommended to her to live in strict Retirement, if she wish'd to preserve him, because he would neither have any Suspicions of Jealousy, nor much less have his Relations know this Commerce, and, on his Side, he always used such Precautions in visiting her, that it was unknown even to his Domesticks. Partly out of a Remainder of Inclination, and partly out of Compassion, he had suffered her to follow him to *Ciudad-real*. But when he knew the Pleasures of a virtuous Love, and had engaged the Inclinations of *Lizarda*, he began to dread, lest this Intrigue, if it should be by any Accident discover'd, might be of irreparable Prejudice to him, and endeavoured to put an End to this loose Commerce, which was now hateful to him. He acted even in this,

this, like a Man of Honour and Humanity; he told her frankly, that he design'd to marry; and after having given her two hundred Crowns, he desired her to return to *Madrid*, where he would always assist her with his Purse and his Service, whenever she stood in need of it. *Riccardo* imagined this was sufficient, and that such an Amour was as easily shook off as form'd. But let his Example be a Warning to unthinking Youth, not to engage themselves in the inevitable Dangers and Difficulties that attend such a guilty Commerce. He soon perceived he had been mistaken in discovering his Sentiments with so much Frankness to *Donna Clara*. The Anger and Revenge that rose in her lawless Heart, at finding herself abandon'd for another, threw her into such a Rage, that she resolved to run all Hazards to make a Rupture between her Lover and his new Mistress. She even told him, with great Haughtiness, that she would go to *Lizarda*, and explain the Nature of their Engagement so plainly to her, that she assured herself, after such an Explanation, she would no longer dispute him with her.

Riccardo found himself much embarrassed, when *Clara* discovered these Sentiments; he was in Terror at the Imagination of losing *Donna Lizarda*, if she came to the Knowledge of his Intrigues, and by *Clara's* Account of passing in her Opinion for a Debauchee:

bauchee: On the other Hand, he could not, without Repugnance, prevail upon himself any longer to flatter and caress a Person for whom this had given him a compleat Aver-
sion. After a thousand Considerations, he found no better Method of securing himself from her Attempts, than to entreat the Corregidor, who was nearly related to him, to repair to her Apartment in the Dusk of the Evening, put her in a Coach, under a Guard, and oblige her to go to *Madrid*. He confessed his Weakness to the Corregidor, and made him this Proposal; and that Magistrate, who had a tender Friendship for him, and was glad to see him delivered from the Snares of such an Adventurer, agreed to it with Pleasure; and told him that, exclusive of his Desire, the Duty of his Charge obliged him to it. He promised to have an Information in form drawn up against him, against Donna *Clara*, and against the Valet, who was the Confident of the Intrigue, and to be at her Door, with an hired Coach, and four Guards, at eleven o'Clock. *Riccardo*, after having took these Measures, thought he had nothing further to fear from her Revenge: But, to those who are born unlucky, all that is done to avoid a Misfortune, serves only to hasten it.

The Father of *Lizarda* was gone a little Journey, and her Mother was obliged to pass the Night with a Relation who was dangerously

ously ill. Upon the very Evening which was destin'd to deliver *Riccardo* from the Importunities of *Clara*, *Lizarda*, who found herself at liberty, and had not seen her Lover for two Days, had an Inclination to surprise him with her Presence. She covered herself with a Veil, and telling one of her Women to follow her, she went to the House of *Riccardo* ; it was in one of the hottest Days of Summer, and she imagined to have found him in a Salon, where he usually sat, that was open to the Street. But when she arrived there, she found the Doors and Windows all shut, and deep Silence in the House : She would not suffer her Woman to knock, and reflecting, that perhaps he might draw wrong Consequences from this Action, and imagine, when she was married, she might make the same Advances to others ; and knowing the Danger there is in appearing too free in the Eyes of a Lover who is to be a Husband, she determined to turn back, and rather chose to be disappointed of the Pleasure she had expected from his Surprise, than, by her Imprudence, to make him perhaps suspect her Virtue. She was returning therefore towards her own House, when, as she passed by the *Jacobines*, she perceived, at the Gate of the Convent, by the Light of the Lamp, a Man whose Shape and Air extremely resembled *Riccardo*. She felt an Emotion at the Sight, and, drawing near-

er,

er, she found she was not mistaken. She hesitated whether she should make up to him, or pass by; but whilst she was in this Incertitude she observ'd that he whistled twice, and immediately a Door was open'd opposite to the Place where he stood. He went in, and a Servant, who came to it with a Light, would have shut it after him, but he prevented her, saying, he could not stay a Moment. He took this Precaution, that the Corregidor, not being obliged to knock, might occasion no Disturbance in the Neighbourhood. But, unhappily for him! his Stratagem serv'd only to excite the Curiosity of Donna *Lizarda*, and give her an Opportunity of surprising him. Leaving her Woman at the Door, she went softly up to an Apartment where she heard him enter, and looking through a Crevice in the Door, she saw, with the greatest Astonishment, her Lover sitting in an Alcove with a Lady, who (as Jealousy heightens all Objects) appeared to her of extraordinary Beauty. They seem'd to be in an Appearance of Familiarity together, which heightened her Suspicions, and made her resolve to listen to their Conversation, which *Riccardo* begun by these Words:

“Is it possible, my dear *Clara*, that thou
“couldst take what I told thee of my Mar-
“riage for a Truth; and be thus obstinately
“determined to go to thy pretended Rival
“this

“ this Instant? Wait but for some Mo-
 “ ments till thou hearest my Defence: ’Tis
 “ true my Friends have had some Thoughts
 “ of marrying me to *Lizarda*, of whom thou
 “ art so jealous; but they found me so cool
 “ when they made the Proposal, that I hope
 “ they will desist entirely, and trouble me
 “ no more: I only told it thee to try thy
 “ Love, and thought thou hadst a juster O-
 “ pinion of thy own Charms, than to be so
 “ easily incensed.”

Riccardo constrained himself to this De-
 ceit with the utmost Repugnance, to prevent
 the furious *Clara* from defeating all his
 Measures by her Rashness. But the unhap-
 py *Lizarda*, who was thus an unforeseen
 Witness of it, remain’d lost in Sorrow, Re-
 sentment, and Confusion. But when she saw
 Caresses succeed his Words, and remarked
 that her unfaithful Lover took Donna *Clara*’s
 Hand, and kissed it, with an Appearance of
 Tenderness, she was no longer Mistress of
 herself. That Prudence, which a few Mo-
 ments before had hinder’d her from knock-
 ing at *Riccardo*’s Door, abandon’d her in an
 Instant; and, listening only to the Trans-
 ports of her Jealousy, she knock’d violently
 at the Door of the Chamber where *Riccardo*
 was, without the least Fear of becoming
 the Object of his Contempt. The Cavalier,
 whose Imagination was full of the Design,
 from whose Success he hoped for an End of

all

all his Fears, supposed the Corregidor had come before the Hour agreed upon, and that it was he who wanted to enter. He feigned a Surprise, and order'd the Servant to see who it was, that he might know, he said, who was bold enough to interrupt his Pleasures. But she trembling at the Violence of the Blows, and not daring to obey him, he rose himself in a pretended Anger, and, opening the Door, at the Sight of *Lizarda* he remain'd immoveable as a Statue. Donna *Clara* began immediately to break out into Reproaches; but *Riccardo*, without any Regard to her, attempted to come to an Explanation with *Lizarda*, and since it was so surprisingly discover'd, he resolv'd to confess frankly the Nature of his Engagement with this imprudent Woman. But, that irritated Beauty would neither look upon him, nor suffer him to justify himself, but approaching Donna *Clara*, she spoke to her thus:

“ I do not pretend, Sennora, to conceal
 “ from you my Surprise, my Sorrow, or my
 “ Resentment; if I endeavour'd to assume
 “ an Air of Tranquillity, the Alteration of
 “ my Face, the Confusion that appears in my
 “ Eyes, and the Disorder of my Words
 “ would betray me; but, I must inform you
 “ why I broke in thus upon your Secrecy,
 “ that you may not accuse me of Impru-
 “ dence. My Design is not to dispute with
 “ you the Heart of a Lover, whom your
 “ Charms

“ Charms may justly acquire: He is agree-
 “ able and well made, and may reasonably
 “ be beloved, if you regard only an outward
 “ Appearance; but Justice obliges me to
 “ tell you, that he is the most designing,
 “ the most inconstant, and the most deceit-
 “ ful of Mankind.” She then seated her-
 self, and related to her, though with Diffi-
 culty, her Sighs and Tears frequently inter-
 rupting her Discourse, all that *Riccardo* had
 done to gain her Love, omitting no Circum-
 stance that might excuse her Weakness in
 listening to him, and make *Riccardo* appear
 more guilty. She then addressed herself to
 that unhappy Lover, who stood thunder-
 struck with Confusion, and said to him:
 “ Ungrateful Man, do not look upon these
 “ Complaints of thy Behaviour as a Re-
 “ mains of Tenderness for thee; I only en-
 “ deavour to justify my own Conduct. If
 “ there are Women weak enough to be still
 “ more enslaved by being despised, I shall
 “ not resemble them. I know how to re-
 “ cover my Heart, when it is so meanly
 “ betray’d, and you may for the future con-
 “ tinue to serve my Rival, without any Fear
 “ of my disturbing your Pleasures by the
 “ least Complaint.” *Lizarda*, after having
 thus expressed her Resentment, open’d the
 Door; and left *Donna Clara*’s Apartment,
 without waiting for her Answer, or conde-
 scending to hearken to what *Riccardo* at-
 tempted

tempted to say in his Justification. He immediately followed her, notwithstanding all the Efforts her Rival made to detain him; but, as soon as *Lizarda* was in the Street, she immediately vanish'd with such Swiftneſs, that, by the Obscurity of the Night, he soon loſt Sight of her.

When he found it was in vain to purſue her further, he reflected the Hour approach'd which he had appointed the Corregidor, and immediately returned back, leſt another unhappy Accident ſhould intervene to prevent the only Hope he had remaining. He had ſcarce enter'd Donna *Clara*'s Apartment, who received him with the utmoſt Fury, when the Corregidor arrived, and having order'd the Door to be open'd, came up to the Apartment where they were. After he had interrogated them, and they had confeſſed the Commerce they had together, that Magiſtrate informed Donna *Clara* that ſhe muſt leave the City immediately, and go into a Coach that waited for her at the Door. She at firſt made ſome Difficulty to obey; but when ſhe ſaw herſelf threaten'd with Imprisonment, ſhe only deſired two Hours to prepare herſelf; after which, having pack'd up every Thing of Value, ſhe departed, whiſt two Archers, by order of the Corregidor, conducted *Riccardo* to his Houſe. The Coach, in which Donna *Clara* was, uſed ſuch Expedition, that, at Break of Day, ſhe found herſelf

“ Charms may justly acquire : He is agree-
 “ able and well made, and may reasonably
 “ be beloved, if you regard only an outward
 “ Appearance ; but Justice obliges me to
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 tempted

tempted to say in his Justification. He immediately followed her, notwithstanding all the Efforts her Rival made to detain him; but, as soon as *Lizarda* was in the Street, she immediately vanish'd with such Swiftnefs, that, by the Obscurity of the Night, he soon lost Sight of her.

When he found it was in vain to pursue her further, he reflected the Hour approach'd which he had appointed the Corregidor, and immediately returned back, lest another unhappy Accident should intervene to prevent the only Hope he had remaining. He had scarce enter'd Donna *Clara*'s Apartment, who received him with the utmost Fury, when the Corregidor arrived, and having order'd the Door to be open'd, came up to the Apartment where they were. After he had interrogated them, and they had confessed the Commerce they had together, that Magistrate informed Donna *Clara* that she must leave the City immediately, and go into a Coach that waited for her at the Door. She at first made some Difficulty to obey; but when she saw herself threaten'd with Imprisonment, she only desired two Hours to prepare herself; after which, having pack'd up every Thing of Value, she departed, whilst two Archers, by order of the Corregidor, conducted *Riccardo* to his House. The Coach, in which Donna *Clara* was, used such Expedition, that, at Break of Day, she found herself

self beyond *Malaga*, and on the fifth Day
 of her Journey arrived at *Madrid*, where,
 when she was once again established, and had
 acquired a new Train of Lovers, she thought
 no more of *Riccardo* than if she had never
 seen him. Donna *Lizarda* was far from en-
 joying the same Tranquillity, from that fatal
 Night she had never known Repose, so much
 was she affected by the Infidelity of her Lo-
 ver. As she was now strongly persuaded of
 the Inconstancy of Mankind, she took a firm
 Resolution never to love again, and to look
 upon them all with Horror. Sometimes she
 thought she could not better punish that un-
 grateful Wretch than by retiring to a Con-
 vent, where she might pass the Remainder
 of her Life in Exercises of Piety. But soon
 after, her Resentment made her condemn this
 Thought, and say within herself: “ If *Ric-*
 “ *cardo* passes his Life quietly in the Arms
 “ of his Mistress, whilst I am buried in the
 “ Rigour of a Cloister, will he not imagine
 “ it the Effect of Despair? No, rather let
 “ him think I despise his Falseness and his
 “ Love, and have the Chagrin to see me the
 “ Wife of a Man of Merit and Quality su-
 “ perior to his own. My Father daily presses
 “ me to give my Hand to his Friend Don
 “ *Fulgencio*; tho’ he is sickly, he is a Man
 “ of Worth and Goodness, with whom I
 “ may lead an easy and an honourable Life,
 “ and

“ and perhaps, by his generous Usage, forget the ungrateful *Riccardo*.”

In this manner *Lizarda* pass'd the Hours, endeavouring to restrain her Tears, in order to conceal her Weakness from all who approach'd her; and in the mean time *Riccardo* neglected nothing that might make his Peace. He writ Billets to her, which she return'd unopen'd; he employ'd the Meditation of Friends, whom she would not see; he endeavour'd to gain her Domesticks to introduce him, but all his Attempts were in vain. The Father of *Lizarda* returning from *Madrid*, where he had been for a short Time, began to press his Daughter to marry, as he had frequently done, and was pleasingly surprized to hear her say she was ready to obey his Commands, if he consented to accept of Don *Fulgencio* as his Son-in-law. After having express'd his Satisfaction, and tenderly embraced her, he went immediately to inform Don *Fulgencio*, that his Daughter had declared in his Favour. That Cavalier was in the greatest Surprize at this unexpected Happiness, and knowing the Inconstancy of Fortune was unwilling to give her Leisure to alter: He hasten'd the Affair with so much Diligence, that the Articles were sign'd the next Day, and the intended Marriage declared. *Riccardo*, after having in vain strove to plead his Cause to her Parents, and having made the last Attempts to prevent the Hap-

pinefs of his Rival in vain, determin'd to quit his Country, and his barbarous Miftrefs; he communicated his Design to his Father, who approved it, hoping it might in Time extinguish a fruitless Passion, and dreading the Effects of his Despair, if he remain'd there.

Whilst *Lizarda* was occupy'd in receiving the Visits of those who came to pay their Compliments upon the new Station she was going to enter, *Riccardo* was leaving *Ciudad-real*, but so penetrated with his Sorrow, that he had not resolved which way to bend his Travels. He was lost in this Reverie till his Arrival at *Barcelona*, where he heard the Gallies of the Grand Duke of *Tuscany* were upon their Departure to return to *Italy*. And as he had a large Provision of ready Cash, and unlimited Letters of Credit, he was willing to seize this Opportunity of seeing the Beauties of so celebrated a Country. He writ to inform his Father, and a Friend, who was acquainted with his Passion, of the Resolution he had took, and embark'd immediately. *Riccardo*, during his Passage, endeavour'd to dissipate his Chagrin, by the Conversation of several Cavaliers, who were Passengers in the same Gally. As we naturally feel a Sympathy for those who have a Conformity with our own Humour, *Riccardo* soon form'd a particular Intimacy with a young Man, of a noble Presence, who appear'd extremely melancholy. He had took notice that he frequently

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frequently sigh'd deeply, and after having cast up his Eyes to Heaven, remain'd with an Air of Dejection, that testified some great Misfortune must have happen'd to him. One Night in particular, finding the Unknown alone upon the Deck, when all the rest were retired to Sleep, he could not forbear enquiring the Cause of his Melancholy in these Terms.

" Sennor, said he to him, I see you
" plung'd in so profound a Melancholy, that,
" if it was in my Power to give you any
" Relief, I should use my utmost Efforts to
" do it. My being equally unfortunate with
" yourself, makes me hope you will make no
" difficulty to open your Heart to me, and
" let us enjoy the mutual Consolation of lamenting each other's Fate." The Unknown return'd the Advances of *Riccardo* with great Civility, and told him that though his Misfortunes were of a Nature not to be finish'd but by Death, yet, since he desired it, he was willing to let him know his History; and seeing him seated to hearken to him, after a deep Sigh, he begun his Recital in these Terms:

The History of Don HENRIQUE.

I am call'd *Don Henrique*, and was born at *Barcelona*, the capital City of *Catalonia*; my Birth is most illustrious, my Fortune

affluent, and my Misfortunes beyond Imagination. I am about thirty, and though at that Age, I ought to have some Experience of the World, I am as much embarrass'd as if I were but sixteen. I loved from the first Dawn of Reason, and that Love has occasion'd all my Distress. *Stephanía* was the most amiable of all the young Women of Condition in *Barcelona*: our Houses join'd, our Fathers were intimate Friends, and from our Infancy we saw each other daily. She had too many Charms to leave me long in Indifference, I had form'd a pleasing Habit of being a Party in all her Amusements, and had so little consulted the Sentiments of my Heart, that I had the most violent Passion for her, when I imagined I had only the Esteem due to her uncommon Merit. I felt none of the Pains of Love, and a mutual Inclination seconding the Friendship of our Families, I was marry'd, without having known the Torments either of Jealousy or Absence. Marriage, instead of abating, increas'd my Love, and I discover'd daily in the Mind and Person of *Stephanía* new Charms, that increas'd my Tendernefs. We lived ten Years in the most perfect Union, without having the least Difference, and during all that Time I esteem'd myself the happiest of Men. As we had a Fortune sufficient to satisfy our utmost Ambition, whenever she express'd the least Inclination for any Thing,

I even prevented her Request. Never Lover had more Affiduity and Complaisance for a Mistress, than I had for her. Who could have imagined that a Woman, thus beloved, could have forgot her Duty, and betray'd me? Who could have foreseen that she would have suffer'd the Addresses of a Lover, and carried on a Commerce with him, which must have become criminal? If *Stephania*, who for ten Years express'd the tenderest Love for me, has been able to banish that conjugal Affection from her Heart; if she could forget her Duty, and determine to be false, who can think themselves secure from such a Misfortune? Pardon me, Sennor, these Reflections, which the Remembrance of my past Happiness forces from me; I shall extend them no further, but continue my Recital without Interruption.

I had an only Son by our Marriage, whom I loved excessively: The Desire I had to leave him a considerable Establishment made me form a Design of going to Court, to solicit for a Commandery. I imparted my Thoughts to *Stephania*, but though she wish'd I might obtain that Mark of Honour, she could not, without the deepest Concern, think of my Absence. Nevertheless, after having given some Tears to this first Emotion, she no longer opposed a Journey which I thought necessary, and permitted me to depart, upon Condition of returning in two Months; a

Term, which her Ignorance of the Delays of a Court made her imagine sufficient to effect my Design.

I departed then from *Barcelona*, and in a few Days arrived at *Madrid*: The Friends whom I employ'd, serv'd me with so much Zeal, that I already began to hope I should return to *Stephania* within the Time prefixt. In all the Letters which this Traitors writ to me, she press'd me to return, and leave the Care of my Affair to some Friend, who might solicit it in my Absence. Who would not have been seduced by such continued Appearances of Tenderness? *Stephania* married me out of Inclination; for ten Years she had express'd the most unwearied Affection; and I saw that an Absence of two Months drove her to Despair. Could I have imagined that all this was only to deceive me the more cruelly?

The King having at length granted me a Commandery of *Santiago* to recompense the Services my Ancestors had done the Crown, I left two of my Friends empower'd to solicit the Dispatch of my Patent, and took Post directly, to return with more Speed to *Barcelona*. I used such Expedition that in three Days I arrived at a Village which is but four Leagues from it. It was almost Night, when I was surpris'd by a violent Storm which obliged me to lie there; as I was going to sit down to Table, in the little
Inn

Inn where I had stop'd, I saw a young Man come in, mounted upon a fine Horse, who seem'd to have been a hunting; He was very wet, and imagining by his Dress and his Mien, that he was a Man of Quality, I order'd my Servants to assist in drying his Cloaths, and desired he would partake of my Supper, which was all that that little Place afforded. He accepted my Offer with much Gratitude, and we sup'd together; after the Repast we convers'd upon several Subjects, and he show'd himself a Man of good Sense, and great Knowledge of the World. When it was Time to go to Rest, as there was but one tolerable Bed, we agreed to pass the Night together; and as I was preparing to go to Bed, an old Valet, who was undressing me, said to me, " Sennor, you " hoped to have pass'd this Night much " more agreeably with my Mistress." My new Acquaintance, who heard him, said to me with a Sigh, " I should also have been " happy this Night, if Fortune had not interrupted my Measures by this unforeseen " Storm: A charming Woman expected " me, but when I design'd to go to her, " deceiv'd by the Obscurity of the Night, " I lost my Way in these Mountains, and " the Torrents, which are swell'd by the " Violence of the Rain, obliged me to stop " in this Inn, where, but for your Civility, " I should have pass'd the Night very in-

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" differently."

“differently.” “The Lady, reply’d I,
 (far from imagining I had any Share in the
 Adventure) “will have equal Reason to be
 “displeas’d with the Skies.” “She bears
 “a Name, resum’d this imprudent Youth,
 “which ought to have shown me that I
 “should be unlucky with her.” My Ser-
 vants did not comprehend his Meaning, and
 I would not desire him to explain himself be-
 fore them. But, after they were retired, I
 said to him, with an unhappy Curiosity; “I
 “know no Name that can forebode Mis-
 “fortunes, since in our holy Religion we
 “have none given us but those of Saints;
 “You know doubtless” (reply’d *Frederic*,
 which was the Name of this indiscreet Lover)
 “that there was formerly in *Castille* a Wo-
 “man named *Stephania*, whose Husband
 “murder’d her, deceiv’d by the false Re-
 “ports of a Woman that serv’d her, though
 “she was strictly virtuous; and since that
 “Time, it has always been a Proverb, that
 “all the *Stephanias* are unfortunate.” “By
 “this I suppose” (resum’d I, with a Disorder
 I could scarce conceal) “that your Mistress
 “bears this Name.” “After having said
 “so much, I cannot deny that it is so,” re-
 turn’d *Frederic*; after which, fatigued by
 the Storm, to avoid a longer Conversation,
 he bid me good Night, and soon fell asleep.
 But I was not in so easy a Situation; the Con-
 formity of Names had at first given me some
 Uneasi-

Uneasiness, but reflecting upon the known Virtue and Fidelity of my Wife, I rejected the ill-founded Suspicion, as I thought it, and remain'd perswaded it was some other Woman, who was also call'd *Stephania*. As soon as the Return of Light invited me to quit my Bed, I awaken'd *Frederic*, and ask'd him if he would not dress himself, that we might arrive at *Barcelona* by Noon. He told me he should not go there till it was Night, that if I had any pressing Affairs, he desired I would leave him, and that he would inform himself of my Habitation in *Barcelona*, to pay his Thanks there, and offer me his Service. I could not, with all my Reason, suppress a rising Jealousy, which made me determined to know my Fate, and clear up my Suspicion; I told him I had no Affairs that would prevent me from waiting his Conveniency; and, in order to renew the Conversation which Sleep had interrupted, I added, that if he thought there was any Danger, I would accompany him to his Rendezvous, and that he might depend upon me as a Man who was absolutely his. " I
" cannot inform you, reply'd *Frederic*, whe-
" ther there is Danger or not, since I don't
" so much as know in what Quarter of the
" City my Mistress resides, though I have
" been several times in her House, because
" it was always by Night, and she used such
" Precautions, that I had no Opportunity to

“ remark the Door.” “ This seems to be
 “ a Contradiction, return’d I; If you have
 “ been frequently there, you must know
 “ the Street, and the Quarter: How is it
 “ possible you should be ignorant of them?”
 “ I see, resumed *Frederic*, that to put an
 “ end to all your Doubts, I must relate to
 “ you the Circumstances of my Adventure;
 “ we have nothing better to do, hearken to
 “ me, and you will find what a Woman is
 “ capable of when she loves, and at the
 “ same time wishes to preserve her Reputation.” I made him no Answer but a Bow, and he continued his Discourse in this Manner:

The History of FREDERIC.

I was one Evening in the great Square of *Barcelona*, buying an embroider’d Vest of *Naples*, when there came a Lady veil’d into the Shop where I was, and bought several Trifles. Whatever Care she took to hide her Face, the Wind, which disorder’d her Veil, show’d me a Beauty which struck me to the Heart. I approach’d her, and told her, I beg’d, as the greatest Favour, she would take any thing that was agreeable to her, and I would pay for it; without imagining I engaged her to any Gratitude. She turn’d towards her Woman, who attended her, and smiled at the Proposal I had made, as we
are

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are in an Age when the Men are so interested, they scarce make any Presents to the Ladies without being sure of a Return. I enter'd into a Conversation with this Unknown, who, after several Entreaties, told me she frequently walk'd in the Meadow of St. *Jerom*, where I might see her. I met her there several times, accompanied only by her Woman, and at length she confess'd that my Person had pleas'd her from the first Sight, and that she had felt a secret Inclination which forced her to consent to my Addresses. But, she added, I ought not to despise my Conquest, though it had cost me so little, since she was of distinguish'd Quality; but she forbid me to follow her, or to endeavour to find out who she was. We parted highly satisfied with each other, and continued our Walks several Days: We sought out the most retired Places, and seated upon the Grass, we mutually said all that the tenderest Love could inspire; and she told me several times, that she wish'd she was at liberty to dispose of her Person, in order to give herself to my Love. I return'd so obliging a Discourse with a thousand Protestations of eternal Fidelity; and one Evening, after having receiv'd a thousand innocent Favours from her, I conjured her to let me know her Name, and suffer me to visit her at her own Apartment, that we might not be exposed to a Discovery. This Proposition at first surprized

zed her, but after a Silence of some Moments, she consented to give me that Satisfaction, upon condition that I should attempt no Liberties with which her Virtue might be offended, and that I should not have the Curiosity to inform myself in what Quarter her House was, nor mention our Commerce to any Person. I promised not to fail either in Respect or Discretion, and we agreed that the next Day, at the same Hour, she should send her Woman with a Chair, and two Chairmen upon whom she could depend, who should bring me into the House, and to the Foot of the Staircase. The Thing was executed as we had agreed.

As soon as I saw the Woman, I got into the Chair, the Curtains of which were drawn, and was not set down till I was in the House. They conducted me into a large Drawing-room, hung with magnificent *Flemish* Tapestry, and adorn'd with Pictures by the best *Italian* Masters. There were, against the Walls, several inlaid Cabinets, enrich'd with Miniatures, and embellish'd with Figures in Bronze and Ivory, and at the upper End of the Room a large Silver Brazier. My amiable Unknown came to me as soon as she knew my Arrival, and gave me all the Marks of Tenderneſs that I could expect from a Woman of such Virtue.

I paid her several Visits with the same Precaution, without daring so much as to touch

touch her Hand ; so certain it is that Virtue inspires Respect. But, at length, she had Compassion of the Pains she saw me suffer, and had promised me to discover herself to me as last Night, and to consider of a Method to make me happy, if she found in me the Sentiments she expected. With these Hopes I waited for the Night, which was to render me the happiest of Mankind, with the greatest Impatience. Some of my Friends forced me into a Party of Hunting, which I had engaged myself to the Day before ; and in returning from the Chace, which had led us farther than we imagined, the Night surprized me, and the Storm which overtook me obliged me to stop in this Village, and by this unlucky Accident I have been deprived of the Pleasures which were prepared for me with *Stephania*. It is not that I am certain she bears that Name, but I have Reason to believe so, because the last Time that I came from her, as I was carrying out, a Man enquiring who lived in that House, I heard another answer, it was a Lady called *Stephania*, and upon that Foundation I told you my Mistress bore that Name.

Frederic finish'd his Relation thus, and I remained as uncertain as I was before, but more inclined to believe the Horrors of my Fate ; and as I saw all the Particularities he described of the House resembled mine, I
ask'd

ask'd him several Questions concerning some Pictures of *Titian*, the *Carraches*, and *Bassan's*, which hang in the Room; and he answer'd me so justly, that I was but too fully convinced it was the faithless *Stephania*, who had thus barbarously abused me; and it was with the utmost Constraint I concealed my Despair. We got on Horseback about two in the Afternoon, and during the Way *Frederic* never ceas'd to entertain me with the Joys he hoped to taste. Judge of the Horror of my Situation; Jealousy, Love, and Revenge had wrought me up to the Height of Madness, and I sought only a convenient Place to sacrifice him to my Resentment. I order'd my Servants to go on, and give their Mistress Notice of my Arrival; and as we cross'd through a Wood, so thick that it was impenetrable even to the Rays of the Sun, I drew my Sword, and called to him to defend himself. In the utmost Amazement he would have enquired the Cause, but I was too furious in my Rage to listen to him, and he being then obliged to do the same, we fought, and in a few Moments I stabb'd the unfortunate *Frederic* into the Breast. He fell that Instant, and feeling himself mortally wounded, he ask'd me with a dying Voice what could have induced me to treat him thus cruelly. I had neither Leisure to answer him, nor to indulge a sudden Emotion of Compassion and Repentance, which immediately

diately seiz'd me, as I heard the Sound of Travellers coming from *Barcelona*. I spurr'd my Horse into the thickest Part of the Wood, and soon lost Sight of the High Road. When I was out of the Wood, I reflected upon my fatal Adventure: The barbarous *Stephania* was still too dear for me to attempt any thing against her Life, but I resolv'd to abandon her for ever. After having strengthened myself in this Determination, I wander'd thro' Bye-roads to a little Village, where I pass'd the Night. I had heard that the Gallies of the Great Duke were then returning into *Italy*, and I resolv'd not to miss the Opportunity; I arriv'd at *Barcelona* in the Dusk of the Evening, and immediately embarked on board this Gally, which I chose because the Captain was my Friend, and I esteem myself very fortunate in it, since it has acquired me your Acquaintance. Judge now, Sennor, if any Misfortune can equal mine; I am oblig'd to quit a Wife, whom, in spite of her Infidelity, I still love passionately; and to abandon my Country, my Fortune, and my Friends. Would to Heaven I had died on my Journey, before I had learnt the Falshood of *Stephania*, and felt the Torment of loving what I ought to despise.

Don *Henrique* here finish'd his Narration, and *Riccardo* having inform'd him of his unhappy Adventures, they mutually join'd in lament-

lamenting each other's Fate. This Sympathy of Misfortunes cemented their growing Friendship, and they resolved to be inseparable Companions in their Travels. When they arrived at *Leghorn*, where the Gallies remain'd, they saw every thing that was remarkable there, and afterwards going by Sea to *Civita Vecchia*, they went from thence to *Rome*. They passed three Months there in visiting the Antiquities, and modern Curiosities of that Mistress of the World; after which they continued their Travels, and saw all the considerable Cities of *Italy*. When they arrived at *Milan*, *Riccardo*, who observed that the Melancholy of his Friend, far from being decreased by this Variety of Objects, seem'd continually to augment, and fearing the Consequences of such a Situation, attempted to persuade him to return to *Barcelona*, and *Stephania*. "My dear Don
 " *Henrique*, said he to him, you have sufficiently revenged yourself of the unhappy
 " *Stephania*, by so long an Absence, even
 " supposing her Weakness had been deluded
 " to listen to another, which I am far from
 " thinking certain, since he who related this
 " History to you, knew the Name of his
 " Mistress only by Conjecture: And there is
 " a Possibility that she might have impru-
 " dently lent her House to a Friend. But,
 " whoever the Person was, nothing criminal
 " actually passed between them, and he who

" de-

“ designed the Injury has paid for it with
“ his Life; and his Death, by burying what
“ is past in eternal Secrecy, preserves your
“ Honour from the least Reproach. I speak
“ to you, continued *Riccardo*, my real Sen-
“ timents, as a sincere and affectionate
“ Friend, who cannot see, without Concern,
“ the continual Uneasiness, that gradually
“ decaies your Health and Life.”

Tho’ these Reasons were not more satisfac-
tory now, than they had been two Years
before, yet Don *Henrique*, whose Life was a
constant Burthen to him, and who found his
Passion for *Stephania* was unconquerable,
submitted to them, and determined to return
into *Spain*. His Friend, who had an equal
Impatience to see *Lizarda* again, tho’ he had
no Hopes of possessing her, was glad of this
Pretext to make the Voyage. They took
Post the next Day for *Genoa*, where they em-
bark’d. They were for some Days tossed in
a furious Tempest, which occasioned their
making a Vow to Our Lady of *Montserrat*:
The Sea afterwards becoming more calm,
they soon arrived at *Barcelona*. The two
Friends, unwilling to make themselves
known, till they had made the proper En-
quiries, lay in an Inn upon the Port, and
the next Day, hiring Horses, they went to
accomplish their Vow. After they had per-
formed their Devotions, they went to dine
at a House of Entertainment near the Con-
vent;

vent; and, whilst what they had order'd was getting ready, they amused themselves in contemplating the eternal Snow with which that Mountain is constantly cover'd, the Trees upon its Precipices, which seem suspended in the Air, and the Noise and Violence with which so many Rivulets precipitate themselves into the Valley, and by their Fall from the Top of those steep Rocks, form the most beautiful Cascades that even Imagination can paint. But a Litter, which stopp'd at the Gate of the Inn, soon drew their Eyes from these dumb Wonders of Nature. It was follow'd by six Valets, preceded by a Cavalier of a noble Mien. Don *Henrique* had no sooner cast his Eyes upon him, than he turn'd pale, and appear'd in the utmost Disorder; *Riccardo*, who observed his Emotion, doubted it must be that *Frederic* whom he had mention'd in his History; and as he feared his Friend's being hurry'd into some Violence, by the Transports with which he saw him agitated, he told him it was absolutely necessary to conduct himself with Prudence, and be satisfied that his Suspensions were true, before he took any Resolution; and that, if he found his Honour was wrong'd, he was ready to expose his Life to revenge it. The Deference which Don *Henrique* had for *Riccardo's* Opinion, made him resolve to calm his Passions for a Time; but when he saw *Stephania* and her Sister come

out

out of the Litter, his Companion was obliged to use all his Strength and Address, to prevent his bursting out upon her. He was so prejudiced with Rage and Jealousy, that he was for rushing in upon them, and stabbing them both, without entering into any Explanations. As there was a great Concourse, and all the Chambers were full, *Riccardo*, after having, by the most earnest Entreaties, persuaded Don *Henrique* to wait a few Moments, lock'd him in theirs, lest the Violence of his Disorder should force him to follow him, and went down into the Court, where he paid his Compliments to the Ladies, and offer'd them a low Room, which they had retain'd for their Dinner. They accepted his Offer with Thanks, as they had found themselves much at a Loss, and *Frederic*, who was with them, testified to *Riccardo*, how much he was obliged for this Civility. After this faithful Friend had waited upon them to the Room, he went to give an Account to Don *Henrique* of what he had done, and told him he might conceal himself in a Closet of which he had the Key, and from whence he might hear all that *Frederic* and *Stephania* said, and in all likelihood, by their Discourse, find the Truth of a Fact, which it was so important to him to be certain of. After *Riccardo* had took Don *Henrique* into the Closet, which was only separated from the Room they were in, by a thin

Par-

Partition, he return'd to the Ladies. The Conversation turn'd for some time upon the Miracles of our Lady of *Montserrat*, after which *Frederic*, having ask'd *Riccardo* from whence he came, he told him he came from *Italy*, and was returning into *Castille*, after having spent two Years in his Travels. *Stephania* immediately turn'd to her Sister, and said, " 'Tis about that Time since my unhappy Husband left me, and if I may believe Report, he travell'd the same Way." "I have seen so many *Spaniards* in that Country, resum'd *Riccardo*, that very possibly he was of the Number." "He was called *Don Henrique de Mendoza*, return'd *Stephania*, unfortunate *Don Henrique!*" added she with a Sigh, as taking Pleasure in repeating a Name that was still so dear to her. *Riccardo*, who thought this a favourable Opportunity of introducing what his Friend wish'd to hear, pursu'd the Discourse thus: "I had a very particular Friendship with *Don Henrique de Mendoza*, and we travelled a considerable Time together; I left him at *Naples*, where he told me he designed to stay, as an Affair of Honour prevented him from returning to his native Country." *Stephania* could not refrain her Tears when she heard this, and appear'd in such Disorder, that she mov'd *Riccardo* to Compassion: She was beginning to speak, but *Frederic* interposing,

begg'd

he begg'd her to leave the Recital of their unhappy Adventures to him, who being less deeply interested, could relate them with less Emotion; and perceiving that *Riccardo*, by his Silence, seem'd to invite him to satisfy his Curiosity, he began his Discourse in this Manner:

The Continuation of the History of
FREDERIC.

SENNOR, it is of Importance to justify my Conduct to you, and the Virtue of *Donna Stephania*, that you may disabuse *Don Henrique*, and satisfy him of our Innocence. The Continuation of my Discourse will convince you that Appearances are deceitful, and that it is dangerous to trust to them too far. At *Valladolid*, which is the Place of my Birth, I had a Dispute with a young Man of my own Age and Condition, which ended in a Duel, in which he was dangerously wounded. My Parents, who knew my Adversary had powerful Friends, advised my absenting myself at least for some Time; and I departed in the Night, with a considerable Sum of Money, and in a handsome Equipage. I turn'd my Steps to *Barcelona*, and a Passion I conceived there fix'd my Residence in that City. One Evening, being out in a violent Storm, the Rain obliged me to pass the Night in a Village, about a League from

from the Road: I found in a little Inn where I stopp'd, a Man who appear'd to be of Distinction; I enter'd into a Conversation with him, without knowing him, but the Consequences taught me too dearly it was Don *Henrique*: Our Discourse turn'd upon Gallantry, and in return for several Relations he made, I told him an Adventure which had happen'd to me, since my residing in *Barcelona*, with a Lady, whom, unhappily for me, I called *Stephania*, which was the Name of his Wife, the Lady you see here with me. 'Tis true I could neither inform him of her Quality, nor the Street in which her House was situated, because I was ignorant of both; but, by the Description I gave, he found it was his own, and that his Wife betray'd him. Jealousy in a Moment so disturb'd his Reason, that he resolv'd to revenge himself upon me, without any further Explanation: And the next Day, as we pass'd thro' a very thick Wood, he suddenly bid me defend myself, and in a Moment wounded me dangerously in the Breast. I fell the Instant I received the Wound, and Don *Henrique*, who thought me dead, continuing his Journey to *Barcelona*, without seeing his Wife, or any of his Friends, embark'd on the Gallies, which were then departing for *Italy*. Tho' no Person was a Witness of this Action of Don *Henrique*'s, yet in a short Time it was whisper'd about the City, that

he

he was the Person who wounded me. I had described him perfectly; it was known he left *Madrid* some Days before, and he had not appear'd since at *Barcelona*; some Travellers had met him upon the Road as he was riding Post from *Madrid*, and others who had seen him at *Naples* had writ it to their Friends; so that all these Circumstances concurring, made the Suspicion of the Assassination fall upon him. The Crime of the Husband soon rais'd a Calumny upon the Wife, the malicious World supposing that Don *Henrique* was not jealous without Foundation. Yet nothing could be more false than this Imagination, nor more innocent than *Stephania*. I must now explain this Mystery to you, and tell you why I supposed the Name of my Mistress to be *Stephania*. The Absence of Don *Henrique* gave great Uneasiness to his Wife, and as she found his Stay at *Madrid* would be longer than she at first imagined, she induced her Sister *Angelica* (whom you see also here) to be with her, in hopes, by her Company, to dissipate her Melancholy. I met *Angelica* by Accident, and was so happy as to be agreeable to her, rather by the Ascendant of my Stars, than by any Merit of my Person. She in time allow'd me to have a Correspondence with her, and introduced me secretly several times to *Stephania's* House, without her Knowledge. *Angelica* knew the Delicacy

216 MISTAKEN JEALOUSY; or,

cy of her Sister upon those Points, and durst not make her the Confidante of an Intrigue she would not have approved: But if she passed the strict Bounds of her Sex, constrained by Love, in thus favouring a Stranger, I did not abuse her Complaisance; all my Addresses were accompanied with such Respect, that her Virtue had not the least Subject of Alarm, and I had such a Deference for her Commands, that I durst not so much as inform myself in what Quarter of the City her House was placed. But one Evening, as I was going out, I heard one of the Domesticks, who was ask'd whose House it was, answer, it was Donna *Stephania's*. This was what abused me, and made me inform Don *Henrique* my Mistress bore that Name. I have already told you what his Jealousy made him guilty of, and that seeing me fall dead, as he supposed, he left the Wood, and made his Escape. After he had been gone some little Time, some Shepherds, who passed by, had the Charity to convey me to *Barcelona*, where my Wound was dress'd with great Success. *Angelica* having heard my Misfortune, discovered her Passion to her unhappy Sister, and let me hear from her. When I was cured I waited on her Relations, and by the Consent of my Father, who made me a generous Establishment, I married her, to do Justice to her, and put to Silence those who spoke injuriously of the
Virtue

Virtue of *Stephania* ; since which Time we have never ceas'd making fruitless Enquiries after the Fate of the unfortunate Don *Henrique*, to whom my unhappy Indiscretion proved so fatal.

Don *Henrique*, who had listen'd attentively to the Conversation of *Riccardo* and *Frederic*, lost not one Word of this Recital ; and the sudden Transport of Joy, which seized him at this unexpected Knowledge of the Innocence of his dear *Stephania*, had almost proved as fatal as his Grief. He could not wait till *Riccardo* came to discover him, but flew abruptly into the Room where she was, and throwing his Arms round her Neck, held her embraced a considerable Time, without being able to speak, but expressing more by that eloquent Silence, than by the most study'd Discourse: Her Situation, and her Transports were the same. After having a thousand times implored her Pardon for his unjust Suspicions, he cordially embraced *Angelica* and *Frederic* ; and all the four, in the Height of their Joy, did not forget *Riccardo*, who was the Author of this happy Reconciliation, and testified their Gratitude by a thousand Expressions of Kindness, till they could give more solid Proofs of it.

They remain'd at *Monferrat* nine Days, to give *Stephania* Time to acquit herself of a Vow she had made; and the Night before

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their

their Departure, after they had supp'd, the Conversation turning upon Love, the Ladies desired *Riccardo* to tell them his Adventures. He was too complaisant to deny, and gave them a Recital of all that had happened to him with *Lizarda*, in so touching a Manner, that they interested themselves deeply in his Misfortune, and expressed their Concern for his Fate. But *Stephania*, after having been silent for a few Moments, spoke to him thus:

“ I was in Pain how I should find an Opportunity of acquitting myself in some Degree of the great Debt I owe you, and I hope now Heaven has put it into my Power, and that my Services will not be useless to you. I suspect that the Person you have spoke of is now at *Barcelona*, and if it is the same I imagine, she is one of my most intimate Friends. She is called Donna *Lizarda*, and is of *Ciudad-real*, and all that prevents me from assuring you it is your Mistress, is, that she has no Husband, and lives with her Parents.”

This News gave *Riccardo* a Joy mingled with Inquietude; he durst not suffer himself to believe it wholly, as he thought himself too unfortunate to meet with such a Blessing; but he could not entirely reject a Hope, founded upon such probable Circumstances. With the utmost Impatience to know his Fate, he press'd the Departure of this agreeable Company, and awaken'd the Ladies so early,

early, that they arrived at *Barcelona* before ten in the Morning, As soon as they had refreshed themselves, and Don *Henrique* had recover'd himself from the first Transports of returning to his Family, *Stephania* sent one of her Women to the Mother of *Lizarda*, to inform her of his Return, and beg her to let her have the Pleasure of her Daughter's Company for a few Hours. She reply'd that she thought herself honoured by the Request, and sending *Lizarda* immediately, she order'd her to testify to Donna *Stephania* the Joy they felt at her having recover'd her supposed lost Husband. *Stephania*, *Angelica*, Don *Henrique*, and Don *Frederic* came to the Foot of the Stairs to receive *Lizarda*, and left *Riccardo* in his own Apartment. After the first Compliments, *Stephania* told her she had something to impart to her, and went into her Closet with her and Don *Henrique*, and having seated herself by her upon a Couch, she told her she had a Letter to deliver, from a Cavalier of *Ciudad-real*, called *Riccardo*. She blush'd when she heard a Name pronounced so dear to her Memory, and begg'd *Stephania* to give it her immediately, that she might hear something of one whose Absence had caused her many Tears. Don *Henrique* went out as to fetch it, and return'd leading in *Riccardo*. *Lizarda* was so amazed to see him embracing her Knees, that she knew not whe-

ther it was an Illusion, or whether some benevolent Spirit, touch'd with her Affliction, had not transported him in a Moment from *Italy* to *Catalonia*, to dry up the Source of her Tears. After they had both recover'd themselves, and the first Transports of their Joy were over, *Riccardo* ask'd her, with a trembling Voice, if she was still another's; and *Lizarda*, after having assured him she was absolutely free, satisfied his Curiosity in the following Manner:

The Continuation of the History of
Donna LIZARDA.

I Was so shock'd, my faithful *Riccardo*, when I heard of your Departure, that I fell into the most profound Melancholy; I had felt the Sorrow of loving a false ungrateful Wretch (for such I then thought you) and I imagined it the greatest of Misfortunes: But, when I knew the Pains of an eternal Absence, I found my first Sorrows trifling in comparison; and if my Religion had not been concern'd, I should have chose Death much sooner than Marriage with Don *Fulgencio*. He prepared for the Espousals with a Magnificence which serv'd only to increase my Sorrow; I was obliged to attend him, conducted by my Parents, to the Great Church, where I gave him my Hand. We return'd home, where, whilst I received a
 thou-

thousand Compliments of Joy from my invited Friends, I was penetrated with the most dreadful Sorrow ; yet I was obliged to constrain myself with an Appearance of Tranquillity at a magnificent Supper, and a Ball which follow'd it. But when I was to be carry'd to a bridal Bed, which I look'd upon with more Horror than a Grave, Don *Fulgencio*, who was undress'd by the Bed-side, told me with a faltering Voice, that he found himself extremely ill ; I drew near him, and he had only Time to press my Hand, and bid me an eternal Farewel, before he fell into an apoplectic Fit, of which he expired in a few Moments. As Don *Fulgencio* had given me great Advantages, several Persons of Distinction sought my Alliance, at my Appearance again in the World ; but I refused them all, to preserve myself for the only Man I ever loved, and whose Absence was still more dreadful to me, as upon the Death of Don *Fulgencio*, I was informed by the Corregidor of his Innocence, and my unhappy Mistake. Heaven, who had pity on my Afflictions, prepared me for this happy Event, by removing me into another Province. The present Viceroy of *Catalonia*, who had a particular Friendship with my Father, upon his being advanced to that Post, was desirous to have him near him ; and he, willing to share in the Happiness of his an-

cient Friend, brought his whole Family with him to reside in *Barcelona*; where, since I have had the Happiness of finding you, as faithful and as passionate as before your Departure, I no longer regret the Pains I have undergone. My Father values my Happiness too much, to oppose our mutual Inclinations, and I have Reason to hope our Misfortunes are now at their Conclusion.

Lizarda had scarce finish'd her Narration, when her Parents came to felicitate Donna *Stephania* upon the happy Return of her Husband. When she had received their Compliments, she presented *Riccardo* to them, and in a few Words told them the History of his Passion for *Lizarda*, and begg'd them to accept of him as a Son-in-law. As they were thoroughly acquainted with his Family and Fortune, they easily agreed to the Choice of their Daughter, and only desired Time to have the Viceroy's Approbation. He gave his Consent with Pleasure, desired the Marriage might be celebrated in his Palace, and bestow'd considerable Employments upon *Riccardo*, to testify his Value for all the Family of his Friend. Thus, by the Goodness of an interposing Providence, the Constancy of *Riccardo* was rewarded; *Frederic* found himself happy in the Possession of his dear *Angelica*; and *Stephania*,

the HAPPY PERSEVERANCE. 223

phania, after having suffered for two Years, without murmuring, the Injustice of her Fate, found herself at length recompens'd for her Patience, by the happy Return of Don *Henrique's* sincere and tender Passion; and, by their mutual Happiness, felt the Reward of her constant and *happy Perseverance in Virtue.*

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HENRIQUEZ *and* ELVIRA;

O R,

The FORCE *of* LOVE.

THE beautiful *Elvira*, whose surprizing Adventures are the Subject of this Novel, was born in *Avila*, one of the most famous Cities of *Castille*. Her Parents were descended from illustrious Families, who had signalized themselves in the Field, and were sufficiently endow'd with the Gifts of Fortune. They loved *Elvira* with the most tender Affection, not so much because she was their only Child, as that her amiable Qualities justify'd the Excess of their paternal Tendernefs, Together with an uncommon Beauty, she possess'd a Modesty, which imprinted Respect wherever her Charms created Love; and at the same time was endow'd with an Understanding, superior to most of her Sex. It is not to be wonder'd at that, with these Qualifications, several young Cavaliers look'd upon her with passionate Eyes; but she was deaf to all their Pursuits, and avoided their Addresses with as much Earnestness, as others of her Age would have sought after them. A secret Passion, which
had

had grown up with her from her Infancy, where she had no Hopes of Success, made her look upon all Proposals of Marriage with Repugnance.

Her Father had a Brother, who for some time lived in Affluence, but, by an unforeseen Series of Misfortunes, was reduced to such an Extremity, as to leave his Country, and solicit a Licence from His Majesty to go to the *Indies*, in hopes Fortune might be more propitious to him in another Climate. He had been for some time a Widower, and, before his Departure, he recommended his only Son, named *Henriquez*, to the Friendship and Protection of his Brother, who receiv'd him with as much Pleasure as if he had been his own, and express'd great Joy at Heaven's having given him one who was as dear to him as a Son, that when *Elvira* was establish'd in the Arms of a Husband, he might remain with him, and be his Consolation in the Chagrins that accompany Solitude and old Age. *Henriquez* was almost two Years older than *Elvira*, when he was put into his Uncle's Hands; he was beautiful, sprightly, and engaging in his Temper; and as he grew up gave such Marks of Prudence and Good Sense, that his Uncle, in a short Time, loved him with almost the same Affection as his own Daughter, educating them together as Brother and Sister, not so much from their Nearness in Blood, as from the

equal Tenderneſs he felt for both. Thus their mutual Affection encreas'd with their Years, and when they were advanced beyond the Age of Childhood, Reaſon, and a Conſciouſneſs of each other's Worth confirm'd what at firſt was an Effect of Sympathy alone. *Henriquez* began to diſcover a Solidity in all his Actions, which ſhow'd the Strength of his Judgment, whiſt the Charms of his Wit, and the Galantry of his Behaviour, gave him the Preheminence over all the Youth of that noble City. The Love he felt for *Elvira* already paſs'd the Bounds his Prudence wiſh'd to ſet to it, and his conſtant Knowledge of her Merit daily encreas'd a Flame, which was too ardent to be conceal'd from her who occaſion'd it. On the other hand *Elvira* ſtruggled in vain againſt ſo powerful an Inclination, though ſhe conceal'd it with the utmoſt Care, knowing her Father, who was far advanced in Years, was not free from a ſuſpicious Temper, the conſtant Defect of Age. She dreaded alſo his Reſolutions in favour of a Friend of his, one of the moſt opulent in the City, who had already made ſome Overtures for his Son, whom her Charms had captivated. The Father of *Elvira* liſtned with Pleaſure to this Propoſal, as *Oſtavio*, which was the Name of the Lover, was of illuſtrious Birth, and ſole Heir to an Eſtate of ſix thouſand Ducats yearly Revenue. From hence aroſe the ſtrongeſt Fears in *Elvira* ;

vira; who knowing the dangerous Power of Riches, trembled lest this ample Fortune should tempt her Parents to make her forever unhappy. She said, within herself, that whoever is satisfied with his Fortune is sufficiently rich; that Happiness does not consist in a Glare of Pomp and Equipage, and that Content in a Cottage is far preferable to Distaste and Sorrow in a Palace. In fine, her Love inspired her with a kind of Philosophy, which has no Influence upon the Minds of those whom Age has cured of that Passion. Thus Hope and Despair mutually agitated the Heart of the Daughter, while Avarice and Ambition equally disturbed that of the Father. But, after some days Consideration, he fully determined to give her to *Octavio*; and taking his Nephew with him into the Fields, he was willing, before he went any farther, knowing his Discretion and Judgment surpassed his Years, to disclose his Designs to him, the Suspicions of which *Elvira* had conceal'd from him, not to drive him to Despair. The Uncle seated himself under some Trees, which grew by the Banks of a small Rivulet, and his Nephew placing himself by him, he began his Discourse in these Terms:

“ *Henriquez*, thou canst not doubt of my
 “ Tenderness, nor how dear thou art to me,
 “ since I have always behaved to thee with
 “ the Affection of a Father; and Heaven is
 “ my

“ my Witness that I think myself happy in
 “ possessing thee as a Son, since all who
 “ know thee admire thy Prudence, and e-
 “ steem thy Virtue. I say this, to justify
 “ the Opinion I have of thy Good Sense, as
 “ without trusting wholly to my own, or to
 “ the Experience of many Years, I am wil-
 “ ling to take thy Advice upon an Affair
 “ which I shall communicate to thee. I am,
 “ as thou seest, so far advanced in the Infir-
 “ mities of old Age, that I must daily ex-
 “ pect my Dissolution; my greatest Regret,
 “ at that Hour, would be to leave *Elvira*
 “ unestablished in Life.” *Henriquez* listen-
 ed to this Preamble with the justest Dread
 of at length hearing some Resolution fatal to
 his Love; and, without being able to return
 any Answer, with great Difficulty conceal’d
 his Disorder, whilst his Uncle went on thus :
 “ *Ostasio* has been for some Months so dis-
 “ tractedly in Love with *Elvira*, that his
 “ Father, from whom he could no longer
 “ conceal his Passion, has in Person sollicit-
 “ ed me to save the Life of his Son, by
 “ granting her to him. Thou knowest how
 “ amply he is endowed both with the Gifts
 “ of Birth and Fortune : I could not have
 “ hoped for so advantageous a Proposal,
 “ and am therefore determined to seize upon
 “ the Occasion; and to-morrow I design to
 “ conclude the Agreement, and sign the Ar-
 “ ticles, being thoroughly assured of the O-
 “ bedience

“bedience of *Elvira*. Nevertheless, I was
“willing first to communicate my Intenti-
“ons to thee, that, by thy Prudence, ap-
“proving of my Choice, I might be more
“fully confirm’d in it.

It is not in Words to express what Sentiments arose in the Breast of *Henriquez*, at hearing this Discourse of his Uncle’s; he stood in need of all his Wisdom to repress and conceal the Agony he was in; but answering him with the least Appearance of Emotion that was possible, he endeavoured to represent to him the Danger of exacting a Consent by paternal Obedience so hastily, and to dissuade him from concluding the Affair entirely, before he had examined into the Sentiments of his Daughter. *Henriquez*, who, in his sudden Confusion and Surprise, scarce knew how to act, said these Things, in hopes at least to delay his Misfortune for some Time; but the Reasons he made use of happen’d not to displease his Uncle, who, conforming to his Advice, resolved to declare it to his Daughter, but still with this Determination, that there should be no Interval between the Proposal and the Consent.

Henriquez return’d home in such a Situation of Trouble, Surprise and Confusion, that he almost look’d upon what had passed as a terrifying Dream, and could scarce believe himself awake. He was accustomed to converse with *Elvira* in the Night, when
her

her Parents were asleep; and they frequently remained together till Day (in the Presence of one who had brought her up, and was the Confidante of her Love) without ever passing the Bounds of Respect, or indulging themselves in any dishonourable Freedoms. But how different was this Night from the many happy ones they had formerly pass'd together! Imagination only can describe the Grief, the Tenderneſs, the mutual Proteſtations of Fidelity that paſſed between them upon this unhappy Event; after which, depending upon each other's Sincerity, they departed with ſomething more Tranquillity. In the Morning ſhe was ſent for into the Apartment of thoſe who gave her Birth, who had been all the Night conſulting upon a Deſign which they imagined ſhe would not reſuſe. They began by telling her that ſhe was the pleaſing Cauſe of all their Cares and Sollicitudes, that they might provide her a worthy Eſtabliſhment; after which they added that, depending upon her Obedience, in a Point that was greatly to her Advantage, they had promiſed her to *Oſtavo*, whoſe Merit ſhe was not ignorant of, and who, upon many Accounts, was highly worthy of her. The afflicted *Elvira* liſtened to this Propoſal with equal Patience and Sorrow, and reply'd, That there was no Huſband who could make her reſolve to abandon them, conjuring them to ſuffer her to continue to ſerve

serve them, without constraining her to obey a Man, whose Manners and Humour were unknown to her, or at least to give her Time to conquer her Repugnance, before they engaged her Hand. Her Answer appear'd so reasonable, that, imagining she would soon submit to their Desires, they did not then press her any farther, and *Elvira* retired satisfied with the Effort her Love had made.

But not many Hours had pass'd before the Father of *Ottavio* came, to hasten the Conclusion of the Treaty; and *Elvira's* Father looking upon the Arguments she had made use of rather as the Effects of Shame and Modesty, than Dislike, upon the entire Confidence he had in the Obedience of his Daughter, made no Difficulty to give his Promise, that without Delay all should be concluded the next Day. But he deceived himself in this Presumption of his Authority, since there is no Law which obliges a Child to an Obedience that must make her eternally unhappy.

This inconsiderate and ambitious Father return'd then more eagerly than ever to his first Determination, and immediately endeavour'd to oblige his Daughter to consent; but she, inspired by a Passion which renders the most stupid eloquent, added a thousand new Reasons to those she had before alledg'd, and continued firm in her Opposition to his Designs; at which he conceived a secret Anger, which he chose to dissemble, not to bring
Things

Things to an Extremity, and judg'd it more proper to speak to *Henriquez*, whose Prudence he was sensible of, hoping by his Address, and the Credit he knew he had with *Elvira*, he might conquer her Obstinacy. With this Design he took him in private, and exaggerated to him the Imprudence of *Elvira* (which, on the contrary, in *Henriquez's* Opinion, was the most noble Action of her Life) desired him to discourse with her, represent her Folly to her, and dispose her to behave so as he might not be obliged to make use of Rigour and Violence, which he should be constrained to have recourse to, rather than be failing in his Promise. *Henriquez* promised to omit nothing that might persuade her to her Duty: But the old Cavalier, who was resolved to see the Issue of it without Delay, did not satisfy himself with that Promise, but would have it immediately put in execution, and being desirous to hear without Disguise the Sentiments of his Daughter, he determined to be a Witness of the Interview. It is impossible to express the Disorder of *Henriquez*, at this Resolution; but his Uncle, without regarding him, sent immediately to order *Elvira* to come to his Apartment to speak to her Cousin, who waited for her there; after which he retired into a Closet, where he could see and hear all that passed. He soon saw his Daughter appear, who was far from imagining what
 had

had passed. *Henriquez* stood like a Man struck by a sudden Death, uncertain how to act on this dangerous Occasion, and unable to give her the least Sign of the Dissimulation of his Discourse, knowing what penetrating Eyes beheld his least Actions; so that *Elvira* was equally surprized by his Confusion and his Silence, and was opening her Mouth to make him sometender Reproaches, when he, dreading what she would say, hastily interrupted her, by beginning his fatal and constrained Discourse, which lasted for some Time, and consisted in the most cogent Arguments he could use to persuade her to submit to the Will of her Parents, whose Designs tended solely to her Good and Happiness. The Violence which *Henriquez* put upon himself in speaking thus, made every Word he pronounced a Poniard to his Heart. Unhappy Youth! reduced to persuade and desire a Thing, which could not be granted without costing him his Life. *Elvira* listened to him with an Amazement and a Resentment, easier to be imagined than express'd.

“ What, said she within herself, whilst I, for
“ his sake, throw off the Respect I owe to
“ the Authors of my Being, violate the Laws
“ of Duty, and expose myself to their Re-
“ sentment, can *Henriquez* speak to me with
“ such formal Indifference, and persuade me
“ to love another? Could he give me a
“ more visible Mark of his Contempt, and
“ the

“ the Errors of my Tenderness, that took
 “ the interested Marks of his Addresses,
 “ which doubtless only regarded my Riches,
 “ as Testimonies of a sincere Passion? He
 “ doubtless hoped to gain my Heart, in or-
 “ der only to make himself Master of my
 “ Fortune; and now, seeing my Father fix-
 “ ed in another Design, meanly complies
 “ with him upon whom his Interest de-
 “ pends. Unhappy *Elvira*! conceal thy
 “ misplaced Love from its unworthy Ob-
 “ ject, and discover only an equal Indiffer-
 “ ence.” Hurried away thus by the first
 Emotions of her Resentment, without giving
 herself Leisure to reflect upon the long Ex-
 perience she had had of his Sincerity, when
 he had finished his Discourse, she answer’d
 him thus: That having consider’d upon what
 he proposed to her, she consented to it; that
 it was sufficient for her to see it was so much
 his Desire to satisfy her it was most proper
 for her, and to make her consent without any
 Hesitation; and that he might directly go
 and acquaint her Father that *Octavio* was far
 from being displeasing to her, and that she
 approved of his Addresses. As she finished
 these Words, without waiting for any Re-
 ply, she left the Room, unable to constrain
 her Tears and Sorrow any longer.

The old Cavalier, transported with Joy,
 came out of the Place of his Concealment,
 and by repeated Embraces testified his Joy,

to the despairing *Henriquez*, at the Success of his Harangue; and without taking the least Notice of the Disorder of his Countenance, went immediately to impart the happy News to the Father of *Ostavio*, and the Relations on both Sides, leaving *Henriquez* in a Situation easy to be imagined, tho' difficult to be express'd, lost in the utmost Despair, and accusing himself as the Author of his Fate, and as having lost, by his unhappy Dissimulation, in one Moment, what he had gain'd by the Assiduity of Years. His first Resolution was to endeavour to speak immediately with *Elvira* in private, and discover the fatal Necessity that forced him on this unfortunate Deceit; but it was no longer Time, her Grief and Resentment had render'd her inaccessible, and he was obliged to leave the House, and retire to a solitary Walk, where he might, unconstrain'd and at Liberty, give a Loose to his Sorrow. In the mean Time the Father of *Elvira* return'd home transported with Joy, and introduced her new Lover, who came to offer her the Tribute of his Heart, and enjoy her Presence for a few Moments. She received him without so much as lifting up her Eyes to look upon him, and tho' *Ostavio* imputed this Coolness to a modest Reserve, he would have imagined something more if he had perceived the Tears, which, with the utmost Difficulty, she restrain'd from appearing. In the few Days
which

which passed between this Interview and the Day appointed for the Solemnization of the Marriage, *Henriquez* and *Elvira* felt all the Torments of an approaching Ruin, which in a Moment was to separate their Hearts forever. They could have no Conversation but with their Eyes, and in those of *Henriquez* there appear'd such an Excess of Love, and so visible a Despair, that *Elvira*, whose Passion was still the same, begun to fear she had been too rash, and that some inevitable Constraint had forced him upon making that unhappy Harangue, which was so near being the Occasion of their eternal Misery. The Evening before the fatal Tye was to be perform'd, *Henriquez*, who had assiduously watch'd all Opportunities, found *Elvira* alone, who not flying him immediately, he snatch'd the Occasion, and in as few Words as possible, bursting into Tears, which he in vain endeavour'd to repress, he discover'd to her his Innocence, his Despair, and the barbarous Compulsion of his Uncle, who had thus forced him to solicit himself the Sentence of his Death. *Elvira*, whose Heart pleaded but too strongly in his Favour, easily gave Credit to his Asseverations; and joining her Tears with his, would have assured him that she would run all Hazards rather than be wanting in her Fidelity to him, when she was interrupted by the Arrival of her Mother, accompanied with some of the Friends

Friends of *Octavio*, who in an Instant separated these two unhappy but passionate Lovers, and left them in a Situation to which Death would be infinitely preferable. *Henriquez*, tho' he found some Relief in having been able to make his Innocency known to his Mistress, yet, imagining her Loss irretrievable, and finding himself incapable of bearing the Sight of that fatal Ceremony, which was forever to divide her from him, flew like a Man in Distraction to the House of one of his dearest Friends, named *Don Felix*, who had been the Confident of all his Sorrows; and informing him of the disastrous Fate of his Love, he told him he found himself unable to remain any longer in a Place where he had lost all that was dear to him, and was resolved to depart immediately towards *Seville*, in order to embark there, and join his Father in the *Indies*. *Don Felix* could not disapprove this Resolution, knowing Absence to be the only Hope of Recovery in such desperate Cases. But *Henriquez* could not leave the Idol of his Heart forever, without once more giving her Testimonies of his Innocence, his Love, and his Despair. He writ to her in the most pathetic Terms which distress'd Love could suggest, and, without mentioning his Departure, only told her that the Remainder of his miserable Life should be spent in imploring Heaven to protect her Virtue, and, if possible,

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possible, by forgetting him, to make her as happy as he must be wretched. This Letter was faithfully deliver'd to *Elvira* the same Day; she read it with the deepest Emotions of Love and Compassion, and, hurry'd away by her Passion, the long Knowledge she had of the many Virtues of *Henriquez*, and the Horrors of her approaching Destiny, she resolved to follow his Fate wherever it led him, and to be mutually happy in a low Cottage with him, rather than be magnificently miserable with the Riches and Opulence of his hated Rival. The Night surprized her in these Resolutions, and the House being fill'd with a numerous Assembly of Friends and Relations, she hastily put on her Veil, and in a Moment taking her Jewels, and what she had of Value in a little Pocket, with her, she happily slipt out with a Company of Masques, who were leaving the House, and before she was miss'd in that Crowd and Confusion of Pleasure, came to the House of *Felix*, whom she found sunk in Melancholy. She immediately enquired for *Henriquez*, and he told her he had been gone for *Seville* above three Hours, flying from his Country in the last Affliction, and far from expecting so favourable a Resolution. It is surprizing the agitated *Elvira* had not been struck dead with this unexpected Misfortune, she instantly fainted away, and when she was brought to her-

herself appeared in a Condition that seem'd to threaten her Life.

Don *Felix*, through Compassion, would willingly have accompany'd her directly to follow his Steps, at least overtake him at *Seville*; but the Extremity she was in convinced him she stood more in need of Assistance and Repose than of endangering her Life by so great a Fatigue; besides that it was certain, in the Tumult they would be in at her Evasion, all the Roads would be lay'd, and she, by consequence, in the utmost Danger of falling into their Hands. He thought it therefore most proper to conduct her immediately to an Aunt of his, whose Prudence he could depend upon, and who receiv'd her with the Tendernefs of a Parent, where he left her in Safety, assuring her he would depart immediately to acquaint his Friend with his unhoped for Happiness, and to prevent his Voyage. During this Time the Family of *Elvira* was in incredible Confusion, her Father and *Ostasio* appear'd like Men deprived of Reason, and their Friends in vain made the most diligent Enquiries after her; but reflecting that *Henriquez* had also disappear'd, they imagined he must be the Cause, and that since they were both wanting, he had most certainly carried her off. Thus, without further Hesitation, the Father of *Elvira*, breathing only Vengeance for this Insult, resolv'd to pursue him every where, in
order

order to have him punish'd according to the Greatness of his Crime. *Octavio* offer'd to accompany him, being equally sollicitous for a Revenge; and remembring they had heard him frequently express a particular Desire to see *Madrid*, and the famous Court of *Philip* the IVth, they agreed to take that Road, whilst the Despair of *Henriquez* was accompanying him in that of *Seville*.

Don *Felix* was highly pleas'd at their Error, and immediately flew to inform *Elvira*, that he believ'd she might now with safety accompany him in his Journey: She consented to it with the utmost Joy, and they agreed to leave the City in the Night to avoid being known. They happily succeeded in their Design the following Night, and Don *Felix*, with a faithful Domestick, took also care to provide himself with Money sufficient for their Subsistence, if the Journey should prove longer than they expected.

Henriquez, far from imagining what pass'd in his Favour, continued his Journey, so dejected, and with so great a Hatred of Life, that Heaven, touch'd with his Complaints, seem'd willing to deprive him of it. For his Horse starting suddenly at a Bird which sprung up from the Ground, fell with such Violence, that *Henriquez*, whose Leg was engaged under him, found it impossible to rise, or to disengage himself from him, till some Peasants, touch'd by his Cries, ran to his Assistance,

Assistance, and leaving their Labour, carried him in their Arms to a little Inn, which stood at the Entrance of the neighbouring Village, where his Hurts were dress'd; but though his Leg and Thigh were not broke, the Contusion was so great, that he was above eight Days before he could pursue his Journey; and when he found himself recover'd enough to mount his Horse, he continued his Route, at the same time as *Felix* and *Elvira* had already reach'd two Days Journey before him, and even pass'd through the Village, where he lay ill of his Fall. *Henriquez* travell'd slowly on, agitated with Confusion, Regret and Jealousy, when one Evening arriving early at the Village of *Adamuz*, lost in his melancholy Reflections, he thought it in vain to seek for Repose, till the Fatigues of his Body forced Nature to submit to a short Refreshment; and therefore resolved to pass on, he insensibly found himself overtook by so dark a Night, that it was impossible for him to see his Way. The Moon was veil'd with a thick Cloud, and in this obscure Darknefs *Henriquez* began to reflect upon the Histories he had heard of the Danger of this Part of the Country. Whilst he was thinking of this, he heard a Noise not far from him, which because of the unseasonable Hour was suspicious to him. He alighted from his Horse, and had scarce drawn his Sword, before he imagined he discern'd something like the

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Shadow

Shadow of a Man, who by the Help of the Night endeavour'd to conceal himself behind a neighbouring Hedge. He came hastily up to him, and presented the Point of his Sword; but, the Man, without being in the least concern'd, call'd to him to throw down his Weapon and his Purse, unless he was willing to be worse used; for that, if he thought of Defence, it was voluntary running into Destruction, for he would find himself in a Moment surrounded by his Companions (who were more than perhaps he imagin'd) and cut to Pieces. *Henriquez* supposed this a Stratagem of the Robber's, who being alone, hoped to intimidate him by this Invention; and his fatal Passion making him regardless of Safety, he rush'd boldly upon him, and would have stabb'd him at the first Pass, if the Traitor suspecting it had not started back three Paces, and with a loud Whistle call'd his Companions, who came up in an Instant, and surrounded *Henriquez*. The unhappy Cavalier, attack'd on all sides, testified in his Resistance such uncommon Valour and Intrepidity, that one of the chief of the Troop, admiring his Courage, and touch'd with Compassion that a Man, who could so valiantly defend his Life, should lose it thus oppress'd by Multitudes, leapt before him, and with his Sword making a Sign to keep back the Fury of his Companions, he turn'd towards *Henriquez*,
and

and told him, that the sole Design of those who were with him was to plunder, and not to murder, unless they were forced to it by too great an Obstinacy: And therefore he advised him (as a Man who by such Proofs of Courage was become his Friend) not to precipitate himself thus upon a voluntary Death, but to come patiently and pass the Night with them, where he should receive no Hurt. *Henriquez* reply'd with an unmoved Voice, that Life was not of Value enough to him to fear to lose it; but that, not to appear ungrateful to him who so generously gave it, he accepted his Proposal with Thanks. In concluding these Words he presented his Sword to him, and suffer'd himself to be conducted by them to their Retreat.

They arrived together at a private Cave, which run a great way under the Earth, and contain'd within it a thousand subterraneous Windings and Apartments, and several different Outlets. Except their taking from him every thing of Value, which is an Act of Hospitality they never forget to exercise to their unfortunate Guests, they used him with tolerable Humanity, and after making him partake of their Repast, they left him alone in one of their obscure Apartments.

There the melancholy *Henriquez* was laid thinking of his absent Mistress, whom he imagined then far from him, though she was so near, that if he had given his Thoughts

Utterance, she could almost have heard and answer'd them, being only separated from him by a Part of the Rock, out of which the Cave was hewn. The same Misfortune had involv'd them both, as if Heaven had decreed there should be the same Sympathy in their Adventures as in their Hearts. For, as she was passing by that Place the Day before, accompany'd by *Felix*, both in the pleasing Hopes of finding *Henriquez* at *Seville*, they were suddenly invested by six Banditti of the same Troop, who did not give that faithful Friend opportunity to use his Arms in her Defence. They stript him of every thing of Value, and as they were preparing to do the same to the unhappy and terrified *Elvira*, one of the chief amongst them, casting his Eyes upon her, with a loose Inclination, thought to oblige her, by preventing them from using that Violence; and thus not suffering them to rob her, but, on the contrary, making them remount her upon her Mule, he carry'd her to the usual Place of their Retreat, with an Intention, at the Expence of her Honour, to satiate the brutal Desires her Eyes had innocently kindled. It is needless to attempt to describe the Distress and Despair of *Elvira*, who thus saw herself a Prey to the most abandon'd and vilest of Mankind; she implored the Assistance of Death, and burst into Complaints, that would have moved all Hearts but theirs to Compassion.

When

When they arrived at their obscure and dreadful Habitation, which was the Corner of a dark Cave, next to that which enclos'd *Henriquez*, the amorous Robber began to endeavour to regale her with the Provisions which they had in great abundance at the Expence of the neighbouring Villages. Don *Felix* had accompany'd them (though they had granted him his Liberty) unwilling to abandon *Elvira* in that deplorable Condition, and upon her saying he was her Brother, not to displease her, the Robbers treated him with some Courtesy. The poor Lady trembled with Horror to find herself thus in the Power of a brutal Wretch; but she was so happy (if that Expression may be used of one reduced to such a Situation) that the general Chief of the whole Band, a Man of Resolution and Authority, felt himself deeply struck with the Charms of her Beauty, and looking upon her with Envy as the Prey of his Rival, over whom he had no Right, as he was not present at the Capture, he resolved at least to protect her, and prevent the other from possessing her; covering the Jealousy of his envious Heart with a Pretext of Compassion, and a false Resemblance of Virtue.

Elvira felt a Gleam of Joy at this Dispute, hoping that by this Concurrence they would equally defend her from each other, and that in the interim Providence, moved by her

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Supplication and Prayers, might open a Way to her Release. Thus these two Land-Cor-sairs mutually emulated each other in endeavouring to divert her Melancholy, showing her all the Particularities of their horrible Mansion, after her dangerous Protector had remov'd her Fear, by solemnly assuring her that she should receive no Displeasure. Thus they led her through all the Meanders of that vast Grotto, and were drawing near the Place where *Henriquez*, sunk with Fatigue and Sorrow, had fallen into the Bonds of Sleep. But whilst they were thus employ'd, one of the Band came hastily to inform them that a Troop of Archers had been seen in the Plain, and that they fear'd that the neighbouring Villages, daily infested by their Incursions, had given Intelligence to the Officers of Justice to surprize them. This News caus'd a general Disorder, they prepared both for Defence and Evasion; and the two principal Chiefs, forgetting their Love, went themselves to reconnoitre all the Avenues to the Cave.

Elvira was thus suddenly left alone (if we can call her alone, who was so near the Object she most wish'd to see) and endeavouring to make use of this happy Opportunity, she advanced in hopes of finding some Outlet, when a few Paces further she stumbled at something which lay upon the Ground, and looking down she saw it was a Man asleep; and the

the Curiosity natural to her Sex making her stoop to look upon him, she saw, with the greatest Mixture of Joy, Amazement, and Emotion, that it was *Henriquez*, that beloved *Henriquez* for whom alone she wish'd to live. In this sudden Agitation, forgetting the Reserve and Modesty of her Sex, and looking upon herself already as his Wife, she hastily embraced him; and *Henriquez*, who awaked that Moment, in equal Disorder of Joy, return'd the Embrace, scarce believing it could be more than a happy Illusion. The Excess of their mutual Transport at first permitted them not to enquire how they met in this dreadful Place; but after reciprocal Explanations, *Henriquez* propos'd making use of the fortunate Opportunity to escape, if possible, from so imminent a Danger; and as they were advancing forwards, thinking only how they should advertise *Don Felix* of their Design, they met the Robbers coming back, almost recover'd from their Fright, which they imagined came only from a false Alarm; though they deceiv'd themselves, for in effect the Officers of Justice of *Cordova* had been in search of them the whole Night, and the Archers, having lost themselves in the dark, could not meet again till Day-break, when they arriv'd near the Place that had been indicated to them, where hearing a confused Noise, they judg'd that this must infallibly be the Place of their Retreat.

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So that investing the Cave on all sides, by that Surprize they cut off all Means of Flight, or of defending themselves. The Captain burning for *Elvira*, had return'd before the rest, in hopes to be a few Moments with her without a Rival; and finding her with *Henriquez*, he put a Pistol to his Breast, and forcing him again to his Dungeon, he convey'd her back towards that Part of the Cave where *Felix* was confin'd. But hearing an uncommon Noise, and reflecting upon the severe Torments he must undergo if he suffer'd himself to fall into the Hands of Justice, he mounted upon a swift *Andalusian* Horse, which his Fear made him keep always ready, and forcing the miserable *Elvira* up before him, he escaped through a secret Issue, which went out into a Valley; and spurring the Animal to its utmost Speed, he for the present evaded the Fate of his wretched Companions.

Henriquez, who had follow'd them, without being able to overtake them, by his Ignorance of the different Windings of the Cave, was so unfortunate as to be seiz'd upon as one of the Troop, and bound with the rest, his declaring his Quality, and by what Adventure he came there, being of no Service, as several of the other Prisoners alledged the same, though not with the same Truth, affirming they were not of the Band, but unhappy Travellers, whom they had strip

stript of all, and forced to this dismal Habitation; so that the Officers of Justice, unable to distinguish the Innocent from the Guilty, made them all equal, and carry'd them to the next Village, from whence they were convey'd together to the Prisons of Cordova.

Let us now leave the unfortunate *Henriquez*, deploring his Misfortune, and in vain protesting his Innocence, and return to his faithful Friend *Don Felix*, who having seen the unhappy *Elvira* thus hurried away by the cruel Robber, moved by Generosity and Compassion, he seiz'd upon *Henriquez's* Horse, which happily was fasten'd near him, and following by the same Outlet through which he made his Escape, he spurr'd after him with the utmost Speed; and as his Courage, founded upon Reason and Humanity, was consequently favour'd by Heaven, he overtook the infamous Ravisher, sooner than he had expected.

As soon as the Villain heard the Voice of *Felix*, who, as he pursued him, cryed out, Seize the Robber! as all Crimes are generally accompanied with Terrour, he reflected that if he stopt to defend his Prey, he might perhaps be surrounded with those who would soon force him to accompany his Fellow-Robbers; and therefore, not to retard his Flight, he unwillingly set down his beauteous Prize, before *Don Felix* had reach'd him, and rode swiftly off. But the Justice of Heaven was

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not thus to be evaded, for he had not gone above a half League, before he was seiz'd upon by a great Number of Peasants, who had assembled themselves to assist the Officers of Justice, and who did not leave him till they saw him confin'd in the same Prison to which his Companions had been convey'd, in order to expiate, by Death, for the many Lives they had so cruelly taken away.

It is impossible to represent with what Sentiments of Gratitude *Elvira* express'd her Thanks to the valiant *Felix*, for her Deliverance from a Danger more terrible than Death; his Modesty soon put a Stop to her Praises, and taking her up behind him, they went to the same Village through which the Prisoners had pass'd; and informing themselves concerning *Henriquez*, by the Description they gave, they found he was seiz'd amongst the rest, and convey'd along with the Criminals. This News obliged them to use the greatest Expedition to reach *Cordova*, where, whilst the faithful *Henriquez* was one Morning in his Prison, revolving in his Mind his unhappy Destiny, and trembling with Horror for the Fate of *Elvira*, he saw the Door open, and Don *Felix* enter, leading in that Mistress of his Heart. Language is too faint to describe what now passed in his Bosom at such an unforeseen Event, which in a Moment, from the most miserable, made him the happiest of Mankind. After the
first

first Sallies of their mutual Transport were over, they began seriously to consult upon the Deliverance of *Henriquez*; and, as well to that Effect, as for their other Necessities, *Felix* undertook to dispose of some Jewels, which *Elvira* had preserved when they were robb'd, by the Chief's having prevented them from searching her. The Sale was made with the usual Disadvantages attending such Situations, and by the Affidavit of *Felix* and *Elvira*, accompanied by considerable Gratifications, a Declaration of his Innocence was drawn up the same Night. But as he was upon the Point of being set at Liberty, he was again recommitted to Prison by a Decree of Justice, specifying it to be for another Crime, which in a proper Place and Time would be proved. *Henriquez* was amazed, *Elvira* in Tears, *Felix* deeply concern'd, and all in the utmost Confusion. But *Henriquez* soon discover'd the Cause of this new Sorrow, by perceiving two Men, to whom the Goaler had given Entrance, one of whom was *Ostavio*, his hated Rival, and the other the rigorous Father of *Elvira*, who breathing only Vengeance had departed with *Ostavio*, and not finding what he was in search of at *Madrid*, had drawn towards *Andalusia*, making the strictest Enquiries in all Places through which they pass'd, and arriving that very Day at *Cordova*, had luckily met with an ancient Friend of his, who had formerly

formerly serv'd with him in *Flanders*, and in the Conversation he told him, there was in the Prisons of that City a young Cavalier, whom he must certainly know, as he said he was a Native of *Avila*. This Particularity immediately alarm'd him, and enquiring further, he found that this Prisoner was the Enemy he was in search of. He immediately went to the Judges, to make information of the pretended Rape committed by his perfidious Nephew: They receiv'd his Accusation, and suspending the Sentence they had given for his Deliverance, order'd, on the contrary, that he should be more strictly confined. After this necessary Step, he came with *Ostavio* to question him in the Prison, and if possible to draw from him where *Elvira* was. *Henriquez*, after having humbly saluted his Uncle, protested that he was innocent of the Rape of which they accused him, and was too much a Man of Honour to make use of such Violence. The Father of *Elvira* was still more incens'd against him, to find he deny'd the Fact; and *Ostavio* vented his Passion in injurious Language, with the more Liberty, as he saw him out of a Condition of Defence; and both declaring the Power of Justice should force from him what he so insolently denied, they left him in the utmost Rage; and *Henriquez* went immediately to *Felix* and *Elvira*, who at the sight of her incens'd Parents had retired with
the

greatest Precipitation. Don *Felix* advis'd them to celebrate their Marriage without Delay, and by that means put a Stop to the Pretensions of *Octavio*. This Advice was far from being displeasing to either of them, but their Nearness in Blood, and the Want of the proper Dispensation, gave them an Uneasiness, which *Felix* soon removed, by assuring them he could in a few Days deliver them from that Difficulty, by writing immediately to an Uncle he had at *Madrid*, who was an Auditor of the Council, and who at his Request would send them directly the necessary Dispensations; and as it was the Post-day for *Madrid*, he went that instant, and writ to him with the greatest Earnestness and Zeal, representing strongly the Danger they were in. In the mean time the Father of *Elvira* began to solicit powerfully against his Nephew, who also instructed his Advocate, and the Process proceeded the more eagerly, as large Fees were not wanting on either Side.

The faithful Don *Felix*, after having left the beautiful *Elvira* with one of the principal Ladies of the City, who, as she was an unfortunate Stranger, and of her own Sex, granted her an Asylum with all possible Affability, departed with the utmost Expedition for the Village where *Henriquez* had remain'd some Days to be cured of his Fall; from whence he brought an ample Information,

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tion, attested by the principal Inhabitants of the Place, who made their Depositions concerning the Time of his staying there, and of his not having any Person with him, when he return'd to *Cordova*. He put these into the Hands of an Advocate, who advis'd him to abscond, because the Robbers, upon their Interrogation, had declared, that they seiz'd and carried into their Retreat, a Woman who call'd herself *Elvira*, and was not accompanied by *Henriquez*, but by another Cavalier, whose Name they knew not, but they could swear to his Person. *Felix* perceiving by this, that, if he appear'd, his Life would be in Danger, took Refuge in a Convent of *Franciscans*, with a Friend of his, who was of that Order.

In the interim the Process went on, and the Father of *Elvira*, incens'd against his Nephew, began to request he might be put upon the Rack, to force him by Tortures to confess a Truth that he so obstinately deny'd. This unnatural Uncle had acquired great Credit with the Judges, and had found Wretches wicked enough to depose falsely against *Henriquez*; so that the Presumptions being strong against him, they determin'd to condemn him to the Torture. *Elvira*, who was inform'd of this dreadful Sentence, melted into Floods of Tears, and throwing off all Sense of Fear and Disgrace, she resolv'd, rather than suffer this horrid Deed, to appear before

before the Judges, and declare, that she alone, of her own voluntary Motion, without any Persuasion but that of Love, and solely to avoid a Marriage she disliked, had absented herself from her Father's House, choosing rather to expose her Reputation to the Calumny of the ignorant Multitude, than to be obliged to pass her Life with a Man whom she detested. Adding that she had no other Knowledge of the Cavalier who was taken with her, than by his Courtesy, and the Valour with which he endeavour'd to defend her, seeing her a Woman, and alone.

Elvira thus meditated her Harangue, counting the Moments in her Terrors for *Henriquez*; and that faithful Lover disposed himself, with Courage and Resolution, to bear the Misfortunes that threaten'd him. But Heaven had Compassion on their faithful and innocent Affection, and conducted their Affairs very differently; for Don *Felix* sent them the necessary Dispatches which were arrived from *Madrid*, so that there being then no Obstacle to their Marriage, the good *Franciscan* perform'd the Ceremony; after which *Henriquez* caus'd it to be signified to his Adversaries, that, as the Husband of *Elvira*, he was not obliged to give an Account where he had placed her; so that her Father being fully convinced of the Truth of this Assertion, by the Officers of Justice, who

who had seen the proper Certificate and the Dispensations, he remain'd so confused, and so incens'd by this new Affront, that forgetting all the natural Compassion due to so near a Relation, and reflecting only upon the Riches he had lost with *Ottavio*, by the means of his Nephew, he prosecuted his Design with still greater Heat, exaggerating the Enormity of his Crime, and the Insult the Family had receiv'd, however legitimate it might now be made. In this Time Don *Felix*, who supposed he was no longer in any Danger, since *Henriquez* had confess'd she was in his Custody, and that the Marriage was perform'd, appear'd boldly before the Judges, to contradict the new Accusation of this revengeful Father, who no sooner saw him, than he order'd him to be arrested and thrown into Prison, by virtue of a private Warrant he had obtain'd against him, pretending to verify that he had been the principal Author of his Daughter's Evasion, had broken open his House upon that account, and had been afterwards met with her upon the Road; proving his Assertion before the Judges, by such strong Circumstances, and suspicious Incidents, that he made a praiseworthy Action of Friendship pass for a Crime that merited condign Punishment.

Affairs were in this unhappy Situation, and the Misfortunes of *Henriquez* still more deeply aggravated, by having thus involv'd his faithful

faithful Friend in the same Fate, when *Elvira*, equally joining in his Sorrow, resolved to hazard a rash Attempt, in order to put a stop to this dangerous Prosecution. She desired the Lady whom she was with, and who had conceiv'd the tenderest Affection for her, to send word privately to *Octavio*, that a Woman of Quality, who admired his Person, waited at a certain Place, which was named, without the City, in order to know whether his Complaisance equal'd his good Mien, and whether he knew as well how to return an Affection as to create it. The Design of this false Message was to give *Elvira* an Opportunity of speaking with him in private, and imploring his Generosity to recede from his Pursuits, and soften the Resentment of her Father. This Expedient appear'd plausible to her Friend, when, without further Hesitation, she dispatch'd a Billet, which was privately deliver'd him. *Octavio* perused it, and suspecting no Artifice in a Passion which his Self-Love made him think his Person very capable of inspiring, he related his Adventure to the Father of *Elvira*, and even desired him to accompany him at a Distance, that he might not be alone, in case the Lady did not come, or the Assignation was false, and only a Stratagem to turn him into Ridicule, as he was a Stranger in the City. But he was no sooner within sight of the Place appointed, than he blamed his former Suspicions,

cions, discovering a Coach with Ladies, who seeing him advance alone, desired him to come into the Coach ; where *Elvira* immediately unveiling her Face, and mingling Sighs and Tears with her Discourse, represented to him the Sorrow and Misfortunes she had suffer'd upon his Account, and excused the unkind Return she had made to his Love, by the Engagements she had long before enter'd into with him, who had been her Lover from her Infancy, without which unhappy Passion, she should certainly have been his without Regret, being conscious his Merit deserv'd a much more valuable Woman. She after wards related to him the Necessities she had suffer'd, and told him that but for the Assistance of the Lady who was present, and the Help of her Jewels, which she had sold for her Subsistence, she must have been reduced to the lowest Misery ; that *Henriquez*, unhappy, poor, a Prisoner, and persecuted by his nearest Relation, had no longer any Hopes but in his Compassion, and that she conjured his Generosity to have pity on their Love and their Misfortunes, and for the Remembrance of the Tendernefs he had once bore her, to give her this last Proof of it, not to foment the Cruelty of her Father, but rather to dissuade him from it. During this Discourse, the old Cavalier was gently approaching towards the Coach, where so unexpectedly seeing his Daughter, the Violence

sence of his sudden Rage at her Sight, and the Reflections on what he had lost in *Octavio*, by her Evasion, taking away all Sense of Reason and Humanity, he flew towards her to revenge himself with his own Hands, and wash away, what he thought so great an Affront, in her Blood. *Elvira* shriek'd out with Terrour and Surprise, *Octavio* threw himself between them, and the Lady, to whom the Equipage belong'd, resented this Violence as an Insult to her. At length their Dispute caus'd so great a Disorder round the Coach, that it oblig'd a Cavalier, who was travelling by in his, to alight, to know the Cause of this Difference, and endeavour to appease it. He came up to them with the Authority of a Man of Consequence, mix'd with an Air of military Freedom, and seeing the violent Procedure of *Elvira's* Father, and that against a Sex whose Weakness demands the Protection of all Men of Honour, he took him in his Arms, to hold him back, and to prevent the Disorder from further Consequences. The old Cavalier turn'd to see who thus stopp'd him, and the rest also cast their Eyes upon him, and conceiv'd a Respect for his Person. The Father of *Elvira*, when he saw him, was in the utmost Amazement and Confusion; but the Stranger, whose Mind was in a calmer Situation, knew him immediately, and saw he had his own Brother in his Arms, and before him his

his Niece *Elvira*. This happy Surprise transported him with Joy, he embraced them both with all the Sentiments of Tenderness, which their Nearness in Blood inspired. But perceiving his Brother, still blinded with Fury, receiv'd his Caresses with great Indifference, he ask'd the Meaning of so unexpected a Coldness, after an Absence of so many Years, when he came so far only in search of him; and return'd with Riches enough to live in a Manner suitable to his Birth. The faithful *Elvira* snatch'd this happy Opportunity, and without waiting for the Answer of her Father, who remain'd confus'd, and uncertain what to resolve upon, she related to him, as briefly as possible, the Situation of his Son and herself, and all that had happen'd to them; adding, that her continual Intimacy with him from her Childhood, and her thorough Knowledge of his valuable Qualities, had fix'd so settled an Affection in her Heart, that she had resolved no Dangers should ever force her to forsake his Love, and had thus fulfill'd her Resolutions. The Father of *Henriquez*, affected with her Constancy to his unhappy Son, gave her a thousand Marks of Gratitude, and let them know, in few Words, that after having for several Years serv'd as a principal Agent to a Cacique of one of the largest Towns in the *Indies*, who possess'd above eighty thousand Ducats, his Master dying,

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he was so fortunate as to marry the Widow, who had put him in possession of all her Riches; and perceiving in him an extream Desire to return into *Spain*, she had made no Difficulty to abandon her Country and her Friends to follow him: That their Voyage had through its whole Course been fortunate, and most particularly now, when, as they were drawing towards *Cordova*, where they design'd to pass the Night, he had heard the Disorder they were in, and the Voices of Women, who seem'd in Distress, having oblig'd him to come and see if he could protect them, this happy Event had occasion'd his meeting with those who were so dear to him, not doubting, he added, but his Brother would now approve the mutual Affection of their Children. Upon this, they all renew'd their Embraces, and his Niece having alighted went, with the others, to salute the *Indian* Lady, whom they found a very graceful Person, accompanied with a younger Sister of hers, who was uncommonly beautiful. She receiv'd them in the most obliging Manner, and after the first Congratulations were over, the Ladies went into the Equipage of *Elvira's* Friend, who conducted them to her own House, attended by the Cavaliers in the other, where she receiv'd and entertain'd them in the most elegant Manner. *Henriquez* was inform'd by degrees of the Return of his Father, and the

surprizing Alteration of his Affairs, lest the sudden Revolution, from the Depth of Misery, to so unexpected a Happiness, might have proved fatal to him. To describe what pass'd in the first Interview between so worthy a Father, and so valuable a Son, in such moving Circumstances, is impossible; the Imagination of every humane and generous Reader will much better supply it, than Words can express. The Delivery of Don *Henriquez* was then solicited with such Earnestness, that *Octavio* and the Father of *Elvira* desisting from their Pursuit, there was no longer any further Obstacle, and he and the faithful Don *Felix* were set at Liberty. The Moment he found himself free, he flew to his constant and beautiful *Elvira*, to whom he had such inexpressible Obligations; and after the first Transports of their mutual Joy were over, he went to pay his Duty to his new Mother, who finding such Marks of Deference and Respect, and Relations of such Distinction, had still less Regret at having abandon'd her native Country. Don *Henriquez* now peaceably enjoy'd the Possession of his amiable Mistress, whose Acquisition had cost him so many Sorrows. Don *Octavio* consol'd himself with the Reflection of having lost her by her preceding Engagement, and not by his Want of Merit. The Father of *Elvira* remain'd satisfied that Affairs were thus honourably terminated, and with

with a Success conformable to his own Desires, as his Nephew was now Heir to an ample Inheritance. And the grateful *Henriquez*, not forgetting the many Obligations he had to Don *Felix*, and perceiving the Marks of Passion he discover'd for the beautiful *Indian*, Sister to his Mother-in-law, who besides her Beauty had an Inheritance of above thirty thousand Ducats, he managed the Affair with such Zeal and Affection, that in a few Days they were married, to the equal Satisfaction of both. Thus all the Company, mutually happy, return'd to *Avila*, to the Mother of *Elvira*, where they pass'd the Remainder of their Lives in perfect good Intelligence with each other; and the two faithful Lovers, who had suffer'd so many Distresses, found their Constancy now amply rewarded, by the lasting Pleasures of a conjugal and virtuous Love.

F I N I S.